



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



57-

my

3/

THE
VICAR OF MORWENSTOW.

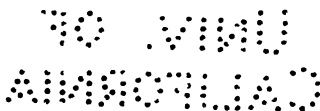
A LIFE OF
ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, M.A.

BY
S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF,"
"YORKSHIRE ODDITIES," ETC.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

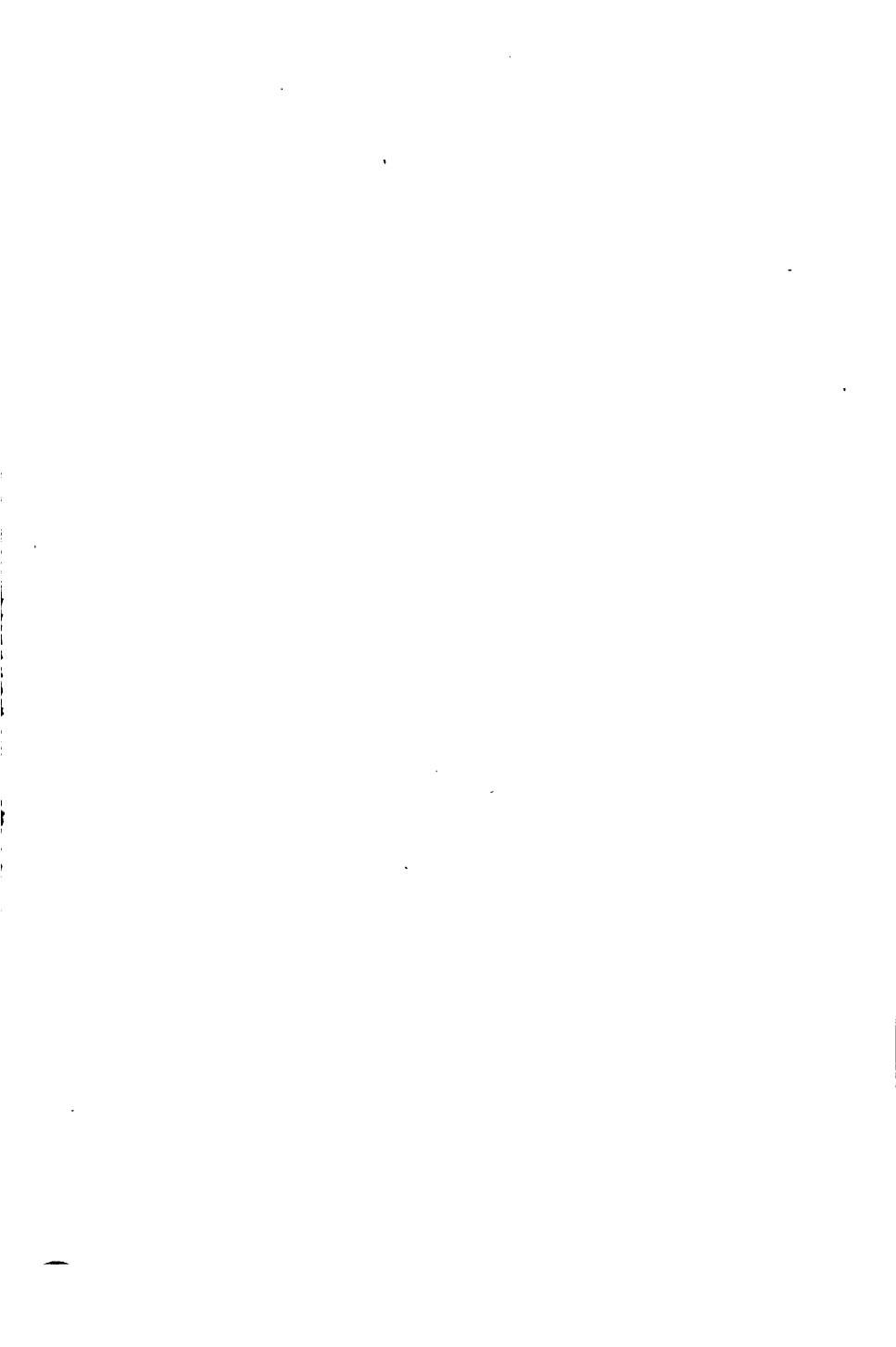
LONDON:
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO.,
1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1886.

Homme étrange, original et supérieur, mais qui, dès l'enfance, portait en soi un germe de folie, et qui à la fin devint fou tout à fait; esprit admirable et mal équilibré, en qui les sensations, les émotions et les images étaient trop fortes; à la fois aveugle et perspicace, véritable poète et poète malade, qui au lieu des choses, voyait ses rêves, vivait dans un roman et mourut sous le cauchemar qu'il s'était forgé; incapable de se maîtriser et de se conduire, prenant ses résolutions pour des actes, ses velléités pour des résolutions, et le rôle qu'il se donnait pour le caractère qu'il croyait avoir; en tout disproportionné au train courant du monde, se heurtant, se blessant, se salissant à toutes les bornes du chemin; ayant commis des extravagances, des injustices, et néanmoins gardant jusqu'au bout la sensibilité délicate et profonde, l'humanité, l'attendrissement, le don des larmes, la faculté d'aimer, la passion de la justice, le sentiment religieux, l'enthousiasme, comme autant de racines vivaces où fermente toujours la sève généreuse pendant que la tige et les rameaux avortent, se déforment ou se flétrissent sous l'inclémence de l'air. — H. TAINÉ.



A LIFE
OF
ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

321921



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Birth of Mr. Hawker.—Dr. Hawker of Charles Church.—The Amended Hymn.—Robert S. Hawker runs away from School.—Boyish Pranks.—At Cheltenham.—Publishes his "Tendrils."—At Oxford.—Marries.—The Stowe Ghost.—Robert Hawker and Mr. Jeune at Boscastle.—The Mazed Pigs.—Nanny Heale and the Potatoes.—"Records of the Western Shore."—The Bude Mermaid.—Takes his Degree.—Comes with his Wife to Morwenstow.	9

CHAPTER II.

Ordination.—The Black Pig "Gyp."—Writes to the Bishop.—His Father appointed to Stratton.—He is given Morwenstow.—The Waldron Lantern.—St. Morwenna.—The Children of Brychan.—St. Modwenna of Burton-on-Trent.—The North Cornish Coast.—Tintagel.—Stowe.—Sir Bevil Granville.—Mr. Hawker's Discovery of the Granville Letters.—Those that remain.—Antony Payne the Giant.—Letters of Lady Grace.—Of Lord Lansdown.—Cornish Dramatic Power.—Mr. Hicks of Bodmin	28
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

Description of Morwenstow.—The Anerithmon Gelasma.—Source of the Tamar.—Tonacombe.—Morwenstow Church.—Norman Chevron Moulding.—Chancel.—Altar.—Shooting Rubbish.—The Manning Bed.—The Yellow Poncho.—The Vicarage.—Mr. Tom Knight.—The Stag Robin Hood.—Visitors.—Silent Tower of Bottreaux.—The Pet of Boscastle.	56
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

	PAGE
Mr. Hawker's Politics. — Election of 1857. — His Zeal for the Laborers. — "The Poor Man and his Parish Church." — Letter to a Landlord. — Death of his Man Tape. — Kindness to the Poor. — Verses over his Door. — Reckless Charity. — Hospitality. — A Break-down. — His Eccentric Dress. — The Devil and his Barn. — His Ecclesiastical Vestments. — Dislike of Ritualists. — Ceremonial. — The Nine Cats. — The Church Garden. — Kindness to Animals. — The Rooks and Jackdaws. — The Well of St. John. — Letter to a Young Man entering the University	87

CHAPTER V.

The Inhabitants of Morwenstow in 1834. — Cruel Coppinger. — Whips the Parson of Kilkhampton. — Gives Tom Tape a Ride. — Tristram Pentire. — Parminter and his Dog Satan. — The Gauger's Pocket. — Wrecking. — The Wrecker and the Ravens. — The Loss of the "Margaret Quail." — The Wreck of the "Ben Coolan." — "A Croon on Hennacliff." — Letters concerning Wrecks. — The Donkeys and the Copper Ore. — The Ship "Morwenna." — Flotsam and Jetsam. — Wrecks on Nov. 14, 1875. — Bodies in Poundstock Church. — The Loss of the "Caledonia." — The Wreck of the "Phoenix" and of the "Alonzo"	114
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Wellcombe. — Mr. Hawker Postman to Wellcombe. — The Miss Kitties. — Advertisement of Roger Giles. — Superstitions. — The Evil Eye. — The Spiritual Æther. — The Vicar's Pigs bewitched. — Horse killed by a Witch. — He finds a lost Hen. — A Lecture against Witchcraft. — Its Failure. — An Encounter with the Pixies. — Curious Picture of a Pixie Revel. — The Fairy Ring. — Antony Cleverdon and the Mermaids	157
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Condition of the Church last Century. — Parson Radcliffe. — The Death of a Pluralist. — Opposition Mr. Hawker met with. — The Bryanites. — Hunting the Devil. — Bill Martin's Prayer-

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
meeting. — Mr. Pengelly and the Candle-end. — Cheated by a Tramp. — Mr. Hawker and the Dissenters. — Mr. B——'s Pew. — A Special Providence over the Church. — His Prayer when threatened with the Loss of St. John's Well. — Objection to Hysterical Religion. — Mr. Vincent's Hat. — Regard felt for him by old Pupils. — "He did not appreciate me." — Modryb Marya. — A Parable. — A Carol. — Love of Children. — Angels. — A Sermon, "Here am I"	178

CHAPTER VIII.

The Vicar of Morwenstow as a Poet. — His Epigrams. — The "Carol of the Pruss." — "Down with the Church." — The "Quest of the Sangreal." — Editions of his Poems. — Ballads. — The "Song of the Western Men." — The "Cornish Mother's Lament." — "A Thought." — Churchyards	214
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Restoration of Morwenstow Church. — The Shingle Roof. — The First Ruridecanal Synod. — The Weekly Offertory. — Correspondence with Mr. Walter. — On Alms. — Harvest Thanksgiving. — The School. — Mr. Hawker belonged to no Party. — His Eastern Proclivities. — Theological Ideas. — Baptism. — Original Sin. — The Eucharist. — Intercession of Saints. — The Blessed Virgin. — His Preaching. — Some Sermons	230
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

The First Mrs. Hawker. — Her Influence over her Husband. — Anxiety about her Health. — His Fits of Depression. — Letter on the Death of Sir Thomas Acland. — Reads Novels to his Wife. — His Visions. — Mysticism. — Death of his Wife. — Unhappy Condition. — Burning of his Papers. — Meets with his Second Wife. — The Unburied Dead. — Birth of his Child. — Ruinous Condition of his Church. — Goes to London. — Resumes Opium-eating. — Sickness. — Goes to Boacastle. — To Plymouth. — His Death and Funeral. — Conclusion	254
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

LIFE OF ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mr. Hawker. — Dr. Hawker of Charles Church. — The Amended Hymn. — Robert S. Hawker runs away from School. — Boyish Pranks. — At Cheltenham. — Publishes his "Tendrils." — At Oxford. — Marries. — The Stowe Ghost. — Robert Hawker and Mr. Jeune at Boscastle. — The Mazed Pigs. — Nanny Heale and the Potatoes. — "Records of the Western Shore." — The Bude Mermaid. — Takes his Degree. — Comes with his Wife to Morwenstow.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER was born at Stoke Damerel on Dec. 3, 1804, and was baptized there in the parish church. His father, Mr. Jacob Stephen Hawker, was at that time a medical man, practising at Plymouth. He afterwards was ordained at Altarnun, and spent thirty years as curate and then vicar of Stratton in Cornwall, where he died in 1845. Mr. J. S. Hawker was the son of the famous Dr. Hawker, incumbent of Charles Church in Plymouth, author of "Morning and Evening Portions," a man as remarkable for his abilities as he was for his piety.

Young Robert was committed to his grandfather to be educated. The doctor, after the death of his

wife, lived in Plymouth with his daughter, a widow, Mrs. Hodgson, at whose expense Robert was educated.

The profuse generosity, the deep religiousness, and the eccentricity of the doctor, had their effect on the boy, and traced in his opening mind and forming character deep lines, which were never effaced. Dr. Hawker had a heart always open to appeals of poverty, and in his kindness he believed every story of distress which was told him, and hastened to relieve it without inquiring closely whether it were true or not; nor did he stop to consider whether his own pocket could afford the generosity to which his heart prompted him. His wife, as long as she lived, found it a difficult matter to keep house. In winter, if he came across a poor family without sufficient coverings on their beds, he would run home, pull the blankets off his own bed, and run with them over his arm to the house where they were needed.

He had an immense following of pious ladies, who were sometimes troublesome to him. "I see what it is," said the doctor in one of his sermons: "you ladies think to reach heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. I will trounce you all: I will wear a spencer."

In Charles Church the evening service always closed with the singing of the hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," composed by Dr. Hawker himself. His grandson did not know the authorship of the hymn: he came to the doctor one day with a paper in his hand, and said, "Grandfather, I don't altogether like that hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with thy

blessing : ' I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed!" said Dr. Hawker, getting red; "and pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?"

"This is my improved version," said the boy, and read as follows : —

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
High and low, and rich and poor :
May we all, thy fear possessing,
Go in peace, and sin no more !

Lord, requite not as we merit ;
Thy displeasure all must fear :
As of old, so let thy Spirit
Still the dove's resemblance bear.

May that Spirit dwell within us !
May its love our refuge be !
So shall no temptation win us
From the path that leads to thee.

So when these our lips shall wither,
So when fails each earthly tone,
May we sing once more together
Hymns of glory round thy throne !'

"Now listen to the old version, grandfather :—

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness !

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyous sound ;
 May the founts of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !'

"This one is crude and flat ; don't you think so, grandfather?"

"Crude and flat, sir ! Young puppy, it is *mine* ! I wrote that hymn."

"Oh ! I beg your pardon, grandfather ; I did not know that : it is a very nice hymn indeed ; but — but" — and, as he went out of the door, — "*mine* is better."

Robert was sent to a boarding-school by his grandfather ; where, I do not know, nor does it much matter, for he only staid there one night. He arrived in the evening, and was delivered over by the doctor to a very godly but close-fisted master. Robert did not approve of being sent supperless to bed, still less did he approve of the bed and bedroom in which he was placed.

Next morning the dominie was shaving at his window, when he saw his pupil, with his portmanteau on his back, striding across the lawn, with reckless indifference to the flower-beds, singing at the top of his voice, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing." He shouted after him from the window, but Robert was deaf. The boy flung his portmanteau over the hedge, jumped after it, and was seen no more at that school.

He was then put with the Rev. Mr. Laffer, at

Liskeard. Mr. Laffer was the son of the squire at Altarnun: he afterwards became incumbent of St. Gennys. At this time he was head master of the Liskeard Grammar School. There Robert Hawker was happy. He spent his holidays either with his father at Stratton, or with his grandfather and aunt at Plymouth. At Stratton he was the torment of an old fellow who kept a shop in High Street, where he sold groceries, crockery, and drapery. One day he slipped into the house when the old man was out, and found a piece of mutton roasting before the fire. Robert took it off the crook, hung it up in the shop, and placed a bundle of dips before the fire, to roast in its place.

He would dive into the shop, catch hold of the end of thread that curled out of the tin in which the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with which he tied up his parcels, and race with it in his hand down the street, then up a lane and down another, till he had uncoiled it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets. The old fellow had not the wits to cut the thread, but held on like grim death to the tin, whilst the ball bounced and uncoiled within it, swearing at the plague of a boy, and wishing him "back to skule again."

"I doan't care whether I ring the bells on the king's birthday," said the parish clerk, another victim of the boy's pranks; "but if I never touch the ropes again, I'll give a peal when Robert goes to skule, and leaves Stratton folks in peace."

As may well be believed, the mischievous, high-

spirited boy played tricks on his brothers and sisters. The clerk was accustomed to read in church, "I am an alien unto my mother's children," pronouncing "alien" as "a lion." "Ah!" said Mrs. Hawker, "that means Robert: he is verily a lion unto his mother's children."

"I do not know how it is," said his brother one day: "when I go out with Robert nutting, he gets all the nuts; and when I go out rabbiting, he gets all the rabbits; and when we go out fishing together, he catches all the fish."

"Come with me fishing to-morrow, Claud," said Robert, "and see if you don't have luck."

Next day he surreptitiously fastened a red herring to his brother's hook; and, when it was drawn out of the water, "There!" exclaimed Robert, "you are twice as lucky as I am. My fish are all raw; and yours is ready cleaned, smoked, and salted."

The old vicarage at Stratton is now pulled down: it stood at the east end of the chancel, and the garden has been thrown into the burial-ground.

At Stratton he got one night into the stable of the surgeon, hogged the mane, and painted the coat of his horse like a zebra with white and black oil paint. Then he sent a message to the doctor, as if from a great house at a distance, requiring his immediate attendance. The doctor was obliged to saddle and gallop off the horse in the condition in which he found it, thinking that there was not time for him to stay till the coat was cleaned of paint.

His pranks at Plymouth led at last to his grandfather refusing to have him any longer in his house.

Robert held the good pious ladies, who swarmed round the doctor, in aversion. It was the time of sedan-chairs; and trains of old spinsters and dowagers used to fill the street in their boxes between bearers, on the occasions of missionary teas, Dorcas meetings, and private expositions of the Word. Robert used to open the house-door, and make a sign to the bearers to stop. A row of a dozen or more sedans were thus arrested in the street. Then the boy would go to the sedans in order, open the window, and, thrusting his head in, kiss the fair but venerable occupant, and then start back in mock dismay, exclaiming, "A thousand pardons! I thought you were my mother. I am sorry. How could I have made such a mistake, you are so much older?"

Sometimes, with the gravest face, he would tell the bearers that the lady was to be conveyed to the Dockyard, or the Arsenal, or to the Hoe; and she would find herself deposited among anchors and ropes, or cannon-balls, or on the windy height overlooking the bay, instead of at the doctor's door.

Two old ladies, spinster sisters, Robert believed were setting their caps at the doctor, then a widower. He took an inveterate dislike to them, and their insinuating, oily manner with his grandfather; and he worried them out of Plymouth.

He did it thus. One day he called on one of the leading physicians in Plymouth, and told him that Miss Hephzibah Jenkins had slipped on a piece of orange-peel, broken her leg, and needed his instant attention. He arrived out of breath with running, very red; and, it being known that the Misses Jen-

kins were intimate friends of Dr. Hawker, the physician went off at once to the lady, with splints and bandages.

Next day another medical man was sent to see Miss Sidonia Jenkins. Every day a fresh surgeon or physician arrived to bind up legs and arms and heads, or revive the ladies from extreme prostration, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, heart-complaint, &c., till every medical man in Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport had been to the house of the spinsters. When they were exhausted, an undertaker was sent to measure the old ladies for their coffins; and next day a hearse drew up at their door to convey them to their graves, which had been dug according to order in the St. Andrew's churchyard.

This was more than the ladies could bear. They shut up the house, and left Plymouth. But this was also the end of Robert's stay with his grandfather. The good doctor had endured a great deal, but he would not put up with this; and Robert was sent to Stratton, to his father.

When the boy left school at Liskeard, he was articled to a lawyer, Mr. Jacobson, at Plymouth, a wealthy man in good practice, first cousin to his mother; but this sort of profession did not at all approve itself to Robert's taste, and he only remained with Mr. Jacobson a few months. Whether he then turned his thoughts towards going into holy orders, cannot be told; but he persuaded his aunt, Mrs. Hodgson, to send him to Cheltenham Grammar School.

The boy had great abilities, and a passionate love

of books, but wanted application. He read a great deal, but his reading was desultory. He was, however, a good classic scholar. To mathematics he took a positive dislike, and never could master a proposition in Euclid. At Cheltenham he wrote some poems, and published them in a little book entitled "Tendrils, by Reuben." They appeared in 1821, when he was seventeen years old.

From Cheltenham, Robert S. Hawker went to Oxford, 1823, and entered at Pembroke; but his father was only a poor curate, and unable to maintain him at the university. Robert was determined to finish his course there. He could not command the purse of his aunt Mrs. Hodgson, who was dead; and when he retired to Stratton for his long vacation in 1824, his father told him that it was impossible for him to send him back to the university.

But Robert Hawker had made up his mind that finish his career at college he would. He had recourse to the following expedient:—

There lived at Whitstone, near Holdsworth, four Miss I'ans, daughters of Col. I'ans. They had been left with an annuity of two hundred pounds apiece, as well as lands and a handsome place. At the time when Mr. Jacob Hawker announced to his son that a return to Oxford was impossible, the four ladies were at Efford, near Bude, a farm and house leased from Sir Thomas Acland. Directly that Robert Hawker learnt his father's decision, without waiting to put on his hat, he ran from Stratton to Bude, arrived hot and blown at Efford, and proposed to Miss Charlotte I'ans to become his wife. The lady was then aged

forty-one, one year older than his mother ; she was his godmother, and had taught him his letters.

Miss Charlotte I'ans accepted him ; and they were married in November, when he was twenty. Robert S. Hawker and his wife spent their honeymoon at Morwenstow, in Combe Cottage. During that time he was visited by Sir William Call and his brother George. They dined with him, and told ghost-stories. Sir William professed his utter disbelief in spectral appearances, in spite of the most convincing, properly authenticated cases adduced by Mr. Hawker. It was late when the two gentlemen rose to leave. Their course lay down the steep hill by old Stowe. The moment that they were gone, Robert got a sheet, and an old iron spoon which he had dug up in the garden, and which bore on it the date 1702. He slipped a tinder-box and a bottle of choice brandy, which had belonged to Col. I'ans, into his pocket, and ran by a short cut to a spot where the road was overshadowed by trees, at the bottom of the Stowe hill, which he knew the two young men must pass. He had time to throw the sheet over himself, strike a light, fill the great iron spoon with salt and brandy, and ignite it, before Sir William and his brother came up.

In the dense darkness of the wood, beside the road, they suddenly saw a ghastly figure, illumined by a lambent blue flame which danced in the air before it. They stood rooted to the spot, petrified with fear. Slowly the apparition stole towards them. They were too frightened to cry out and run. Suddenly, with an unearthly howl, the spectre plunged

something metallic into the breast of Sir William Call's yellow nankeen waistcoat, the livid flame fell around him in drops, and all vanished.

When he came to himself, Sir William found an iron spoon in his bosom. He and his brother, much alarmed, and not knowing what to think of what they had seen, returned to Combe. They knocked at the door. Hawker put his head with nightcap on out of the bedroom-window, and asked who were disturbing his rest. They begged to be admitted: they had something of importance to communicate. He came down stairs in a dressing-gown, and introduced them to his parlor. There the iron spoon was examined. "It is very ancient," said Sir William: "the date on it is 1702,—just the time when Stowe was pulled down."

"It smells very strong of brandy," said George Call.

Robert Hawker's twinkling eye and twitching mouth revealed the rest.

"'Pon my word," said Sir William Call, "you nearly killed me; and, what is more serious, nearly made me believe in spirits."

"Ah!" added Robert dryly, "you probably would believe in them when they ran in a river of flame over your yellow nankeen waistcoat."

The marriage with Charlotte I'ans took place on Nov. 6, 1824. On Hawker's return to Oxford with his wife after the Christmas vacation (and he took her there, riding behind him on a pillion), he was obliged, on account of being married, to migrate from Pembroke to Magdalen Hall. About this time

he made acquaintance with Jeune and Jacobson, the former afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, the latter Bishop of Chester. Jeune, and afterwards Jacobson, came down into Cornwall to pay him a visit in the long vacation of 1825; and Mr. Jeune acted as groomsman at the marriage of Miss Hawker to Mr. Kingdon. It was on the occasion of this visit of Mr. Jeune to Robert Hawker that they went over together to Boscastle, and there performed the prank described in "Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall." The two young men put up in the little inn of Joan Treworgy, entitled "The Ship." The inn still exists; but it is rebuilt, and has become more magnificent in its accommodation and charges.

"We proceeded to confer about beds for the night, and, not without misgivings, inquired if she could supply a couple of those indispensable places of repose. A demur ensued. All the gentry in the town, she declared, were accustomed to sleep two in a bed; and the officers that travelled the country, and stopped at her house, would mostly do the same: but, however, if we commanded two beds for only two people, two we must have; only, although they were both in the same room, we must certainly pay for two, and sixpence apiece was her regular price. We assented, and then went on to entreat that we might dine. She graciously agreed; but to all questions as to our fare her sole response was, 'Meat, — meat and taties. Some call 'em,' she added, in a scornful tone, 'purtaties; but we always says taties here' The specific differences between beef, mutton, veal, &c., seemed to be utterly or artfully ignored;

and to every frenzied inquiry her calm, inexorable reply was, 'Meat, — nice wholesome meat and taties.'

"In due time we sat down in that happy ignorance as to the nature of our viands which a French cook is said to desire; and, although we both made a not unsatisfactory meal, it is a wretched truth that by no effort could we ascertain what it was that was roasted for us that day by widow Treworgy, and which we consumed. Was it a piece of Boscastle baby? as I suggested to my companion. The question caused him to rush out to inquire again; but he came back baffled, and shouting, 'Meat and taties.' There was not a vestige of bone, nor any outline that could identify the joint; and the not unsavory taste was something like tender veal. It was not till years afterwards that light was thrown on our mysterious dinner that day by a passage which I accidentally turned up in an ancient history of Cornwall. Therein I read, 'that the sillie people of Bouscastle and Boussiney do catch in the summer seas divers young soyles (seals), which, doubtful if they be fish or flesh, conynge housewives will nevertheless roast, and do make thereof savory meat.'"

Very early next morning, before any one else was awake, Hawker and Jeune left the inn, and, going to all the pigsties of the place, released their occupants. They then stole back to their beds.

"We fastened the door, and listened for results. The outcries and yells were fearful. By and by human voices began to mingle with the tumult: there were shouts of inquiry and surprise, then sounds of expostulation and entreaty, and again 'a storm of

hate and wrath and wakening fear.' At last the tumult reached the ears of our hostess, Joan Treworgy. We heard her puff and blow, and call for Jim. At last, after waiting a prudent time, we thought it best to call aloud for shaving-water, and to inquire with astonishment into the cause of that horrible disturbance which had roused us from our morning sleep. This brought the widow in hot haste to our door. 'Why, they do say, captain,' was her doleful response, 'that all the pegs up-town have a-rebelled, and they've a-be, and let one the wother out, and they be all a-gwain to sea, hug-a-mug, bang!'"

Some years after, when Mr. Jeune was Dean of Magdalen Hall, Mr. Hawker went up, to take his M. A. degree. The dean on that occasion was, according to custom, leading a gentleman commoner of the same college, a very corpulent man, to the vice-chancellor, to present him for his degree, with a Latin speech. Hawker was waiting his turn. The place was crowded, and the fat gentleman commoner was got with difficulty through the throng to the place. Hawker leaned towards the dean, as he was leading and endeavoring to guide this unwieldy candidate, who hung back, and got hitched in the crowd, and said in a low tone, —

"Why, your peg's surely mazed, maister."

When the crowd gave way, and the dean reached the vice-chancellor's chair, he was in spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

At Oxford Mr. Robert Hawker made acquaintance with Macbride, afterwards head of the college; and the friendship lasted through life.

In after-years, when Jeune, Jacobson, and Macbride were heads of colleges, Robert S. Hawker went up to Oxford in his cassock and gown. The cassock was then not worn, as it sometimes is now, except by heads of colleges and professors. Mr. Hawker was therefore singular in his cassock. He was outside St. Mary's one day, with Drs. Jeune, Jacobson, and Macbride, when a friend, looking at him in his gown and cassock, said, "Why, Hawker, one would think you wanted to be taken for a head."

"About the last thing I should like to be taken for, as heads go," was his ready reply, with a roguish glance at his three companions.

Mr. Hawker has related another of his mischievous tricks when an undergraduate. There was a poor old woman named Nanny Heale, who passed for a witch. Her cottage was an old decayed hut, roofed with turf. One night Robert Hawker got on the roof, and, looking down the chimney, saw her crouching over her turf fire, watching with dim eyes an iron crock, or round vessel, filled with potatoes, that were simmering in the heat. This utensil was suspended by its swing handle to an iron bar that went across the chimney. Hawker let a rope, with an iron hook at the end, slowly and noiselessly down the chimney, and, unnoted by poor Nanny's blinking sight, caught the handle of the caldron; and it, with its mealy contents, began to ascend the chimney slowly and majestically.

Nanny, thoroughly aroused by this unnatural proceeding of her old iron vessel, peered despairingly after it, and shouted at the top of her voice, —

"Massy 'pon my sinful soul ! art gawn off — taties and all ?"

The vessel was quietly grasped, and carried down in hot haste, and planted upright outside the cottage door. A knock, given on purpose, summoned the inmate, who hurried out, and stumbled over, as she afterwards interpreted the event, her penitent crock.

"So, then," was her joyful greeting, — "so, then ! theer't come back to holt, then ! Ay, 'tis a-cold out o' doors."

Good came out of evil : for her story, which she rehearsed again and again, with all the energy and persuasion of truth, reached the ears of the parochial authorities ; and they, thinking that old Nanny's wits had failed her, gave an additional shilling a week to her allowance.

His vacations were spent at Whitstone, or at Ivy Cottage, near Bude. At Whitstone he built himself a bark shanty in the wood, and set up a life-sized carved wooden figure, which he had procured in Oxford, at the door, to keep it. The figure he called "Moses." It has long since disappeared, but the bark house remains.

In this hut he was wont to read. His meals were brought out there to him. His intervals of work were spent in composing ballads on Cornish legends, afterwards published at Oxford in his "Records of the Western Shore," 1832. They have all been reprinted in later editions of his poems. One of these, his "Song of the Western Men," was adapted to the really ancient burden :—

“And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Here’s twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!”

These verses have so much of the antique flavor, that Sir Walter Scott, in one of his prefaces to a later edition of the *Border Minstrelsy*, refers to them as a “remarkable example of the lingering of the true ballad spirit in a remote district;” and Mr. Hawker possessed a letter from Lord Macaulay in which he admitted that, until undeceived by the writer, he had always supposed the whole song to be of the time of the Bishops’ trial.

At Ivy Cottage he had formed for himself a perch on the edge of the cliff, where he could be alone with his books, his thoughts, and, as he would say with solemnity, “with God.”

Perhaps few thought then how deep were the religious impressions in the joyous heart, full of exuberant spirits, of the young Oxford student. All people knew of him was, that he was remarkable for his beauty, for his brightness of manner, his overflowing merriment, and love of playing tricks. But there was a deep undercurrent of religious feeling setting steadily in one direction, which was the main governing stream of his life. Gradually this emerges into sight, and becomes recognized. Then it was known to few except his wife and her sisters.

At this period of his life, it is chiefly his many jests which have lingered on in the recollection of his friends and relations.

One absurd hoax that he played on the superstitious people of Bude must not be omitted.

At full moon in the July of 1825 or 1826, he swam or rowed out to a rock at some little distance from the shore, plaited seaweed into a wig, which he threw over his head, so that it hung in lank streamers half-way down his back, enveloped his legs in an oilskin wrap, and, otherwise naked, sat on the rock, flashing the moonbeams about from a hand-mirror, and sang and screamed till attention was arrested. Some people passing along the cliff heard and saw him, and ran into Bude, saying that a mermaid with a fish's tail was sitting on a rock, combing her hair, and singing.

A number of people ran out on the rocks and along the beach, and listened awe-struck to the singing and disconsolate wailing of the mermaid. Presently she dived off the rock, and disappeared.

Next night crowds of people assembled to look out for the mermaid ; and in due time she re-appeared, and sent the moon flashing in their faces from her glass. Telescopes were brought to bear on her ; but she sang on unmoved, braiding her tresses, and uttering remarkable sounds, unlike the singing of mortal throats which have been practised in do-re-mi.

This went on for several nights ; the crowd growing greater, people arriving from Stratton, Kilkhamp-ton, and all the villages round, till Robert Hawker got very hoarse with his nightly singing, and rather tired of sitting so long in the cold. He therefore wound up the performance one night with an unmistakable "God save the King," then plunged into the

waves, and the mermaid never again revisited the "sounding shores of Bude."

Miss Fanny I'ans was a late riser. Her brother-in-law, to break her of this bad habit, was wont to throw open her window early in the morning, and turn in a troop of setters, whose barking, yelping, and frantic efforts to get out of the room again, effectually banished sleep from the eyes of the fair but somewhat aged occupant.

Efford Farm had been sub-let to a farmer, who broke the lease by ploughing up and growing crops on land which it had been stipulated should be kept in grass.

Sir Thomas Acland behaved with great generosity in the matter. He might have reclaimed the farm without making compensation to the ladies; but he allowed them three hundred pounds a year as long as they lived, took the farm away, and re-leased it to a more trusty tenant.

Mr. Robert Stephen Hawker obtained the Newdegate in 1827:¹ he took his degree of B.A. in 1828, and then came with his wife to Morwenstow, a place for which even then he had contracted a peculiar love, and there read for holy orders.

"Welcome, wild rock and lonely shore!
Where round my days dark seas shall roar,
And thy gray fane, Morwenna, stand
The beacon of the Eternal Land."

¹ The poem, "Pompeii," has been reprinted in his *Echoes of Old Cornwall, Ecclesia, &c.*

CHAPTER II.

Ordination. — The Black Pig, "Gyp." — Writes to the Bishop. — His Father appointed to Stratton. — He is given Morwenstow. — The Waldron Lanthorn. — St. Morwenna. — The Children of Brychan. — St. Modwenna of Burton-on-Trent. — The North Cornish Coast. — Tintagel. — Stowe. — Sir Bevil Granville. — Mr. Hawker's discovery of the Granville Letters. — Those that remain. — Antony Payne the Giant. — Letters of Lady Grace. — Of Lord Lansdown. — Cornish Dramatic Power. — Mr. Hicks of Bodmin.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER was ordained deacon in 1829, when he was twenty-five years old, by the Bishop of Exeter, to the curacy of North Tamerton, of which the Rev. Mr. Kingdon was non-resident incumbent. He threw two cottages into one, and added a veranda and rooms, and made himself a comfortable house, which he called Trebarrow. He was ordained priest in 1831, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He took his M.A. degree in 1836. He had a favorite rough pony which he rode, and a black pig of Berkshire breed, well cared for, washed, and curry-combed, which ran beside him when he went out for walks, and paid visits. Indeed, the pig followed him into ladies' drawing-rooms, not always to their satisfaction. The pig was called Gyp, and was intelligent and obedient. If Mr. Hawker saw that those whom he visited were annoyed at the intrusion of the pig,

he would order it out ; and the black creature slunk out of the door with its tail out of curl.

It was whilst Mr. Hawker was at Tamerton that Henry Phillpotts was appointed Bishop of Exeter. There was some unpleasant feeling aroused in the diocese at the mode of his appointment ; and the bishop sent a pastoral letter to his clergy to state his intentions, and explain away what caused unpleasantness. Mr. Hawker wrote the bishop an answer of such a nature that it began a friendship which subsisted between them till the death of Dr. Phillpotts. Whilst Mr. Hawker was curate of Tamerton, on one or two occasions the friends of the laboring dead requested that the burial hour might be that on which the deceased was accustomed "to leave work." The request touched his poetical instinct, and he wrote the lines :—

"Sunset should be the time, they said,
To close their brother's narrow bed.
'Tis at that pleasant hour of day
The laborer treads his homeward way.
His work is o'er, his toil is done ;
And therefore at the set of sun,
To wait the wages of the dead,
We laid our hireling in his bed."

In 1834 died the non-resident vicar of Stratton, and the bishop of Exeter offered to obtain the living for Mr. Robert Stephen Hawker ; but he refused it, as his father was curate of Stratton, and he felt how unbecoming it would be for him to assume the position of vicar where his father had been, and still was, curate. In his letter to the bishop he urged his

father's long service at Stratton ; and Dr. Phillpotts, at his request, obtained the presentation for Mr. Jacob Stephen Hawker to the vicarage of Stratton.

The very next piece of preferment that fell vacant was Morwenstow, whose vicar, the Rev. Mr. Young, died in 1834. Mr. Young had been non-resident, and had lived at Torrington, the parish being served by a succession of curates, some of them also non-resident. The vicarage house, which stood west of the tower near a gate out of the churchyard, was let to the clerk, and inhabited by him and his wife. The first curate was Mr. Badcock, who lived at Week St. Mary, some fourteen miles distant. He rode over for Sunday duty. Next came a M. Savant, a Frenchman ordained deacon in the English Church, but never priest. He was a dapper dandy, very careful of his ecclesiastical costume, in knee-breeches and black silk stockings. He lodged at Marsland. Parson Davis of Kilkhampton came over to Morwenstow to celebrate the holy communion. The Frenchman was succeeded by Mr. Bryant, who lived at Flexbury, in the parish of Poughill ; the next to him was Mr. Thomas, a man who ingratiated himself with the farmers, — a cheery person, fond of a good story, and interested in husbandry, "but not much of the clerical in him," as an old Morwenstow man describes him. Whilst Mr. Thomas was curate, the vicar, Parson Young, died. A petition from the farmers and householders of Morwenstow to the bishop was got up, to request him to appoint Mr. Thomas. The curate, so runs the tale, went to Exeter to present the paper with their signatures, and urge his claims in person.

"My lord," said he, "the Dissenters have all signed the petition: they are all in favor of me. Not one has declined to attach his name; even the Wesleyan minister wishes me well, and to see me vicar of Morwenstow."

"Then, my good sir," said Dr. Phillpotts, "it is very clear that you are not the man for me. I wish you a good-morning." And he wrote off to Robert Stephen Hawker, offering him the incumbency of Morwenstow.

There was probably not a living in the whole diocese, perhaps not one in England, which could have been more acceptable to Mr. Hawker. As his sister tells me, "Robert always loved Morwenstow: from a boy he loved it, and, when he could, went to live there."

He at once adopted the preferment, and went into residence. There had not been a resident vicar since the Rev. Oliver Rose*,¹ who lived at Eastaway, in the parish. This Rev. Oliver Rose had a brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Waldron* of Stanbury; and the cronies used to meet and dine alternately at each other's house. As they grew merry over their port, the old gentlemen uproariously applauded any novel joke or story by rattling their glasses on the table. Having laughed at each other's venerable anecdotes for the last twenty years, the introduction of a new tale or witticism was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. This enthusiasm reached such a pitch, that,

¹ Throughout this memoir, wherever an asterisk accompanies a name it is for the purpose of showing that the real name has not been given, either at the request of descendants, or because relatives are still alive.

in their applause of each other's sallies, they occasionally broke their wineglasses.

The vicar of Morwenstow, when Mr. Waldron snapped off the foot of his glass, would put the foot in his pocket, and treasure it; for each wineglass broken was to him a testimony to the brilliancy of his jokes, and also a reminder to him of them for future use.

In time he had accumulated a considerable number of broken wineglasses, and he had them fitted together to form an enormous lantern; and thenceforth, when he went to dine at Stanbury, this testimony to his triumphs was borne lighted before him.

The lantern fell into the hands of Mr. Hawker, and he presented it to the lineal descendant of Mr. E. Waldron, as a family relic. It is still in existence, and duly honored. It is of oak, with the fragments of wineglasses let in with great ingenuity in the patterns of keys, hearts, &c., about the roof, the sides being composed of the circular feet of the glasses.

On looking at the map of Cornwall, one is surprised to see it studded with the names of saints, of whom one knows nothing, and these names of a peculiarly un-English sound. The fact is, that Cornwall was, like Ireland, a land of saints in the fifth and sixth centuries. These were either native Cornwelsh, or were Welsh saints who migrated thither to seek on the desolate moors or wild, uninhabited coasts of Cornwall solitary places, where they might live to God, and fight demons, like the hermits of Egypt. Cornwall was the Thebaid of the Welsh.

Little or nothing is known of the vast majority of

these saints. They have left their names and their cells and holy-wells behind them, but nothing more.

“They had their lodges in the wilderness,
Or built their cells beside the shadowy sea;
And there they dwelt with angels like a dream.
So they unclosed the volume of the Book,
And filled the fields of the Evangelist
With thoughts as sweet as flowers!”¹

The legends of a few local saints survive, but of very few. Such is that of St. Melor “with the golden hand,” probably some old British deity who has bequeathed his myth to an historical personage. St. Padarn, St. Pieran, St. Cadoc, St. Theilo, have their histories well known, as they belong to Wales. But there are other saints, emigrants from Wales, who settled on the north-west coast, of whom but little is known.

What little can be collected concerning St. Morwenna, who had her cell at Morwenstow, I proceed to give.

In the fifth century there lived in Brecknock a Welsh prince, Brychan by name, who died in 450. According to Welsh accounts, he had twenty-four sons and twenty-five daughters, in all forty-nine children. Statements, however, vary, of which this is the largest. The smallest number attributed to him is twenty-four; and, as his grandchildren may have been included in the longer list, this may account for the discrepancy. He is said to have had three wives, — Ewrbrawst, Rhybrawst, and Peresgri, — though it

¹ “The Cornish Fathers,” in Mr. Hawker’s *Echoes of Old Cornwall*, 1846.

is not said that they were living at the same time. He had also several illegitimate children.

The names of the sons and daughters and grandchildren of Brychan are given in the "Cognacio Brychani," and by Bonnedd-y-Saint; and a critical examination of the list is given by Dr. Rees in his 'Essay on the Welsh Saints.' In the "Young Women's Window" at St. Neots, near Liskeard, in Cornwall, is fifteenth-century glass, which represents Bryshan with his offspring, twenty-four in number, all of whom have been confessors or martyrs in Devon and Cornwall. The following are named: 1. St. John, or Ive, who gave his name to the Church of St. Ives; 2. Endelient, who gave his name to Endelion; 3. Menfre, to St. Miniver; 4. Teth, to St. Teath; 5. Mabina, to St. Mabyne; 6. Merewenna, to Marham Church near Bude; 7. Wenna, to St. Wenna; 8. Yse, to St. Issey; 9. Morwenna, to Morwenstow; 10. Cleder, to St. Clether; 11. Kerie, to Egloskerry; 12. Helic, to Egloshayle; 13. Adwen, to Advent; Lanent, to Lelant. Leland, in his "Itinerary," adds Nectan, Dilic, Wensenna, Wessen, Juliana,¹ Wymp, Wenheder, Jona, Kananc, and Kerhender.

A few, but not many, of these can be identified with those attributed to Brychan by the Welsh genealogists. Morwenna is most probably the Welsh Mwynen, in Latin Monyina, daughter of Brynach Wyddel by Corth, one of the daughters of Brychan; and her sisters Gwennan and Gwenlliu are probably the Wenna and Wenheder of the St. Neots window.

St. Morwenna was therefore apparently the grand

¹ St. Juliot, who has left her name near Boscastle.

daughter of Brychan. Her father, Brynach Wyddel, lived in Carmarthen and Pembroke. She had a brother named Gerwyn, who is admitted by Welsh authorities to have settled in Cornwall, and been slain on the isle of Gerwyn. He does not appear in Leland's list. That list is evidently inaccurate: the same person recurs under two forms of his name. Thus John (Ive) and Jona are the same, so also probably are Merewenna of Marham Church and Morwenna of Morwenstow. Kananc is St. Caian, venerated on Sept. 5, a grandson of Brychan, and perhaps, therefore, a son of Corth or Cymorth, and brother of St. Morwenna. St. Cleder is St. Cledog, who was buried in Herefordshire, at Clodock. He was martyred by the Pagan Saxons about A.D. 492, and is commemorated on Aug. 19. He also was a grandson of Brychan, but is said by the "Cognacio" to have been the son of St. Clydwyn, son of Brychan. He is said to have had a sister, St. Pedita, and a brother, St. Dedyn, who may be the Cornish Adwen. The St. Tedda, said to be a sister of St. Morwenna in the list, is no doubt St. Tydie, a daughter or granddaughter of Brychan. St. Endelient may be the same as St. Elined, the Almedha of Giraldus Cambrensis, who says that she suffered martyrdom upon a hill called Penginger, near Brecknock. She is venerated on Aug. 1.

In Cornwall, as in Wales, churches were called after the saints who founded cells there. Morwenna, we may safely conclude, like so many of her brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts, migrated to Cornwall. St. Nectan, who may have been her brother,

and who certainly was a near relation, established himself, we may conjecture, at St. Neighton's Kieve, at which time probably Morwenna had her cell at Marham Church. St. Nectan afterwards established himself on Hartland Point; and perhaps at the same time Morwenna erected her cell on the cliff above the Atlantic, which has since borne her name, and from which, in clear weather, and before a storm, the distant coast of her native Wales was visible. There she died. Leland, in his "Collectanea," quoting an ancient MS. book of places where the bodies of saints rest, says that St. Morwenna lies at Morwenstow: "in villa, quæ Modwenstow dicitur, S. Mudwenna quiescit."

It will be seen from this extract that Leland confounded Morwenna with Modwenna; and Mr. Hawker, following Leland and Butler, did the same. In the year before he died I had a correspondence with him on this point, and convinced him of the error into which he had fallen in his "Footsteps of Former Men in Cornwall."

There exists a late life of St. Modwenna by one Concubran, an Irish writer of the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. There is also an Irish life of a Monynna of Newry, in Ireland, who received the veil from the hands of St. Patrick, and died about A.D. 518.

Concubran had this life, and, knowing of the fame of the saintly abbess Modwenna of Burton-on-Trent, he supposed the two saints were the same, and wove the Irish legend of Monynna with the English life of Modwenna, and made out of them a life which is a

tissue of anachronisms. He represents St. Modwenna as contemporary with Pope Coelestine I. (423-432), St. Patrick (died 465), St. Ibar (died 500), St. Columba (died 597), St. Kevin (died 618), and King Alfrid of Northumbria (died 705).

St. Modwenna, or Movenna, founded a convent at Fochard Brighde, near Faugher, in the county of Louth, about the year 630; and a hundred and fifty virgins placed themselves under her rule. But one night, an uproarious wedding having disturbed the rest and fluttered the hearts of her nuns, and threatened to turn their heads, Modwenna deemed it prudent to remove the excitable damsels to some more remote spot, where no weddings took place, nor convivial songs were heard; and she pitched upon Kill-sleve-Cuilin, in the county of Armagh, where she erected a monastery. One of her maidens was named Athea, another Orbile. She had a brother, a holy abbot, named Ronan.

In Concubran's "Life of St. Modwenna," we are told that about this time Alfrid, son of the king of England, came to Ireland. This is certainly Alfrid, the illegitimate son of Oswy, who, on the accession of Egfrid (A.D. 670), fled to Ireland, and remained there studying, as Bede tells us, for some while. The Irish king, according to Concubran, was Conall. But this is a mistake. Conall, nephew of Donald II., reigned from 642 to 658. Seachnasch was king in 670, but was killed the following year, and was succeeded by Finnachta, who reigned till 695. When Alfrid was about to return to Northumbria, the Irish king wanted to make him a present, but, having

nothing in his treasury, bade a kinsman go and rob some church or convent, and give the spoils to the Northumbrian prince. The noble fell on all the lands of the convent of Modwenna, and pillaged them and the church. Then the saint, with great boldness, took ship, crossed over to England, came to Northumbria, and found the prince Alfrid at Whitby (A.D. 685), and demanded redress. The king—for Alfrid was now on the throne—promised to repay all, and placed Modwenna in the famous double monastery of Whitby founded by St. Hilda in 658. His own sister, Elfleda, was there; and he committed her to St. Modwenna, to be instructed by her in the way of life. Elfleda was then aged thirty-one. Three years after, she succeeded to the place of St. Hilda, and was second abbess of Whitby. Then St. Modwenna returned to Ireland, and visited her foundations there. After a while she made a pilgrimage to Rome, and in passing through England founded a religious house at Burton-on-Trent, and left in it some of her nuns. I need not follow her history farther.

Concubran tells some odd stories of St. Modwenna. One day she and her nuns went to visit St. Bridget—regardless, be it remembered, of the gap of two centuries which intervened. A girl in the company took an onion away with her, lest she should be hungry on the road. On reaching the Liffey, the river was found to be too swollen to be crossed. "There is something wrong," said Modwenna: "let us examine our consciences, and cast away the accursed thing."

"The accursed thing is this onion," said the maiden, producing the bulb.

"Take it back to Bridget," said Modwenna; and, when the onion had been restored, the Liffey subsided.

Bridget sent a silver chalice to Modwenna. She threw it into the river, and the waves washed it to its destination.

One night Modwenna said to her assembled nuns, "My sisters, we must all cleanse our consciences, for our prayers stick in the roof of the chapel, and cannot break out."

Then one of the nuns said, "It is my fault. I complained to a knight of my acquaintance, of the cold I felt; and he told me I was too scantily clothed. He was moved to such pity of me, that he gave me some warm lamb's-wool underclothing, and I have that on now." The garment was removed and destroyed; and the prayers got out of the roof, and flew to heaven.¹

One night, shortly before her death, before the gray dawn broke, two lay sisters came to her cell. As they approached, they saw two silver swans rise in the air, and sail away. They immediately concluded that these were angels come to bear off the soul of the abbess.

Her body was laid at Burton-on-Trent, and was long an object of pilgrimage. But the fact that for

¹ "Dixit S. Modwenna: Melius, ut illi subtilares imponantur in profundissimum branum (? barathrum) pro quibus nunc absentiam sentimus Angelorum! Vocata itaque una ex sororibus Brigna et aliis cum ea ex sororibus, dixit eis: Ite! illos subtilares in aliquo profundo abscondite."

a short while St. Modwenna instructed the sister of Alfrid, "son of the king of England," has led some writers into strange mistakes. Capgrave supposes him to be Alfred the Great, son of Ethelwolf, and that the sister was Edith of Polesworth, who died in 954. And Dugdale followed Capgrave. Mr. Hawker, following Alban Butler, who accepted the account of Dugdale and Capgrave, made the blunder greater by fusing St. Morwenna of Cornwall, who, as has been shown, lived in the fifth century, with Modwenna, who lived at the end of the seventh century, and made her the instructress of St. Edith of Polesworth, who died in the tenth century, in the year 954. And Modwenna, as has been stated, was confounded by Concubran with Monynna of Newry, who died at the beginning of the sixth century.

On unravelling this tangle in 1874, when writing my July volumes of "Lives of the Saints," I wrote to Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow, and told him that the east window of his church represented Morwenna of Cornwall teaching Edith of Polesworth, and that it was an anachronism and mistake altogether, as it was not Edith who was educated by the saintly Modwenna, and the abbess Modwenna was not the virgin Morwenna. I told him also that St. Modwenna was buried at Burton-on-Trent.

I received this answer:—

"What! Morwenna not lie in the holy place at Morwenstow! Of that you will never persuade me, —no, never. I know that she lies there. I have seen her, and she has told me as much; and at her feet ere long I hope to lay my old bones."

I wrote at once to assure him that St. Morwenna did lie, as Leland says, at Morwenstow, and that St. Modwenna did lie where she died, at Burton-on-Trent. I asked him some particulars about his vision of St. Morwenna. He thought I meant to obtain them for publication. "No," he wrote, "I might tell you what I saw, but never shall such a revelation be given to the unbelieving public. 'Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.'"

In the little glen of Morwenstow, three hundred and fifty feet above the Atlantic, St. Morwenna had her cell, and gave origin to the church and parish of Morwenstow. As she lay a-dying, says the legend, her brother Nectan came to her from Hartland.

"Raise me in thy arms, brother," she said, "that my eyes may rest on my native Wales." And so she died on Morwenstow cliff, looking out across the Severn Sea to the faint blue line of the Welsh mountains. St. Nectan had a cell probably at Wellcombe, and afterwards at Hartland, for both of these churches bear his name.

The coast from Tintagel to Hartland is almost unrivalled for grandeur. The restless Atlantic is ever thundering on this iron-walled coast. The roar can be heard ten miles inland; flakes of foam are picked up after a storm at Holsworthy. To me, when staying three miles inland, it has seemed the roar of a hungry caged beast, ravening at its bars for food.

The swell comes unbroken from Labrador, to hurl itself against this coast, and to be shivered into foam on its iron cuirass.

"Twice," said a friend who dwelt near this coast, "twice in the sixteen years that I have spent here has the sea been calm enough to reflect a passing sail."

This Atlantic has none of the tameness of the German Ocean, that plays on the low flat shores of Essex; none of the witchery of the green crystal that breaks over the white sands of Babbicombe and Torquay: it is emphatically "the cruel sea," fierce, insatiate, hungering for human lives and stately vessels, that it may cast them up mumbled and mangled after having robbed them of life and treasure.

It is a rainy coast. It is said in Devon, and the same is true here:—

"The west wind comes, and brings us rain;
The east wind blows it back again;
The south wind brings us rainy weather;
The north wind, cold and rain together.
When the sun in red doth set,
The next day surely will be wet;
But, if the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.
When buds the ash before the oak,
Then that year there'll be a soak;
But, should the oak precede the ash,
Then expect a rainy splash."

The moist air from the ocean condenses over the land, and envelops it in fine fog or rain. But when the sky is clear, with only floating clouds drifting along it, the sunlight and shadows that fall over the landscape through the vaporous air are exquisite in their delicacy of color; the sun-gleams soft as primrose, the shadows pure cobalt, tenderly laid on as the bloom on the cheek of a plum.

As the tall cliffs on this wild coast lose themselves in mist, so does history, which attaches itself to many a spot along it, stand indistinct and weird in its veil of legend. Kings and saints of whom little authentic is known, whose very dates are uncertain, have given their names to castle and crag and church.

Tintagel Rock is crowned with the ruins of the stronghold of King Marke, whose wife became the mother of the renowned Arthur, by Uther Pendragon. We have the tale in "Geoffrey of Monmouth." There, in the home of the shrieking seamews, Arthur uttered his first feeble cries. It is a scene well suited to be the cradle of the hero of British myth,—a tremendous crag standing out of the sea, which has bored a tunnel through it, and races in and clashes in subterranean passages under the crumbling walls which sheltered Arthur.

The crag is cut off from the mainland by a chasm once spanned by a drawbridge, but now widened by storm so as to threaten to convert Tintagel into an island.

Near Boscastle rises Pentargon, "Arthur's Head," a noble black sheer precipice, forming one horn of a little bay into which a waterfall plunges from a green combe.

But there are other names besides those of Arthur, Uther Pendragon, Morwenna, Juliot, and Nectan, which are associated with this coast.

At Stowe, in the parish of Kilkhampton, adjoining Morwenstow, lived Sir Bevil Granville, the Bayard of old Cornwall, "sans peur et sans reproche," who fought and conquered at Stratton, and fell at Lans-

down. Sir Bevil nearly ruined himself for the cause of his king, Charles I.

One of Mr. Hawker's most spirited ballads is

THE GATE SONG OF STOWE.

Arise! and away! for the king and the law;
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,
Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold;
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel;
And ride for old Stowe when the banner's unfurled
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Bevil.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,
And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river;
From Lundy to Looe, 'One and all!' is the cry,
And 'The king and Sir Bevil forever!'

Ay! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornishmen
'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon;
But if truth to the king be a signal, why, then
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

Ride! ride with red spear! there is death in delay:
'Tis a race for dear life with the devil!
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the king must give way,
This earth is no place for Sir Bevil.

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell:
But vain were the visions he cherished;
For the great Cornish heart that the king loved so well,
In the grave of the Granville it perished.

One day, if indeed we may trust the story, Mrs.

Hawker, the first wife of the vicar of Morwenstow, when lunching at Stowe in the farmhouse, noticed that a letter in old handwriting was wrapped round the mutton-bone that was brought on the table. Moved by curiosity, she took the paper off, and showed it to Mr. Hawker. On examination it was found that the letter bore the signature of Sir Bevil Granville. Mr. Hawker at once instituted inquiries, and found a large chest full of letters of different members of the Granville family in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He at once communicated with Lord Carteret, owner of Stowe, and the papers were removed; but by some unfortunate accident they were lost. The only ones saved were a packet removed from the chest by Mr. Davies, rector of Kilkhampton, previous to their being sent away from Stowe. These were copied by Miss Manning of Eastaway, in Morwenstow; and her transcript, together with some of her originals, — I fear not all, — is now in the possession of Ezekiel Rous, Esq., of Bideford.¹

In his "Footprints of Former Men," Mr. Hawker has given a letter from Antony Payne, the gigantic serving-man of Sir Bevil, written after the battle of Lansdown, to Lady Grace Granville, giving an account of the death of her husband. This was probably one of the letters in the collection found by Mr. Hawker, and so sadly lost.

This Antony Payne was a remarkable man. He measured seven feet two inches without his shoes when aged twenty-one, when he was taken into the

¹ See Appendix A.

establishment at Stowe. He afterwards added two inches to his height. It is said that one Christmas Eve the fire languished in the hall at Stowe. A boy with an ass had been sent to the woods for logs, but had loitered on his way. Lady Grace lost patience. Then Antony started in quest of the dilatory lad, and re-entered the hall shortly after, bearing the loaded animal on his back. He threw down his burden at the hearth-side, shouting, "Ass and fardel! Ass and fardel for my lady's Yule!"

On another occasion he rode into Stratton with Sir Bevil. An uproar proceeded from the little inn-yard, and Sir Bevil bade his giant find out what was the cause of the disturbance. Antony speedily returned with a man under each arm, whom he had arrested in the act of fighting.

"Here are the kittens," said the giant; and he held them under his arms whilst his master chastised them with his riding-whip.

After the battle of Stamford Hill, Sir Bevil returned for the night to Stowe; but his giant remained with some other soldiers to bury the dead. He had caused trenches to be dug to hold ten bodies side by side, and in these trenches he and his followers deposited the slain. On one occasion they had laid nine corpses in their places; and Payne was bringing another, tucked under his arm like one of the "kittens," when all at once the supposed dead man began to kick, and plead for life. "Surely you won't bury me, Mr. Payne, before I am dead?"—"I tell thee, man," was the grim reply, "our trench was dug for ten, and there's nine in it already: thou must take

thy place." — "But I bea'n't dead, I say; I haven't done living yet: be massyful, Mr. Payne; don't ye hurry a poor fellow into the earth before his time." — "I won't hurry thee: thou canst die at thy leisure." Payne's purpose was, however, kinder than his speech. He carried the suppliant to his own cottage, and left him to the care of his wife. The man lived, and his descendants are among the principal inhabitants of Stratton at this day.

I make no apology for transcribing from the original letters a very few of the most interesting and touching, some for whose escape we cannot feel too thankful. The following beautiful letter is from Lady Grace Granville to her husband.

The superscription is:—

FOR MY BEST FRIEND, SIR BEVILL GRENVILLE.

MY EVER DEAREST, — I have received yours from Salisbury, and am glad to hear you came so farr well, with poore Jack. Ye shall be sure of my prairs, which is the best service I can doe you. I canott perceave whither you had receaved mine by Tom, or no, but I believe by this time you have mett that and another since by the post. Truly I have been out of frame ever since you went, not with a cough, but in another kinde, much indisposd. However, I have striven with it, and was at Church last Sunday, but not the former. I have been vexed with diverse demands made of money than I could satisfie, but I instantly paid what you sent, and have intreated Mr. Rous his patience a while longer, as you directed. It grieves me to think how chargeable your family is, considering your occasion. It hath this many yeares troubled me to think to what passe it must come at last, if it run on after this course. How many times what hath appeared hopefull, and yet proved contrary in the conclusion, hath befallen us, I am loth to urge, because tis farr from my desire to disturbe your thoughts; but

this sore is not to be curd with silence, or patience either, and while you are loth to discourse or thinke of that you can take little comfort to see how bad it is, and I was unwilling to strike on that string which sounds harsh in your eare (the matter still grows worse, though). I can never putt it out of my thoughts, and that makes me often times seeme dreaming to you, when you expect I should sometimes observe more complement with my frends, or be more active in matters of curiously in our House, which doubtlesse you would have been better pleasd with had I been capable to have performd it, and I believe though I had a naturall dullnes in me, it would never so much have appeard to my prejudice, but twas increasd by a continuance of sundry disasters, which I still mett with, yet never till this yeare, but I had some strength to encounter them, and truly now I am soe cleane overcome, as tis in vaine to deny a truth. It seems to me now tis high time to be sensible that God is displeasd, having had many sad remembrances in our estate and childrene late, yet God spard us in our children long, and when I strive to follow your advice in moderating my grieffe (which I praise God) I have thus farr been able to doe as not to repine at God's will, though I have a tender sence of grieffe which hangs on me still, and I think it as dangerous and improper to forgett it, for I cannott but think it was a neer touched correction, sent from God to check me for my many neglects of my duty to God. It was the tenth and last plague God smote the Egyptians with, the death of their first borne, before he utterly destroyed them, they persisting in their disobedience notwithstanding all their former punishments. This apprehension makes me both tremble and humbly beseech Him to withdraw His punishments from us, and to give us grace to know and amend whatever is amisse. Now I have powrd out my sad thoughts which in your absence doth most oppresse me, and tis my weakness hardly to be able to say thus much unto you, how brimfull soever my heart be, though oftentimes I heartely wish I could open my heart truly unto you when tis overchargd. But the least thought it may not be pleasing to you will all times restraine me. Consider me rightly, I beseech you, and excuse, I pray, the liberty I take with my pen

in this kinde. And now at last I must thanke you for wishing me to lay aside all feare, and depend on the Almighty, who can only helpe us; for his mercy I daily pray, and your welfare, and our poore boys; so I conclude, and am ever your faithfully and only

GRACE GRENVILE.

Stow, Nov. 23, 1641.

I sent yours to Mr. Prust, but this from him came after mine was gone last weeke. Ching is gone to Cheddar. I looke for Bawden, but as yet is not come. Sir Rob. Bassett is dead.

I heard from my cosen Grace Weekes, who writes that Mr. Luttrell says if you and he could meete the liking between the young people, he will not stand for money you shall finde. Parson Weekes wishes you would call with him, and that he might entice you to take the castle in your way downe. She says they enquire in the most courteous maner that can be imagind. Deare love, thinke how to farther this what you can.

The following is an earlier letter by many years, written when Grace was a wife of six years' standing.

SWEET MR. GRENVILE,— I cannott let Mr. Oliver passe without a line, though it be only to give you thankes for yours, which I have receaved. I will in all things observe your directions as neer as I can, and because I have not time to say much now I will write againe to-morrow [. . . something torn away], and think you shall receive advertizment concerning us much as you desyre. I can not say I am well, neither have I bin so since I saw you, but, however, I will pray for your health, and good successe in all businesses, and pray be so kinde as to love her who takes no comfort in any thing but you, and will remayne yours ever and only

GRACE GRENVILE.

FRYDAY NIGHT, NOV. 13, 1629.

The superscription of this letter is:—

“To my ever dearest and best Friend, Mr. Bevill Grenvile, at the Rainbow, in Fleet Street.”

Lady Grace was the daughter of Sir George Smith of Exeter, Kt. : she was born in 1598, and married Sir Bevil Granville in 1620. He died in 1643, on the battle-field of Lansdown, near Bath; and she followed him to the grave in 1647. Her portrait is at Haynes, "*ætatis suæ 36, 1634.*" One of Sir Bevil is in the possession of Lord John Thynne; another with date 1636, "*ætatis suæ 40,*" is in the possession of Rev. W. W. Martyn of Tonacombe, in Morwenstow.

There are other letters of the Granvilles in the bundle from which I have selected these. One from John Granville to his brother, giving a curious picture of London life in the seventeenth century, narrating how he quarrelled with a certain barber Wells, and came very nigh to pulling of noses;¹ one from Jane, wife of John Granville, Earl of Bath, to her husband, "*for thy deare selfe,*" beginning, "*My deare Heart,*" and telling how—

I am now without any man in the house, my father being gone, and Jacke is drunk all day and leyes out of nights, and if I do but tell him of it he will be gone presantly; therefore, for God's sake, make haste up, for I am so parpetually ill that I am not fit to bee anny longgar left in this condission. My poore motther hath now so much bisnese that I do not knowe how long she will be able to tary with mee, and if that should happen, which God forbid it should at any time, much more now, what dost thou thinke I should do? I want the things thou prommysed to send me very much, which, being to long to put in a lettar, I have geven my brother a not of. My deare, consider how nere I am my time, and many women comming this yeare before, thar time. . . . Thou mayst now thinke how im-

¹ To Beville Grenville, Esq., dated July 18, 1621.

passiontly I am till I see thee agane, thinking every day a hon-dared yeare ; my affecksion being so gret that I wounder how I have stayd till the outmoust time. I will saye no more now, hopping to see thee every day, but that I am, and ever will bee, thy most affectionate and faithful wife and sarvant,

JANE GRENVILE.

Thy babe bayrs thy blessing.

This letter is dated only June 17, without year. It is always pleasant to meet with the beating of a warm human heart. A third letter I venture to transcribe here, from George Lord Lansdown,¹ grandson of Sir Bevil, to his nephew, Bevil Granville.

DEAR NEPHEW,—I approve very well of your resolution of dedicating yourself to the service of God. You could not chuse a better master, provided you have so sufficiently searched your heart and examined your reins, as to be persuaded you can serve Him well. In so doing, you may secure to yourself many blessings in this world, as well as sure hope in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from ; which is, flattery. You have bestowed so much of it upon me in your last letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of such flights, which, however well meant, oftener put a man out of countenance than oblige him. You are now to be a searcher after truth, and I shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly reprov'd by you than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you misunderstand me, as if I recommended to you a sour Presbyterian severity. That is yet more to be avoided : advice, like physick, must be so sweetned and

¹ George Lord Lansdown was son of Bernard Granville, son of Sir Bevil. Bernard, who died 1701, had three sons, Bevil, George, and Barnard ; and Barnard had two sons, Barnard and Bevil, and Mary, a daughter, who married Dr. Delany. Bevil, the son of Barnard, is the nephew to whom this letter is addressed.

prepared as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt against it.

Be always sincere, but at the same time be always polite. Be humble without descending from your character, and reprove and correct without offending good manners. To be a Cynick is as bad as to be a Sycophant: you are not to lay aside the gentleman with the sword, nor put on the gown to hide your birth and good breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the wicked, that pride, avarice, and ambition have been charged upon the Clergy in all ages, in all countrys, and equally in all religions. What they are most obliged to combat against in the pulpits they are most accused of encouraging in their conduct. Let your example confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach you with practising contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, the late Dean of Durham,¹ whose memory I shall ever revere. Make him your example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so gracefull upon him, that in him we beheld the very beauty of Holiness. He was as chearful, as familiar, as condescending in his conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his piety; as well bred and accomplished as a courtier, and as reverend and venerable as an Apostle; he was indeed Apostolical in every thing, for he left all to follow his Lord and Master. May you resemble him; may he revive in you; may his spirit descend upon you, as Elijah's on Elisha; and may the great God of heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down the choicest of His blessings upon you!

LANSDOWN.

The old house at Stowe was pulled down, and a new red brick mansion, square, containing a court in the middle, was built in 1660 by John, Earl of Bath. He died in 1701; and his son, Charles, shot himself

¹ Denys Granville, Dean of Durham (born February, 1636), was son of Sir Bevil. He was a nonjuror, and so lost his deanery: he retired to Rouen in Normandy, and there died, greatly respected.

accidentally, when coming from London to Kilkhampton to his father's funeral, leaving a son, William Henry, third Earl of Bath, seven years of age when his father died. Thus, as was said, at the same time there were three Earls of Bath above ground. William Henry died at the age of seventeen, in 1711; and then the Granville property was divided between the sisters of Charles, second Earl of Bath, — Jane, who married Sir William Gower, ancestor of the Dukes of Sutherland; and Grace, who at the age of eight married George, afterwards first Lord Carteret, then aged eleven.

The letters of this little pair to one another, when the husband was at school, and she at Haynes, exist in the possession of Lord John Thynne.

Stowe house was pulled down. Within the memory of one man, grass grew and was mown in the meadow where sprang up Stowe house, and grew and was mown in the meadow where Stowe had been.

A few crumbling walls only mark the site of the old home of the Granvilles.¹

The Cornish people in former days were passionately fond of theatrical performances. In numerous parts of Cornwall there exist green dells or depressions in the surface of the ground, situated generally on a moor. These depressions have been assisted by the hand of man to form rude theatres: the slopes were terraced for seats, and on fine summer days, at the "revels" of the locality, were occupied by crowds of spectators, whilst village actors performed

¹ A picture of old Stowe is in the possession of Lord John Thynne; another in that of Mrs. Martyn of Harleston, Torquay.

on the turf stage.¹ Originally the pieces acted were sacred, curious mysteries, of which specimens remain, relating to the creation, or the legendary history of St. Mary, or the passion of the Saviour, the proto-types of the Ammergau Passions-spiel. These in later times gave way to secular pieces, not always very choice in subject, and with the broadest of jokes in the speeches of the performers; not worse, however, than are to be found in Shakspeare, and which were tolerated in the days of Elizabeth. These dramatical performances were in full vigor when Wesley preached in Cornwall. He seized on these rude green theatres, and preached the gospel from their turfy platforms to wondering and agitated crowds, which thronged the grassy slopes.

The Cornish people became Methodists, and play-going became sinful. The doom of these dramas was sealed when the place of their performances was turned into an arena for revivals. The camp-meeting supplanted the drama.

But, though these plays are things of the past, the dramatic instinct survives among the Cornish people. There is scarce a parish in which some are not to be found who are actors by nature. For telling a story, with power of speech, expression, and gesture, they have not their equals in England among unprofessionals.

One of the most brilliant "raconteurs" of our times was Mr. Hicks, mayor of Bodmin.

Some years ago a member sauntering into the Cos-

¹ There is one such not far from Morwenstow, in the parish of Kilkhampton.

mopolitan Club would find a ring of listeners gathered about a chair. In that ring he would recognize the faces of Thackeray, Dickens, and other literary celebrities, wiping away the tears which streamed from their eyes between each explosion of laughter. He would ask, in surprise, what was the attraction.

"Only the little fat Cornishman from Bodmin telling a story."¹

His tales were works of art, wrought out with admirable skill, every point sharpened, every detail considered, and the whole told with such expression and action as could not be surpassed. His "Rabbit and Onions" has been essayed by many since his voice has been hushed; but the copies are pale, and the outlines blurred.

The subject of this memoir had inherited the Cornish love of story-telling, and the power of telling stories with dramatic force. But he had not the skill of Mr. Hicks of telling a long story, and keeping his hearers thrilling throughout the recital, breathless lest they should lose a word. Mr. Hawker contented himself with brief anecdotes, but those he told to perfection.

I shall, in the course of my narrative, give a specimen or two of stories told by common Cornish peasants. Alas that I cannot reproduce the twinkling eye, the droll working countenances, and the agitated hands, all assistants in the story-telling!

¹ He was formerly governor of the lunatic-asylum at Bodmin, and afterwards clerk of the Board of Guardians, and in turn mayor of Bodmin. Being very fat, he had himself once announced at dinner as "The Corporation of Bodmin."

CHAPTER III.

Description of Morwenstow. — The Anerithmon Gelasra. — Source of the Tamar. — Tonacombe. — Morwenstow Church. — Norn an Chevron-Moulding. — Chancel. — Altar. — Shooting Rubbish. — The Manning Bed. — The Yellow Poncho. — The Vicarage. — Mr. Tom Knight. — The Stag, Robin Hood. — Visitors. — The Silent Tower of Bottreaux. — The Pet of Boscastle.

A WRITER in "The Standard" gives this description of Morwenstow: "No railway has as yet come near Morwenstow, and none will probably ever approach it nearer than Bude. The coast is iron-bound. Strangely contorted schists and sandstones stretch away northward in an almost unbroken line of rocky wall to the point of Hartland; and to the south-west a bulwark of cliffs, of very similar character, extends to and beyond Tintagel, whose rude walls are sometimes seen projected against the sunset in the far distance. The coast scenery is of the grandest description, with its spires of splintered rock, its ledges of green turf, inaccessible, but tempting from the rare plants which nestle in the crevices, its seal-haunted caverns, its wild birds (among which the red-legged chough can hardly be reckoned any longer, so much has it of late years lessened in numbers),¹

¹ This is inaccurate. There is scarce a cliff along this coast which has not its pair of choughs building in it. On the day on which this was written, I

the miles of sparkling blue sea over which the eye ranges from the summits ablaze and fragrant with furze and heather; and here and there the little coves of yellow sand, bound in by towering blackened walls, haunts which seem specially designed for the sea-elves, —

‘Who chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back.’

“Even in bright weather, and in summer, — in spite of the beauty and quiet of the scene, and in spite, too, of the long, deep valleys, filled with wood, which, in the parish of Morwenstow especially, descend quite to the sea, and give an impression of extreme stillness and seclusion, — no one can wander along the summit of the cliffs without a consciousness that he is looking on a giant, at rest indeed for a time, but more full of strength and more really terrible than any of the Cormorans or the Goemagots who have left their footprints and their strongholds on the hills of Cornwall. The sea and the coast here are, in truth, pitiless; and, before the construction of the haven at Bude, a vessel had no chance whatever of escape which approached within a certain distance of the rocks. Such a shipwreck as is described in Gait’s story of ‘The Entail’ — when persons standing on the cliff, without the smallest power to help, could see the vessel driven onward, could watch every motion on its deck, and at last see it dashed to pieces close under their feet — has more than once been ob-

went out on Morwenstow cliff, and saw two red-legged choughs flying above me. A friend tells me he has counted six or seven together on Bude sands.

served from the coast of Morwenstow by Mr. Hawker himself. No winter passes without much loss of life. The little churchyards along the coast are filled with sad records; and in that of Morwenstow the crews of many a tall vessel have been laid to rest by the care of the vicar himself, who organized a special band of searchers for employment after a great storm."¹

The road to Morwenstow from civilization passes between narrow hedges, every bush in which is bent from the sea. Not a tree is visible. The whole country, doubtless, a century ago was moor and fen. At Chapel is a plantation; but every tree crouches shrivelled, and turns its arms imploringly inland. The leaves are burnt and sear soon after they have expanded.

The glorious blue Atlantic is before one, with only Lundy Isle breaking the continuity of the horizon line. In very clear weather, and before a storm, far away in faintest blue, the Welsh coast can be seen to the north-west.

Suddenly the road dips down a combe; and Morwenstow tower, gray-stoned, pinnacled, stands up against the blue ocean, with a grove of stunted sycamores on the north of the church. Some way below, deep down in the glen, are seen the roofs and fantastic chimneys of the vicarage. The quaint lyche-gate and ruined cottage beside it, the venerable church, the steep slopes of the hills blazing with gorse or red with heather, and the background of sparkling blue sea half-way up the sky, — from such a height above the shore is it looked upon, — form a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten.

¹ Standard, Sept. 1, 1875.

The bottom of the glen is filled with wood, stunted, indeed, but pleasant to see after the treeless desolation of the high land around.

A path leads from church and vicarage upon Morwenstow cliffs. On the other side of the combe rises Hennacliffe (the Eagles' Crag ¹) to the height of four hundred and fifty feet above the sea, a magnificent face of splintered and contorted schist, with alternating friable slaty beds.

Half-way down Morwenstow cliff, only to be reached by a narrow and scarcely distinguishable path, is the well of St. Morwenna. Mr. Hawker repaired it; but about twenty years ago the spring worked itself a way through another stratum of slate, and sprang out of the sheer cliff some feet lower down, and falls in a miniature cascade, a silver thread of water, over a ledge of schist into the sea.

On a green spot, across which now run cart-tracks, in the side of the glen, stood originally, according to Mr. Hawker, a chapel to St. Morwenna, visited by those who sought her sacred well. The green patch forms a rough parallelogram, and bears faint traces of having been levelled out of the slope. No stone remains on another of the ancient chapel.

From the cliff an unrivalled view can be had of the Atlantic, from Lundy Isle to Padstowe Point. Tintagel Rock, with its ancient castle, stands out boldly, as the horn of a vast sweep against glittering water, lit by a passing gleam behind. Gulls, rooks, choughs,

¹ Ernecliffe, aspirated, the *r* softened into an *n*, and the usual West-country ending *a* added to Ern. Thus Whitway becomes Whitaway; Blackbrook Blacka'brook; Tidncombe, Tidnacombe.

wheel and scream around the crag, now fluttering a little way above the head, and then diving down towards the sea, which roars and foams several hundreds of feet below.

The beach is inaccessible save at one point, where a path has been cut down the side of a steep gorse-covered slope, and through slides of ruined slate rock, to a bay, into which the Tonacombe Brook precipitates itself in a broken fall of foam.

The little coves with blue-gray floors wreathed with sea-foam; the splintered and contorted rock; the curved strata, which here bend over like exposed ribs of a mighty mammoth; the sharp skerries that run out into the sea to torment it into eddies of froth and spray, — are of rare wildness and beauty.

It is impossible to stand on these cliffs, and not cite the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, παμμυῆτόν τε γῆ*, of the poet.

If this were quoted in the ears of the vicar of Morwenstow, he would stop, lay his hand on one's arm, and say, —

“How do you translate that?”

“‘The many-twinkling smile of ocean.’”

“I thought so. So does every one else. But it is wrong,” with emphasis, — “utterly wrong. Listen to me. Prometheus is bound, held backwards, with brazen fetters binding him to the rock. He cannot see the waters, cannot note their smiles. He gazes up into the sky above him. But he hears. Notice how Æschylus describes the sounds that reach his ears, not the sights. Above, indeed, is the ‘divine æther;’ he is looking into that, and he hears the fanning of the ‘swift-winged breezes,’ and the murmur

and splash of the 'fountains of rivers;' and then comes the passage which I translate, 'The loud laugh of ocean waves.'"

A little way down the side of the hill that descends in gorse banks and broken rock and clean precipice to one of the largest and grandest of the caves, is a hut made of fragments of wrecked ships thrown up on this shore. The sides are formed of curved ribs of vessels, and the entrance ornamented with carved work from a figure-head. This hut was made by Mr. Hawker himself; and in it he would sit, sheltered from storm, and look forth over the wild sea, dreaming, composing poetry, or watching ships scudding before the gale dangerously near the coast.

It was in this hut that most of his great poem, "The Quest of the Sangreal," was composed.

A friend says, "I often visited him whilst this poem was in process of composition, and sat with him in this hut as he recited it. I shall never forget one wild evening, when the sun had gone down before our eyes as a ball of red-hot iron into the deep. He had completed 'The Quest of the Sangreal,' and he repeated it from memory to me. He had a marvellous power of recitation, and with his voice, action, and pathos, threw a life into the words which vanishes in print. I cannot forget the close of the poem, with the throbbing sea before me, and Tintagel looming out of the water to the south:—

'He ceased, and all around was dreamy night;
There stood Dundagel, throned; and the great sea
Lay, a strong vassal at his master's gate,
And, like a drunken giant, sobbed in sleep.'

On a rushy knoll, in a moor in the parish of Morwenstow, rises the Tamar,¹ and from the same mount flows the Torridge.

“Fount of a rushing river ! wild flowers wreath
The home where thy first waters sunlight claim ;
The lark sits hushed beside thee while I breathe,
Sweet Tamar spring ! the music of thy name.

On through thy goodly channel, on ! to the sea !
Pass amid heathery vale, tall rock, fair bough ;
But never more with footstep pure and free,
Or face so meek with happiness as now.

Fair is the future scenery of thy days,
Thy course domestic, and thy paths of pride :
Depths that give back the soft-eyed violet’s gaze,
Shores where tall navies march to meet the tide.

Yet false the vision, and untrue the dream,
That lures thee from thy native wilds to stray :
A thousand griefs will mingle with thy stream,
Unnumbered hearts will sigh these waves away.

Scenes fierce with men, thy seaward current laves ;
Harsh multitudes will throng thy gentle brink ;
Back with the grieving concourse of thy waves,
Home to the waters of thy childhood, shrink.

Thou heedest not ! thy dream is of the shore,
Thy heart is quick with life ; on ! to the sea !
How will the voice of thy far streams implore
Again amid these peaceful weeds to be !

My soul ! my soul ! a happier choice be thine, —
Thine the hushed valley and the lonely sod ;
False dream, far vision, hollow hope, resign,
Fast by our Tamar spring, alone with God !”

¹ Tamar in Cornish is Taw-mawr, the great water ; Tavy is Tawvechan, the lesser water.

In the parish of Morwenstow is one very interesting old house, Tonacombe, or, as it was originally called, Tidnacombe. It belonged originally to the Jourdain, passed to the Kempthornes, the Waddons, and from thence to the Martyns. The present proprietor is the Rev. W. Waddon Martyn, rector of Lifton.

It is an ancient mansion of the sixteenth century, quite perfect and untouched, very small and plain, but in its way a gem, and well deserving a visit. It is low, crouching to the ground like the trees of the district, as for shelter, or as a ptarmigan cowering from the hawk, with wings spread over her young. A low gate, with porter's lodge at the side, leads into a small yard, into which look the windows of the hall. The hall goes to the roof with open timbers: it is small, — thirty feet long, — but perfect in its way, with minstrel's gallery, large open fireplace with andirons, and adorned with antlers, old weapons, and banners bearing the arms of the Jourdain, Kempthornes, Waddons, and Martyns. The hall gives access to a dark panelled parlor, with peculiar and handsome brass andirons in the old fireplaces, looking out through a latticed window into the old walled garden, or Paradise.

It is curious that Mr. Kingsley, when writing "Westward Ho!" should have overlooked Tonacombe, and laid some of his scenes at Chapel in the same parish, where there never was an old house or any traditions. Probably he did not know of the existence of this charming old mansion. The minstrel's gallery was divided off from the hall, and

converted into a bedroom ; but Mr. Hawker pointed out its original destination to the owner, and he at once threw down the lath-and-plaster partition, and restored the hall to its original proportions.¹ The hall was also flat-ceiled across ; but the vicar of Morwenstow discovered the oaken roof above the ceiling, and persuaded Mr. Martyn to expose it to view. A narrow slit in the wall from the bedroom of the lady of the house allowed her to command a view of her lord at his carousals, and listen to his sallies.

Morwenstow Church stands on the steep slope of a hill.

“ My Saxon shrine ! the only ground
Wherein this weary heart hath rest ;
What years the birds of God have found
Along thy walls their sacred nest.
The storm, the blast, the tempest shock,
Have beat upon those walls in vain :
She stands ! a daughter of the rock,
The changeless God’s eternal fane.

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise of heart in wood and stone,
Who reared with stern and trusty hands
These dark gray towers of days unknown.

¹ Tonacombe was panelled by John Kempthorne, who died in 1591. The panelling remains in three of the rooms, and the initials J. K. and K. K. (Katherine Kempthorne) appear in each. The date is also given, 1578, on the panelling. In the large parlor on two shields are the arms of Ley quartered with those of Jordan and Kempthorne impaling Courtenay and Redvers. Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, gives a notice of Sir John Kempthorne, Kt., who put up this panelling. He is buried in the Morwenstow church, where there is an interesting incised stone to his memory under the altar. His wife, Katherine Kempthorne, daughter of Sir Piers Courtenay of Ughbrook, is also buried there.

They filled these aisles with many a thought;
They bade each nook some truth reveal;
The pillared arch its legend brought;
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then;
The vision of their hope was long, —
They knew their God, those faithful men.
They pitched no tent for change or death,
No home to last man's shadowy day:
There! there! the everlasting breath
Would breathe whole centuries away."

It is a church of very great interest, consisting of nave, chancel, and two aisles. The arcade of the north aisle is remarkably fine, and of two dates. Two semicircular arches are richly carved with Norman zigzag and billet: one is plain, eventually intended to be carved like the other two. The remaining two arches are transition early English, pointed and plain. At the spring of the sculptured arches, in the spandrels, are very spirited projecting heads: one of a ram is remarkably well modelled. The vicar, who mused over his church, and sought a signification in every thing, believed that this represented the ram caught in a thicket by the horns, and was symbolical of Christ, the true sacrifice. Another projecting head is spirited,—the mouth is contorted with mocking laughter: this, he asserted, was the head of Arius. Another head, with the tongue lolling out, was a heretic deriding the sacred mysteries.

But his most singular fancy was with respect to

the chevron ornamentation on the arcade. When first I visited the church, I exclaimed at the beauty of the zigzag moulding.

"Zigzag! zigzag!" echoed the vicar scornfully. "Do you not see that it is near the font that this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the Spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism. Look without the church, — there is the restless old ocean thundering with all his waves: you can hear the roar from here. Look within, — all is calm: there plays over the baptismal pool only the Dove who fans it into ripples with his healing wings."

The font is remarkably rude, an uncouth, misshapen block of stone from the shore, scooped out, its only ornamentation being a cable twisted round it, rudely carved. The font is probably Saxon.

The entrance door to the nave is of very fine Norman work in three orders, but defaced by the removal of the outer order, which has been converted into the door of the porch. Mr. Hawker, observing that the porch door was Norman, concluded that his church possessed a unique specimen of a Norman porch; but it was pointed out to him that this door was nothing but the outer order of that into the church, removed from its place; and then he determined, as soon as he could collect sufficient money to restore the church, to pull down the porch, and replace the Norman doorway to its original condition.

The church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. A little stream runs through the graveyard, and rushes down the hill to the porch door, where it is diverted, and carried off to water the glebe. This, he

thought, was brought through the churchyard for symbolic reasons, to typify Jordan, near which the Baptist ministered. The descent into the church is by three steps. "Every church dedicated to John the Baptizer," he said in one of his sermons, "is thus arranged. We go down into them, as those who were about to be baptized of John went down into the water. The Spirit that appeared when Christ descended into Jordan hovers here, over that font, over you, over me, and ever will hover here as long as a stone of Morwenna's church stands on this green slope, and a priest of God ministers in it." The south arcade of the nave is much posterior to that on the north side. One of the capitals bears the inscription :—

THIS WAS MADE ANNO MVCLX₄ (1564).

Another capital bears :—

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

It has been put up inverted. The arcade is rich and good for the date.

Of the same date are the carved oak benches. A few only are earlier, and bear the symbols of the transfixing heart on the spear, the nails, and cross. These Mr. Hawker found laid as flooring under the pews, their faces planed. The rest bear, on shields, sea-monsters. There was a fine oak screen very much earlier in style than the benches. When Mr. Hawker arrived at Morwenstow, the clerk said to him, "Please your honor, I have done you a very gude turn. I've just been and cut down and burned a rubbishing old screen that hid the chancel."

"You had much better have burnt yourself!" he exclaimed. "Show me what remains."

Only a few fragments of the richly sculptured and gilt cornice, and one piece of tracery, remained. The cornice represents doves flying amidst oak-leaves and vine-branches, and a fox running after them. The date not later than 1535, when a screen in the same style and character was erected at Broadwood Widger.¹

Mr. Hawker collected every fragment, and put the pieces together with bits of modern and poor carved wood, and cast-iron tracery, and constructed therewith a not ineffective rood-screen.

Outside the screen is an early incised cross in the floor, turned with feet to the west, marking the grave of a priest. "The flock lie with their feet to the east, looking for the rising of the day-star. But the pastor always rests with his head to the east, and feet westward, that at the resurrection day, when all rise, he may be facing those for whom he must give an account to the Maker and Judge of all, and may say with the prophet, Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me."

The chancel was originally lighted by lancets, which have, however, been blocked up and plastered over. The floor he kept strewn with southernwood and thyme, "for angels to smell to."

The east wall was falling, and in 1849 was rebuilt, and a stained window by Warrington inserted, given by the late Lord Clinton. It represents St. Mor-

¹ The date is on a scroll, which is in a hand descending from the clouds, upon one of the bench-ends. Benches and screens are of the same date.

wenna teaching Editha, daughter of Ethelwolf,¹ between St. Peter and St. Paul. The window is very poor and coarse in drawing and in color. The ancient piscina in the wall is of early English date.

Mr. Hawker discovered under the pavement in the church, when reseating it, the base of a small pillar, Norman in style, with a hole in it for the rivet which attached to it the slender column it supported. This he supposed was a piscina drain, and accordingly set it up in the recess beside his altar.

Against his chancel wall he fastened up prints and little pictures or texts that pleased him. He had against his south wall a portrait of Christ from "The Art Journal," in which Mr. Heapy had written an article, not remarkable for critical ability, on the various miraculous likenesses of Christ preserved in Italy and elsewhere, attributed to St. Luke, St. Veronica, and others. Mr. Hawker was perfectly convinced that this was an authentic portrait. Under the altar is a very interesting incised stone representing the half-figure of Sir John Ley, *alias* Kempthorne, one of the family that possessed Tonacombe A.D. 1591.

Mr. Hawker used an old stable, very decayed, on the north side of the chancel, as his vestry, and descended by a stair from it to the church. Floor and roof and stair are now in the last stage of decay.

His altar was small, of wood, and low. He had on it a clumsy wooden cross, without figure, vases with

— ¹ This, as has been already shown, is an error; he confounded St. Morwenna of Cornwall with St. Modwenna of Burton-on-Trent.

bouquets of flowers, and two Cornish serpentine candlesticks.

There was an embroidered frontal on his altar, given him in 1843, and used for all seasons alike. Considering the veneration in which Mr. Hawker held holy things and places, a little more tidiness might have been expected; but his altar was never very clean, the top having strewn over it the burnt ends of matches with which he had lighted his candles. It had also on it a large magnifying-glass, like those often on drawing-room tables to assist in the examination of photographs. For a long time Mr. Hawker used to say matins, litany, and communion-service, standing at his altar; but in late years his curates introduced a reading-desk within the chancel near the screen. A deal kitchen-table likewise served for the furnishing of the chancel. On this he would put his mufflers and devotional books.

The untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character, to such an extent that one day he swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses of the foregoing midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books and manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, candle-ends, &c.; and, having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage-door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar came into the porch.

"This is the rubbish I have found in your church."

"Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete the pile

by seating yourself on the top, and I will see to the whole being shot speedily."

In the chancel is a vine, carved in wood, which creeps thence all along the church,—an emblem, according to him, of the Christian life.

"Hearken! there is in old Morwenna's shrine,—

A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon days,

Reared by the Severn Sea for prayer and praise,—

Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine.

Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall

First in the chancel; then along the wall

Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,

With here and there a cluster, and anon

More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone

Through arch and aisle. Hearken! and heed the sign.

See at the altar-side the steadfast root,

Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit:

So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,

And gather from that tree a parable divine."

Formerly, whilst saying service he kept his chancel screen shut, and was invisible to his congregation; but his curates afterwards insisted on the gate being left open. The chancel is very dark.

Access to his pulpit was obtained through a narrow opening in the screen just sixteen inches wide, and it was a struggle for him to get through the aperture. After a while he abandoned the attempt, and had steps into the pulpit erected outside the screen.

Above the screen he set up in late years a large cross painted blue with five gold stars on it, the cross of the heavens in the southern hemisphere. Near the pulpit he erected a curious piece of wood-carving,

gilt and colored, which he brought with him from Tamerton. It represents a castle attacked by a dragon with two heads. From the mouth of a beardless face issues a dove, which is represented flying towards the castle. This, he said, was an allegory. The castle is the Church assailed by Satan, the old dragon, through his twofold power, temporal and spiritual. But the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Son flies to the defence of the Church. On the other side of the castle was originally a bearded head, and a dove issuing in a similar manner from it; but it has been broken away. This represented the Paraclete proceeding from the Father as from the Son.

In the churchyard of Morwenstow is a granite tomb bearing the following inscription :—

HERE LIET JOHN MANING OF . . .

WHO DIED WITHOUT ISSUE . . .

I AM BERIED IN

THE VI DAIE OF AV

GVST 1601.

John Manning of Stanbury, in Morwenstow, lived in the sixteenth century. He married Christiana Kempthorne. About six weeks after their marriage the husband was gored by a bull in a field between Tonacombe and Stanbury. His young bride died of grief within the year, and was buried in this altar tomb beside him.

The bed of this ill-fated pair, with their names carved on the head-board, was found by Mr. Hawker in one of the farms in the parish. He was very anxious to get possession of it. He begged it, and

when refused offered money, but to no avail: the farmer would not part with it. After trying persuasion, entreaty, and offering large sums in vain, he had recourse to another expedient.

The vicar said to the farmer, "Does it ever strike you, S——, when lying in that bed, as you do of a night, how many corpses have preceded you? There was first of all poor John Manning, all dead and bloody, in 1601, his side ripped up by a bull's horns, just where you lie so snug of a night. Then there was his bride Christiana, lying there, where your wife sleeps, sobbing away her life, dying of a broken heart. Just you think, John, when you lie there, of that poor lone woman, how her tears dribbled all night long over the pillow on which your wife's head rests. And one morning, when they came to look at her, SHE WAS DEAD. That was two hundred and fifty years ago. What a lot of corpses have occupied that bed where you and your wife lie, since then! Think of it, John, of a night, and tell your wife to do the same. I dare say the dead flesh has struck a chill into the bed, that the feel of it makes you creep all over at times at dead of night. Doesn't it, John? Two hundred and fifty years ago! That is about five generations,—five men washed and laid out, their chins tied up on your pillow, John, and their dead eyes looking up at your ceiling; and five wives dead and laid out there too, and measured for their coffins, just where your wife sleeps so warm. And then, John, consider, it's most likely some of these farmers were married again, so we may say there were at least six or seven female corpses, let alone dead

babies, in that bed. Why, John, there have been at least fourteen corpses in that bed, including John Manning bleeding to death, and Christiana weeping her life away. Think of that of a night. You will find it conducive to good."

"Parson," said the farmer aghast, "I can never sleep in that bed no more. You may take it, and welcome."

So Mr. Hawker got the Manning bed, and set it up in the room that commanded the tomb in the churchyard; "so that the bed may look at the grave, and the grave at the bed," as he expressed it.

The writer in "*The Standard*," already quoted, thus describes his first acquaintance with the vicar of Morwenstow:—

"It was on a solemn occasion that we first saw Morwenstow. The sea was still surly and troubled, with wild lights breaking over it, and torn clouds driving through the sky. Up from the shore, along a narrow path between jagged rocks and steep banks tufted with thrift, came the vicar, wearing cassock and surplice, and conducting a sad procession, which bore along with it the bodies of two seamen flung up the same morning on the sands. The office used by Mr. Hawker at such times had been arranged by himself,—not without reference to certain peculiarities, which, as he conceived, were features of the primitive Cornish church, the same which had had its bishops and its traditions long before the conference of Augustine with its leaders under the great oak by the Severn. Indeed, at one time he carried his adhesion to these Cornish traditions to some unusual lengths. There was, we remember, a peculiar yellow vestment, in which he appeared much like a Lama of Thibet, which he wore in his house and about his parish, and which he insisted was an exact copy of a priestly robe worn by St. Pardarn and St. Tello. We have seen him in this attire

proceeding through the lanes on the back of a well-groomed mule,— the only fitting beast, as he remarked, for a churchman."

We have here one instance out of many of the manner in which the vicar delighted to hoax visitors. The yellow vestment in question was a poncho. It came into use in the following manner :—

Mr. M——, a neighbor, was in conversation one day with Mr. Hawker, when the latter complained that he could not get a greatcoat to his fancy.

"Why not wear a poncho?" asked Mr. M——.

"Poncho! what is that?" inquired the vicar.

"Nothing but a blanket with a hole in the middle."

"Do you put your legs through the hole, and tie the four corners over your head?"

"No," answered Mr. M——. "I will fetch you my poncho, and you can try it on." The poncho was brought: it was a dark blue one, and the vicar was delighted with it. There was no trouble in putting it on. It suited his fancy amazingly; and next time he went to Bideford he bought a yellowish-brown blanket, and had a hole cut in the middle, through which to thrust his head.

"I wouldn't wear your livery, M——," said he, "nor your political colors, so I have got a yellow poncho."

Those who knew him well can picture to themselves the sly twinkle in his eye as he informed his credulous visitor that he was invested in the habit of St. Pardarn and St. Teilo.

After a few years at Morwenstow in a hired house, the vicar set to work to build himself a vicarage near

the church. He chose a spot where he saw lambs take shelter from storm; not so much because he thought the spot a "lew" one (that is, a sheltered one), as from the fancy that the refuge of the lambs should typify the vicarage, the sheltering-place of his flock.

Whilst he was building it Mr. Daniel King came over to see him, and was shown the house in course of erection. Mr. Daniel King and Mr. Hawker were not very cordial friends.

"Ha!" said Mr. King, "you know the proverb, — 'Fools build houses for wise men to live in.'"

"Yes," answered the vicar promptly; "and I know another, — 'Wise men make proverbs, and fools quote them.'"

He had the chimneys of the vicarage built to resemble the towers of churches with which he had had to do: one was like Tamerton, another like Magdalen Hall, a third resembled Wellcombe, a fourth Morwenstow.

When Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop, Wilberforce came into the neighborhood to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he met Mr. Hawker.

"Look here," said Archdeacon Wilberforce, "I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night, and I am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight*, who will be on the platform, and is a wearyful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?"

"Not in the least: he is impervious to hints."

"Can he not be prevented from rising to address the meeting?"

"That is impossible: he is irrepressible."

"Then what is to be done?"

"Leave him to me, and he will not trouble you."

At the S. P. G. meeting a crowd had gathered to hear the eloquent speaker. Mr. Tom Knight was on the platform, waiting his opportunity to rise.

"O Knight!" said Mr. Hawker in a whisper, "the archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home: will you lend yours for timing the speeches?"

With some hesitation Mr. Knight pulled his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached, from his fob, and gave it to the vicar of Morwenstow.

Presently Mr. Knight was on his legs to make a speech. Now, the old gentleman was accustomed, when addressing a public audience, to swing his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch: it was not there. He stammered, and felt again, floundered in his speech, and, after a few feeble efforts to recover himself, and find his bunch of seals, sat down, red and melting and angry.

Mr. Hawker had a pair of stags, which he called Robin Hood and Maid Marian, given to him by the late Sir Thomas Acland, from his park at Killerton. These he kept in the long open combe in front of the house, through which a stream dashes onwards to the sea. One day the same Mr. Knight proceeded too curiously to approach Robin Hood, when the deer ran at him, and butted him down. The clergyman shrieked with fear, and the stag would have

struck him with his antlers had not the vicar rushed to the rescue. Being an immensely strong man, he caught Robin by the horns, and drew his head back, and held him fast whilst the frightened man crawled away.

"I was myself in some difficulty," said Mr. Hawker, when telling the story. "The stag would have turned on me when I let go, and I did not quite see my way to escape; but that wretched man did nothing but yell for his wig and hat, which had come off, and were under the deer's feet; as if my life were of no account beside his foxy old wig and battered beaver."

Dr. Phillpotts, the late Bishop of Exeter, not long after this occurred, came to Morwenstow to visit Mr. Hawker. Whilst being shown the landscape from the garden, the bishop's eye rested on Robin Hood.

"Why! that stag which butted and tossed Mr. Knight is still suffered to live! It might have killed him."

"No harm done, my lord," said Mr. Hawker. "He is a very Low Church parson."

Early next morning loud cries for assistance penetrated the vicar's bedroom. Looking from his window, he beheld the bishop struggling with Robin Hood, who, like his fellow of Sherwood, seems to have had little respect for episcopal dignity. Robin had taken a fancy to the bishop's apron, and, gently approaching, had secured one corner in his mouth.

There is a story of a Scottish "curate," who, when Jenny Geddes seized him by his "prelatical" gown as he was passing into the pulpit, quietly loosed the strings, and allowed Jenny and the gown to fall back-

ward together. There was no such luck for the bishop. He sought in vain to unfasten the apron, which descended farther and farther into Robin's throat, until the vicar, coming to the rescue, restored the apron to daylight, and sent the "masterful thief" about his business.

Mr. Hawker accompanied the late bishop of Exeter on his first visit to Tintagel, and delighted in telling how the scene, then far more out of the world than it can now be considered, impressed the powerful mind of Dr. Phillpotts. He stood alone for some time on the extreme edge of the castle cliff, while the sun went down before him in the tumbling, foaming Atlantic a blaze of splendor, flaking the rocks and ruined walls with orange and carmine; and as he turned away he muttered the line from Zanga, —

"I like this rocking of the battlements."

Another visitor to Morwenstow was the Poet Laureate; he presented himself at the door, and sent in his card, and was received with cordiality and hospitality by the vicar, who, however, was not sure that the stranger was the poet. After lunch they walked together on the cliffs, and Mr. Hawker pointed to the Tonacombe Brook forming a cascade into the sea.

"Falling like a broken purpose," he observed.

"You are quoting my lines," said the Poet Laureate.

"And thus it was," as Mr. Hawker said when relating the incident, "that I learned whom I was entertaining." He flattered himself that it was he who had introduced the Arthurian cycle of legends to his notice.

Charles Kingsley owed also to Mr. Hawker his first introduction to scenery which he afterwards rendered famous. Stowe and Chapel, places which figured so largely in "Westward Ho!" were explored by them together; and the vicar of Morwenstow was struck, as every one must have been struck who accompanied Mr. Kingsley under similar circumstances, by the wonderful insight and skill which seized at once on the most characteristic features of the scene, and found at the instant the fitting words in which to describe them.

Mr. Hawker, for his own part, not only did this for his own corner of Cornwall, but threw into his prose and his poetry the peculiar feeling of the district, the subtle aroma which, in less skilful hands, is apt to vanish altogether.

His ballads found their way into numerous publications without his name being appended to them, and sometimes were fathered on other writers. In a letter to T. Carnsew, Esq., dated Jan. 2, 1858, he says as much.

MY DEAR SIR,—A happy New Year to yours and you, and many of them! as we say in the West. The kind interest you have taken in young Blight's book¹ induces me to send you the royal reply to my letter. Through Col. Phipps to the queen I sent a simple statement of the case, and asked leave for the youth to be allowed to dedicate his forthcoming book to the Duke of Cornwall. I did not, between ourselves, expect to succeed, because no such thing has hitherto been permitted, and also because I was utterly unknown, thank God, at court. But it has been always my fate to build other people's houses. For others I usually succeed; for myself, always fail. Let me

¹ *Ancient Crosses in Cornwall*, by J. T. Blight. Penzance, 1858.

tell you one strange thing. Every year of my life for full ten years I have had to write to some publisher, editor, or author, to claim the paternity of a legend or a ballad or a page of prose, which others have been attempting to foist on the public as their own. Last year I had to rescue a legendary ballad—'The Sisters of Glennectan'—from the claims of a Mr. H. of Exeter College.¹ Yesterday I wrote for the January number of 'Blackwood,' wherein I see published 'The Bells of Bottreaux,' a name and legend which, if any one should claim, I say with Jack Cade, 'He lies, for I invented it myself!'"

"The Silent Tower of Bottreaux" is one of his best ballads. To the poem he appends the following note :² "The rugged heights that line the seashore in the neighborhood of Tintagel castle and church are crested with towers. Among these, that of Bottreaux Castle, or, as it is now written, Bos-castle, is without bells. The silence of this wild and lonely churchyard on festive or solemn occasions is not a little striking. On inquiring as to the cause, the legend related in the text was told me, as a matter of implicit belief in those parts."

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide :
The boy leans on his vessel's side ;
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

¹ The mysterious sisters really lived and died in North Devon. Mr. Hawker transplanted the story to St. Knighton's Kieve. Any attempt in prose or verse to associate these sisters with Glennectan he afterwards resented as a literary theft.

² *Ecclesia*: a volume of poems. Oxford, 1840. Really, the church of Forrabury on the height above Boscastle, which is a hamlet in the parish of Forrabury.

"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime:
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill:
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

"Come to thy God in time!"
Should be her answering chime.
"Come to thy God at last!"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea:
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.

"Come to thy God in time!"
Rang out Tintagel chime.
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells.
"Thank God!" with reverent brow he cried:
"We make the shore with evening's tide."

"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage-chime.
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell must ring at last.

Thank God, thou whining knave, on land!
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,
The captain's voice above the gale,
Thank the good ship and ready sail.

"Come to thy God in time!"
 Sad grew the boding chime.
 "Come to thy God at last!"
 Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
 The mighty Master's signal word.
 What thrills the captain's whitening ¹2?
 The death-groans of his sinking ship!
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 Swung deep the funeral chime.
 "Grace, mercy, kindness, past,
 Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
 When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell, —
 While those around would hear and weep, —
 That fearful judgment of the deep.
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 He read his native chime:
 Youth, manhood, old age, past,
 His bell rung out at last!

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
 Is wakening in his weedy caves,
 Those bells that sullen surges hide
 Peal their deep notes beneath the tide.
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 Thus saith the ocean chime:
 "Storm, billow, whirlwind, past,
 Come to thy God at last!"¹

I may be allowed, as this is a gossiping book, here to tell a story of Boscastle, which came to my ears when staying there a few years ago, and which is true.

¹ This ballad has been set to music by Mrs. Arundel, and is published by Messrs. Weekes.

There lived at Boscastle, within twenty years, an old seafaring man, whom we will call Daddy Tregellas: his real name has escaped me. A widow in the village died, leaving a fair young daughter of eighteen, very delicate and consumptive, without a home or relation. Daddy Tregellas had known the widow, and felt great pity for the orphan, but how to help her he did not see. After much turning the matter over in his mind, he thought the only way in which he could make her a home, and provide her with comforts, without giving the gossips occasion to talk, was by marrying her. And married accordingly they were. The Boscastle people to this day tell of the tenderness of the old man for his young, delicate wife: it was that of a father for a daughter, — how he watched the carnation spots on her cheek with intense anxiety, and listened with anguish to her cough; how he walked out with her on the cliffs, wrapping shawls round her; and sat in church with his eyes fixed on her whilst he sang, listened, or prayed. The beautiful girl was his idol, his pet.

She languished, in spite of all his care. He nursed her through her illness like a mother, with his rough, brown hand as gentle as that of a woman. She died propped up in bed, with her chestnut hair flowing over his blue sailor's jersey, as he held her head on his breast.

When he had laid his pet in Forrabury churchyard, the light of his life was extinguished. The old man wandered about the cliffs all day, in sunshine and in storm, growing more hollow-cheeked and dull-eyed, his thin hair lank, his back bowed, speaking to no one, and breaking slowly but surely.

But Mr. Avery, the shipbuilder, about this time laid the keel of a little vessel, and she was reared in Boscastle haven. The new ship interested the old man; and, when the figure-head was set up, he fancied he traced in it a likeness to his dead wife.

"It is — it is the Pet," faltered the old man.

The owner heard the exclamation, and said, "So shall it be. She shall be called 'The Pet.'"

And now the old love, which had wound itself round the wife, began to attach itself to the little vessel. Every day the old man was on the quay watching the growth of "The Pet:" he could not bear her out of his sight. When "The Pet" was ready to be launched, Mr. Avery offered Tregellas the position of captain to her. The old man's joy was full: he took the command, and sailed for Bristol for coals.

One stormy day, when a furious west wind was driving upon the land, and bowling mountains of green water against the coast, it was noised that a vessel was visible, scudding before the wind, in dangerous proximity to the shore. The signal-rock was speedily crowded with anxious watchers. The coast-guardsmen observed her attentively with his glass, and said, "It is 'The Pet.' The hatchways are all closed."

Eyes watched her bounding through the waves, now on the summit of a huge green billow, now deep in its trough, till she was lost to sight in the rain and spondrift.

That was the last seen of "The Pet:" she, with old Daddy Tregellas and all on board, went to the bottom in that dreadful storm.

Boscastle is a hamlet of quaint, gabled, weather-beaten cottages, inhabited by sailors, clinging to the steep sides of the hills that dip rapidly to the harbor, a mere cleft in the rocks, in shape like an S.

The entrance is between huge precipices of black rock, one of them scooped out into a well: it is the resort of countless gulls, which breed along the ledges. The harbor is masked by an islet of rock covered by a meagre crop of sea-grass and thrift.

Mr. Claud Hawker, the brother of the subject of this memoir, resides at Penally in Boscastle.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hawker's Politics. — Election of 1857. — His Zeal for the Laborers. — "The Poor Man and his Parish Church." — Letter to a Landlord. — Death of his Man, Tape. — Kindness to the Poor. — Verses over his Door. — Reckless Charity. — Hospitality. — A Breakdown. — His Eccentric Dress. — The Devil and his Barn. — His Ecclesiastical Vestments. — Dislike of Ritualists. — Ceremonial. — The Nine Cats. — The Church Garden. — Kindness to Animals. — The Rooks and Jackdaws. — The Well of St. John. — Letter to a Young Man entering the University.

MR. HAWKER in politics, as far as he had any, was a Liberal; and in 1857 he voted for Mr. Robartes, afterwards Lord Robartes.

MARCH 26, 1857. *My dear Sir*, — Your mangold is remarkably fine. I must, of course, visit Stratton, to vote for Robartes; and I do wish I could be told how far a few votes would throw out Kendall by helping Carew, then I would give the latter one. If I can contrive to call at Flexbury, I will; but Mrs. Hawker is so worried by bad eyes that she will not risk the roads. Last time we were annoyed by some rascals, who came after the carriage, shouting, "Kendall and protection!" It will be a dark infamy for Cornwall if Nick, the traitor to every party, should get in. Tom S—— has been out to-day, blustering for Nick, but, when asked what party he belonged to, could not tell. How should he? A note from M—— to-night, dated Bude, informs me that he is there. I am glad to find that, though not yet registered as a Cornish voter, his heart and wishes are for Robartes. It will always be to me a source

of pride, that I was the first, or well-nigh, I think, the only clergyman in this deanery who voted for a Free-trade candidate. Yours, my dear sir, faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

J. CARNSEW, Esq.

. . . I cannot conclude without a word about the mighty theme of elections. When Carew's address arrived, and I read it to Mrs. Hawker, her remark was, "It doesn't ring well." Nor did it. There were sneaky symptoms about it. S—— writes that "sinister influence, apart from political, has been brought to bear against Carew." We save a breakfast by this; for Mrs. Hawker had announced her intention to give one, as she did last time, to Mr. Robartes's voters; and I save what is to me important,—a ride. When I was in Oxford, there was a well-known old man, Dr. Crowe, public officer, &c. He had risen from small beginnings, and therefore he was a man of mind. Somewhat rough, and so much the better, as old wine is. Him the young, thoughtless fellows delighted to tease after dinner in the common-room, over their wine at New College. (N.B. The rumor used to run, that, when the fellows of the college retired from the hall, the butler went before, with a warming-pan, which he passed over the seat of every stuffed chair, that the reverend fogies might not catch cold as they sat down). Well, one day, said a junior to old Crowe, "Do you know, Dr. C., what has happened to Jem Ward?"—"No, not I. Is he hanged?"—"Oh, no! they say he is member of Parliament."—"Well, what of that?"—"Oh, but consider what a thing for a fellow like that to get into the House of Commons—such a *blackguard*!"—"And pray, young man, where should a blackguard go, but into the House of Commons, eh?"

Good-night, dear sir, good-night. Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

But Mr. Hawker's sympathies were by no means bound up with one party. He was as enthusiastic in 1873 for the return of a Conservative member for

Exeter, as he had been in 1857 for that of a Free-trade candidate for East Cornwall.

MORWENSTOW, Dec. 11, 1873. *My dear Mr. and Mrs. Mills*,—The good tidings of your success in Exeter has only just arrived in our house; and I make haste to congratulate you, and to express our hearty sympathy with Mr. Mills's great triumph. Only yesterday Mr. M—— was here, and we were discussing the probabilities and chances of the majority. I had heard from Powderham Castle that the contest would be severe, and the run close; but every good man's wishes and sympathies were with Mr. Mills. I hope that God will bless and succor him, and make his election an avenue of good and usefulness to his kind, which I am sure you both will value beyond the mere honor and rank. Our men heard guns last night, but could not decide whether the sound came from Bude or Lundy. But to-day I heard there were great and natural rejoicings around your Efford home. How you must have exulted also at your husband's strong position in London, and at the School Board! He must have been very deeply appreciated there, and will, of course, succeed to the chairmanship of his district. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. R——¹ has disappointed us, and will not be back again until after Christmas. So, although I am so weak that I can hardly stagger up to the church, and I incur deadly risk, I must go through my duty on Sunday. Our dutiful love to you both. I am yours ever faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

It was his intense sympathy with the poor, that constituted the Radicalism in Mr. Hawker's opinions. A thorough-going Radical he was not, for he was filled with the most devoted veneration for the Crown and Constitution; but his tender heart bled for the laborer, whom he regarded as the sufferer through protection, and he fired up at what he regarded as an

¹ A clergyman on whom he had calculated for his assistance in his services.

injustice. When he broke forth into words, it was with the eloquence and energy of a prophet. What can be more vigorous and vehement than the following paper, which he wrote in 1861?

"There are in Morwenstow about six thousand acres of arable land, rented by seventy farmers; forty large, and thirty small.

"There are less than sixty able-bodied laborers, and twenty-five half-men, at roads, &c.

"With this proportion of one laborer to a hundred acres, there can be no lack of *employ*.

"The rate of wages is eight shillings a week, paid, not in money, but by truck of corn.

"A fixed agreement of a hundred and thirty-five pounds of corn, or eighteen gallons (commonly called seven scores), is allotted to each man in lieu of fourteen shillings, be the market price what it will.

"A man with a wife and three or four children will consume the above quantity of corn in fourteen days.

"Therefore such a man, receiving for his fortnight's work fourteen shillings' worth of corn, will only leave in his master's hand one shilling a week, which one shilling usually is paid for house-rent.

"Now, this inevitable outlay for the loaf and for the rent will leave—for fuel, for shoes, for clothing, for groceries, for tools, for club . . . *nil: ol. os. od.*

"*But, but.* But in the year 1860-61, the fourteen shillings paid for that corn will only yield in flour and meal ten shillings sixpence, the millers being judges.

"If a man have only a wife and two children to house and feed, his surplus money above his bread and rent will be one shilling (?) a week beyond the above example. *But, but,* in the recited list of exigencies, will that suffice?

"It was from a knowledge of the state of the parish, that I assented to the collection, of which I enclose a statement.

"Two farmers only had the audacity to allege that the effort

was uncalled for: and a labourer of one of these must have gone barefooted to his work the whole winter, and not the money for a pair of shoes been advanced to him by the victim of the parish.

"It appears to be a notion entertained by a chief patron of all our charities, that the wages and the treatment of the labourers in Kilkhampton are more favourable than in Morwenstow. *But, but, but*—

"What is the weekly wage?"

"How paid?"

"If in corn, at what price?"

"And are there contracts in other respects?"

"These are not questions which I want to be answered, but only questions for your own private consideration."

A letter narrating the success of this appeal is in my hands, and may find a place here.

FEB. 21, 1861. *My dear Sir*,—I have postponed replying to your last letter until I could acquaint you with the progress or result of the subscriptions to the poor. Lord J. Thynne has given five pounds; Mr. Dayman, three pounds; Messrs. Cann and Harris, church-wardens, one pound each; other parishioners, about three or four pounds. So that we shall divide twenty-five pounds and upwards among the really destitute. I am much obliged to you for your readiness to allow my influence to count with that of others in the parish; but the reference in my letter to the church-wardens was to the past, and not altogether to the future. Be this as it may, when Moses languishes, manna falls, thank God!

You will be sorry to hear that Mrs. H—— is very ill. Her attack is so full of peril, and demands such incessant medical succor, that Capt. H—— resolved on removing her while she could be moved to London, to the charge of her accustomed doctor; and thither they went last Monday. Our loss is deep. It was indeed a gift from God, to have a thorough lady and gentleman in the parish to appreciate the utterance of truth, and the effects of duty: it was indeed a happiness, and it is now

gone. Mrs. H—— had taken great trouble with our choir. Every Thursday evening she has allowed them to come to learn the musical scale, and they were fast learning to read and sing the notes.

We have been visited of late by the new kind of hurricane, the *κυκλων*, or whirl. It is just as fierce and strong as the old storm; but the scene of its onslaught is rigidly local: indeed, we might almost call them parochial. They had theirs at Kilkhampton two days before Mr. T——'s christening. The Poughill rush was the week after the vicar brought home his wife. A pinnacle was snapped off there, and the wall of the church rent. At Kilkhampton the damage done was in the immediate vicinity of the church. We had ours last night, but the church did not suffer harm, although two-thirds of the roof are rotten, and the pinnacles overhang. Lent is always the demon's time, and the strength of evil. A woman who is just come in tells me that the new chimney in the kitchen at Tidnacombe was blown down last night, and is now lying on the roof in fragments.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

The energy with which he upheld the cause of the laborer was one cause of some unreasonable resentment against him being felt by the farmers; and this explains his expression "the victim of the parish," in reference to himself in his appeal.

The same intense sympathy with the poor and the down-trodden breaks out in his ballad, "The Poor Man and his Parish Church," of which I insert a few verses:—

"The poor have hands and feet and eyes,
Flesh, and a feeling mind:
They breathe the breath of mortal sighs,
They are of human kind;
They weep such tears as others shed,
And now and then they smile;

For sweet to them is that poor bread
They win with honest toil.

The poor men have their wedding-day,
And children climb their knee :
They have not many friends, for they
Are in such misery.
They sell their youth, their skill, their pains,
For hire in hill and glen :
The very blood within their veins,
It flows for other men.

They should have roofs to call their own
When they grow old and bent, —
Meek houses built of dark gray stone,
Worn laborers' monument.
There should they dwell beneath the thatch,
With threshold calm and free :
No stranger's hand should lift the latch
To mark their poverty.

Fast by the church these walls should stand,
Her aisles in youth they trod :
They have no home in all the land
Like that old house of God !
There, there, the sacrament was shed
That gave them heavenly birth,
And lifted up the poor man's head
With princes of the earth.

There in the chancel's voice of praise
Their simple vows were poured,
And angels looked with equal gaze
On Lazarus and his Lord.
There, too, at last, they calmly sleep,
Where hallowed blossoms bloom ;
And eyes as fond and faithful weep
As o'er the rich man's tomb.

.

I know not why; but when they tell
Of houses fair and wide,
Where troops of poor men go to dwell
In chambers side by side,
I dream of an old cottage door,
With garlands overgrown,
And wish the children of the poor
Had flowers to call their own.

And when they vaunt that in these walls
They have their worship-day,
Where the stern signal coldly calls
The prisoned poor to pray,
I think upon an ancient home
Beside the churchyard wall,
Where roses round the porch would roam,
And gentle jasmines fall.

I see the old man of my lay,
His gray head bowed and bare:
He kneels by our dear wall to pray,
The sunlight in his hair.
Well! they may strive, as wise men will,
To work with wit and gold:
I think my own dear Cornwall still
Was happier of old.

Oh for the poor man's church again,
With one roof over all,
Where the true hearts of Cornishmen
Might beat beside the wall!
The altars where, in holier days,
Our fathers were forgiven,
Who went with meek and faithful ways,
Through the old aisles, to heaven!"

A letter to one of the landlords in his parish shows how vehemently Mr. Hawker could urge the claims of one of the farmers.

MORWENSTOW, May 21, 1867. *My dear Mr. Martyn,*— Just as I was about to write to you on other matters, your advertisement for the letting of your lands reached me. It is not, of course, my duty to express any opinion between landlord and tenant, or to give utterance to my sympathy with any one candidate over another; yet there is a matter on which I am sure you will forgive me if I venture to touch. It is on the tenancy of your farm of Ruxmoore by C—. He has been my churchwarden during the whole of his last term. He and his have been the most faithful adherents to the church of their baptism in my whole parish; and he has been to me so sincere and attached a friend in his station of life, that he without Ruxmoore, or Ruxmoore without the C—s, would be to me an utterly inconceivable regret. It was I who first introduced him to the choice of your family, twenty-eight years ago; and throughout the whole of that time he has been, in his humble way, entirely faithful to me and to you. I do not imagine that you intend to exclude him from your farm, but I venture to hope that you will put me in possession confidentially of your wishes in regard to his future tenancy. Do you mean that he shall tender as before? and does your valuation of his part of your land ascend? He is not aware that I write to you hereon; and, if you are disinclined to answer my questions, I hope you will allow me to record my hearty hope and trust that you will give him the preference over other new and local candidates, in or out of Morwenstow. I have firm confidence in the justice and mercy of your heart. But you must not infer that C— alone of all your tenants is, or has been, the object of my special regard. . . . In Wellcombe, B—, whom you remember, no doubt, by name, is one of my regular communicants. And now the very kind and generous sympathy which Mrs. Martyn and yourself have shown towards my school demands a detail of our success.

The children on the day-school books amount to sixty-three. The inspectors (diocesan) pronounce it to be the most satisfactory school in their district. I always visit and instruct the children in person once a week. Mrs. Hawker has had a singing class of boys and girls weekly at the vicarage. But this

duty and the harmonium in church are now undertaken by Mrs. T——, for a reason that will readily suggest itself to your mind. But why should I hesitate to avow to old friends that we expect another guest at the vicarage? How I hope that God may grant us a boy, that I may utter the words of the fathers of holy time, "My son, my son!"

MORWENSTOW, Jan. 22, 1857. *My dear Sir,*—It is no longer possible to nourish the project which I have all along, every week and day, intended to essay, viz., a journey down to Flexbury Hall. We have continually talked of it, more than once fixed the day, but we have been as singularly prevented as if some evil spirit had it at heart to hinder our purpose. And these obstacles have very often been occurrences full of pain, domestic or personal. You have no doubt heard of the frightful accident to poor old George Tape, my care-taker and very excellent servant. He lived all his early life with old Mr. Shearm, here in the old Vicarage House; was sexton twenty-five years; worked with me from 1835 to 1851; then visited Australia as a gold-digger; returned about two years ago with enough to live on, aided by a little work, and came back to be again my hind at Michaelmas last. He was, therefore, a long-accustomed face, almost as one of my own family. You will, therefore, understand the shock when we heard a man rushing up stairs to our little sitting-room with the tale of fear; and on going down, I found poor George seated in a chair, with the hand crushed into pulp below the wrist, and dangling by the naked sinews. I made a rude tourniquet, in haste, of a silk handkerchief and short stick, and so the hemorrhage was stopped. We got him home. I was with him nearly all night, and the next day till he died; but the amputation I could not witness. We found two fingers and other pieces of flesh among the barley afterwards. . . . I remain yours, my dear sir, very faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

T. CARNSEW, Esq.

The generosity of the vicar to the poor knew no

bounds. It was not always discreet : but his compassionate heart could not listen to a tale of suffering unaffected ; nay, more, the very idea that others were in want impelled him to seek them out at all times, to relieve their need.

On cold winter nights, if he felt the frost to be very keen, the idea would enter his head that such and such persons had not above one blanket on their beds, or that they had gone, without any thing to warm their vitals, to the chill damp attics where they slept. Then he would stamp about the house, collecting warm clothing and blankets, bottles of wine, and any food he could find in the larder, and laden with them, attended by a servant, go forth on his rambles, and knock up the cottagers, that he might put extra blankets on their beds, or cheer them with port-wine and cold pie.

The following graphic description of one of these night missions is given in the words of an old workman named Vinson.

"It was a very cold night in the winter of 1874-5, about half-past nine: he called me into the house, and said, 'The poor folk up at Shop will all perish this very night of cold. John Ode is ill, and cannot go: can you get there alive?'"

"'If you please, sir, I will if you'll allow me,'" I said.

"'Take them these four bottles of brandy,' he says; and he brought up four bottles with never so much as the corks drewed. 'Now,' says he, 'what will you have yourself?' And I says, 'Gin, if you please, sir,' I says. And he poured me out gin and water; and then he gi'ed me a lemonade-bottle of gin for me to put in my side-pocket. 'That'll keep you alive,' he says, 'before you come back.' So he fulled me up before I started, and sent me off to Shop, to four old people's houses, with a bottle of brandy for each. And then he says, 'There's two shillings

for yourself; and you keep pulling at that bottle, and you'll keep yourself alive afore you come back.' So I went there, and delivered the bottles; and I'd had enough before I started to bring me home again, so I didn't uncork my bottle of gin.

"And it isn't once, it's scores o' times, he's looked out o' window, after I've going home at night, and shouted to me, 'Here, stay! come back, Vinson,' and he's gone into the larder, and cut off great pieces of meat, and sent me with them, and p'raps brandy or wine, to some poor soul; and he always gi'ed me a shilling, either then or next day, for myself, besides meat and drink."

"They are crushed down, my poor people," he would say with energy, stamping about his room, — "ground down with poverty, with a wretched wage, the hateful truck system, till they are degraded in mind and body." It was a common saying of his, "If I eat and drink, and see my poor hunger and thirst, I am not a minister of Christ, but a lion that lurketh in his den to ravish the poor."

The monetary value of the living was three hundred and sixty-five pounds. He wrote up over the porch of his vicarage, —

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray:
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!"

Of his overflowing kindness to the shipwrecked, mention shall be made in another chapter. The many sufferers whom he rescued from the water, housed, fed, nursed, and clothed, and sent away with liberal gifts, always spoke of his charity with warmth and gratitude. In no one instance would he accept compensation for the deeds of charity which he per-

formed. He received letters of thanks for his services to the shipwrecked from ship-owners in Norway, Denmark, France, Scotland, and Cornwall, who had lost vessels on this fatal coast, as well as from the consuls of the several nations.

Like his grandfather, Dr. Hawker, he was ready to give away every thing he had ; and he was at times in straitened circumstances, owing to the open house he kept, and the profusion with which he gave away to the necessitous.

This inconsiderate generosity sometimes did harm to those who received it. One instance will suffice.

The vicar of Morwenstow had, some years ago, a servant, whom we will call Stanlake : the man may be still alive, and therefore his real name had better not be given to the world.

One day Mr. Hawker ordered his carriage to drive to Bideford, some twenty miles distant. The weather was raw and cold. He was likely to be absent all day, as he was going on to Barnstaple by train to consult his doctor. His compassion was roused by the thought of Stanlake having forty miles of drive in the cold, and a day of lounging about in the raw December air ; and just as he stepped into the carriage he produced a bottle of whiskey, and gave it to Stanlake.

Mr. Hawker was himself a most abstemious man : he drank only water, and never touched wine, spirits, or beer.

On the way to Bideford, at Hoops, thinking the coachman looked blue with cold, the vicar ordered him a glass of hot brandy-and-water. When he

reached Bideford station he said, "Now, Stanlake, I shall be back by the half-past four train: mind you meet me with the carriage."

"All right, sir."

But Mr. Hawker did not arrive by the half-past four train.

Up till that hour Stanlake had kept sober, he had not touched his bottle of whiskey; but finding that his master did not arrive, and that time hung heavily on his hands, he retired to the stable, uncorked the bottle, and drank it off.

At six o'clock Mr. Hawker arrived at Bideford. There was no carriage at the station to meet him. He hurried to the inn where he put up, and ordered his conveyance. He was told that his man was incapable.

"Send him to me, send him here," he thundered, pacing the coffee-room in great excitement.

"Please, sir, he is under a heap of straw and hay in a loose box in the stable, dead drunk."

"Make him come."

After some delay, the information was brought him, that, when Mr. Stanlake after great efforts had been reared upon his legs, he had fallen over again.

"Put the horses to. I can drive as well as Stanlake. I will drive home myself; and do you shove that drunken boor head and crop into the carriage."

The phaeton was brought to the door: the vicar mounted the box, the drunken servant was tumbled inside, the door shut on him, and off they started for a long night drive with no moon in the sky, and frosty stars looking down on the wintry earth.

UNION OF
A DISASTROUS EXPEDITION. 101

Half-way between Bideford and Morwenstow, in descending a hill the pole-strap broke; the carriage ran forward on the horses' heels; they plunged, and the pole drove into the hedge; with a jerk one of the carriage-springs gave way.

Mr. Hawker, afraid to get off the box without some one being at hand to hold the horses' heads, shouted lustily for help. No one came.

"Stanlake, wake up! Get out!"

A snore from inside was the only answer. Mr. Hawker knocked the glasses with his whip-handle, and shouted yet louder, "You drunken scoundrel, get out and hold the horses!"

"We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear," chanted the tipsy man in bad tune from within.

After some time a laborer, seeing from a distance the stationary carriage-lamps, and wondering what they were, arrived on the scene. By his assistance the carriage was brought sideways to the hill, the horses were taken out, a piece of rope procured to mend the harness and tie up the broken spring; and Mr. Hawker remounting the box drove forward, and reached Morwenstow vicarage about one o'clock at night.

Next morning Stanlake appeared in the library, very downcast.

"Go away," said the vicar in a voice of thunder. "I dismiss you forthwith. Here are your wages. I will not even look at you. Let me never see your face again. You brought me into a pretty predicament last night."

and so helped each person to the whole breast and wings. The birds had not been cooked by an experienced hand, and properly trussed. The whole covey lay on their backs with their legs in the air, presenting the drollest appearance when the cover—large enough for a sirloin of beef—was removed from the dish.

“When you steal your own cream, my dear,” was a saying of his to ladies, “don’t take just a spoonful on a bit of bread, but clear the whole pan with a great ladle and no bread.”

One story about a break-down when driving has been told: another incident of the same description shall be given in his own words:—

Nov. 4, 1856. *My dear Sir*,—When I relate the history of our recent transit through Poughill by night, I think you will allow that I am not nervous beyond measure when I say that I am obliged through fear to deny myself the pleasure of joining your hospitable board on Thursday next. Before we had crossed Summerleaze one lamp went out; another languished. My clumsy servant John had broken both springs. A lantern, which we borrowed at Lake Cottage of a woman called Barrett, held aloft by our boy, just enabled us to creep along amid a thorough flood of cold rain, until we arrived at Stowe. There we succeeded in negotiating a loan of another piece of candle, and moved on, a rare and rending headache meanwhile throbbing under my hat. Half-way down Stowe hill, the drag-chain broke suddenly, and but for extreme good behavior on the part of the horses—shall I add, good driving on mine?—we must have gone over in a heap, to the great delight of the Dissenters in this district. We did at last arrive home, but it was in a very disconsolate condition. Still, good came of our journey; for Mrs. Hawker cannot deny that I drove in a masterly manner, and therefore is bound to travel anywhere with me *by day*. We mean, with your leave, to come down to you early one

day soon, and depart so as to be at home before dark. Tell your son that on Saturday night last, at eight o'clock, tidings came in that carriage-lamps flared along our in-road. I found at the door "a deputation from the Parent Society," the Rev. L. H—. Three friends had previously suggested his visit here, and all three had been snubbed. But he put into my hand a note from Leopold Ackland, so there was no longer any resistance. He had travelled far, — Australia, Egypt, the Crimea during the Anglican defeat. So his talk amused us. With kindest regards to all at Flexbury, I remain, yours, my dear sir, very faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

T. CARNSEW, Esq.

Mr. Hawker, as has been already intimated, was rather peculiar in his dress. At first, soon after his induction to Morwenstow, he wore his cassock; but in time abandoned this inconvenient garb, in which he found it impossible to scramble about his cliffs. He then adopted a claret-colored coat, with long tails. He had the greatest aversion to any thing black: the only black things he would wear were his boots. These claret-colored coats would button over the breast, but were generally worn open, displaying beneath a knitted blue fisherman's jersey. At his side, just where the Lord's side was pierced, a little red cross was woven into the jersey. He wore fishing-boots reaching above his knee.

The claret-colored cassock coats, when worn out, were given to his servant-maids, who wore them as morning-dresses when going about their dirty work.

"See there! the parson is washing potatoes!" or, "See there! the parson is feeding the pigs!" would be exclaimed by villagers, as they saw his servant girls engaged on their work, in their master's coats.

hair, rendered necessary by the cold and damp of the decaying old church.

At his side he carried a bunch of seals and medals. One of his seals bore the fish surrounded by a serpent biting its tail, and the legend *αἰὼς*. Another bore the pentacle, with the name of Jehovah in Hebrew characters in the centre. This was Solomon's seal. "With this seal," he said, "I can command the devils."

His command of the Devil was not always successful. He built a barn on the most exposed and elevated point of the glebe; and when a neighbor expostulated with him, and assured him that the wind would speedily wreck it, "No," he answered: "I have placed the sign of the cross on it, and so the Devil cannot touch it."

A few weeks after, a gale from the south-west tore the roof off.

"The Devil," was his explanation, "was so enraged at seeing the sign of the cross on my barn, that he rent it and wrecked it."

A man whom he had saved from a wreck, in gratitude sent him afterwards, from the diggings in California, a nugget of gold he had found. This Mr. Hawker had struck into a medal or seal, and wore always at his side, with the bunch.

Attached to the button-hole of his coat was invariably a pencil, suspended by a piece of string.

He was a well-built man, tall, broad, with a face full of manly beauty, a nobly cut profile, dark, full eyes, and long, snowy hair. His expression was rapidly changing, like the sea as seen from his cliffs;

now flashing and rippling with smiles, and anon overcast and sad, sometimes stormy.

Mr. Hawker, some short time after his induction into Morwenstow, adopted an alb and cope, which he wore throughout his ministrations at matins, litany, and communion-service. But he left off wearing the cope about ten or twelve years ago, and the reason he gave for doing so was his disapproval of the extravagances of the Ritualist party. He was afraid by using this vestment that he would be associated with it: and, curiously enough, this was a party towards which he entertained the bitterest dislike; he could not speak of it with charity, but involved Ritualists and Wesleyans in one common denunciation. Till the year before he died he had no personal knowledge of their proceedings, and related as facts the most ridiculous and preposterous fables concerning them which had been told him, and which he sincerely believed in.

The ceremonial he employed in his church was entirely of his own devising. When he baptized a child he raised it in his arms, carried it up the church in his waving purple cope, thundering forth, with his rich, powerful voice, the words: "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock," &c. His administration of this sacrament was most solemn and impressive; and I know of parents who have gone to Morwenstow for the purpose of having their children baptized by him.

In celebrating marriage he used to take the ring, and toss it in the air before restoring it to the bridegroom. What was symbolized by this proceeding I

made his prayer, full of faith, he had a ladder put to the trees, and he carefully removed the nests to a chimney of his house which was rarely used.

"Jackdaws," said he, "I make you a promise: if you will give up these trees to rooks, you shall have the chimney of my blue room in *sæcula sæculorum*."

The jackdaws took him at his word, and filled the chimney with their piles of sticks which serve as nests. Somehow rooks were persuaded to settle among the tree-tops of his grove, and there the colony subsists to the present day.

Some years ago, when Dr. Phillpotts was Bishop of Exeter, a visit of the bishop to Morwenstow had been planned and decided upon. Mrs. Hawker insisted on having the blue room fitted up for his lordship. A fire would have to be lighted in the grate: the chimney would smoke unless cleared of nests.

Mr. Hawker stood by whilst Mrs. Hawker and the maid prepared the blue room. He would not have the jackdaws disturbed: he had given them his word of honor. Mrs. Hawker argued that necessity knows no law: the bishop must have a fire, and the jackdaws must make way for the bishop. She prevailed.

"I wrung my hands, I protested, entreated, and foretold evil," was the vicar's account of the affair.

"Well, and did evil come of it?"

"Yes: the bishop never arrived, after all."

Mr. Hawker was warmly attached to the Bishop of Exeter, and was accustomed to send him some braces of woodcocks every October.

Not far from the church and vicarage was the well of St. John, a spring of exquisitely clear water, which he always employed for his font.

Sir. J. Buller, afterwards Lord Churston, claimed the well, and an expensive lawsuit was the result. The vicar carried his right to the well, and Sir J. Buller had to pay expenses. Mr. Hawker would tell his guests that he was about to produce them a bottle of the costliest liquor in the county of Cornwall, and then give them water from the well of St. John. The right to this water had cost several thousands of pounds.

A letter dated Feb. 7, 1852, to a young friend going up to the university, refers to his cats and dogs, and to his annual gift of woodcocks to the bishop, and may therefore be quoted at the conclusion of this chapter.

"Our roof bends over us unchanged. Berg (his dog) is still in our confidence, and well deserves it. The nine soft, furry friends of ours are well, and Kit rules them with a steady claw. Peggy is well and warm. . . . I never knew game so scarce since I came to Morwenstow; except some woodcocks, which I sent to the bishop as usual in October and November, we have had literally none.

"And now for one of those waste things, a word of advice. You are in what is called by snobs a fast college. I earnestly advise you to eschew fast men. I am now suffering from the effects of silly and idle outlay in Oxford. I do hope that nothing will induce you to accept that base credit which those cormorants, the Oxford tradesmen, always try to force on freshmen, in order to harass and rob them afterwards. No fast undergraduate in all my remembrance ever settled down into a respectable man. Ask God for strong angels, and he will fulfil your prayer. Never forget him, and he will never neglect you."

CHAPTER V.

The Inhabitants of Morwenstow in 1834. — Cruel Coppinger. — Whips the Parson of Kilkhampton. — Gives Tom Tape a Ride. — Tristram Pentire. — Parminster and his Dog Satan. — The Gauger's Pocket. — Wrecking. — The Wrecker and the Ravens. — The Loss of the "Margaret Quail." — The Wreck of the "Ben Coolan." — "A Croon on Hennacliff." — Letters concerning Wrecks. — The Donkeys and the Copper Ore. — The Ship "Morwenna." — Flotsam and Jetsam. — Wrecks on Nov. 14, 1875. — Bodies in Poundstock Church. — The Loss of the "Caledonia." — The Wreck of the "Phoenix" and of the "Alonzo."

WHEN the Rev. R. S. Hawker came to Morwenstow in 1834, he found that he had much to contend with, not only in the external condition of church and vicarage, but also in that which is of greater importance.

A writer in the "John Bull" says, "He found a manse in ruins, and partly used as a barn; a parish peopled with wreckers, smugglers, and Dissenting Bryanites; and a venerable church, deserted and ill cared for, amidst a heap of weeds and nettles. Desolate as was the situation of the gray old sanctuary and tower, standing out upon the rugged incline that shelves down a descent of three hundred feet to the beach, it was not more barren of external comfort than was the internal state of those who had been confided to his pastoral care.

"The farmers of the parish were simple-hearted and respectable; but the denizens of the hamlet, after receiving the wages of the harvest time, eked out a precarious existence in the winter, and watched eagerly and expectantly for the shipwrecks that were certain to happen, and upon the plunder of which they surely calculated for the scant provision of their families. The wrecked goods supplied them with the necessaries of life, and the rended planks of the dismembered vessel contributed to the warmth of the hovel hearthstone.

"When Mr. Hawker came to Morwenstow, 'the cruel and covetous natives of the strand, the wreckers of the seas and rocks for flotsam and jetsam,' held as an axiom and an injunction to be strictly obeyed —

"Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy!"

"The Morwenstow wreckers allowed a fainting brother to perish in the sea before their eyes without extending a hand of safety, — nay, more, for the egotistical canons of a shipwreck, superstitiously obeyed, permitted and absolved the crime of murder by 'shoving the drowning man into the sea,' to be swallowed by the waves. Cain! Cain! where is thy brother? And the wrecker of Morwenstow answered and pleaded in excuse, as in the case of undiluted brandy after meals, 'It is Cornish custom.' The illicit spirit of Cornish custom was supplied by the smuggler, and the gold of the wreck paid him for the cursed abomination of drink."

One of Mr. Hawker's parishioners, Peter Barrow,*

had been, for full forty years, a wrecker, but of a much more harmless description: he had been a watcher of the coast for such objects as the waves might turn up to reward his patience. Another was Tristram Pentire,* a hero of contraband adventure, and agent for sale of smuggled cargoes in bygone times. With a merry twinkle of the eye, and in a sharp and ringing tone, he loved to tell such tales of wild adventure, and of "derring do," as would make the foot of the exciseman falter, and his cheek turn pale.

During the latter years of last century there lived in Wellcombe one of Mr. Hawker's parishes, a man whose name is still remembered with terror, — Cruel Coppinger. There are people still alive who remember his wife.

Local recollections of the man have moulded themselves into the rhyme, —

"Will you hear of Cruel Coppinger?
He came from a foreign land:
He was brought to us by the salt water,
He was carried away by the wind!"

His arrival on the north coast of Cornwall was signalized by a terrific hurricane. The storm came up Channel from the south-west. A strange vessel of foreign rig went on the reefs of Harty Race, and was broken to pieces by the waves. The only man who came ashore was the skipper. A crowd was gathered on the sand, on horseback and on foot, women as well as men, drawn together by the tidings of a probable wreck. Into their midst rushed the dripping stran-

ger, and bounded suddenly upon the crupper of a young damsel who had ridden to the beach to see the sight. He grasped her bridle, and, shouting in some foreign tongue, urged the double-laden animal into full speed, and the horse naturally took his homeward way. The damsel was Miss Dinah Hamlyr. The stranger descended at her father's door, and lifted her off her saddle. He then announced himself as a Dane, named Coppinger. He took his place at the family board, and there remained till he had secured the affections and hand of Dinah. The father died, and Coppinger at once succeeded to the management and control of the house, which thenceforth became a den and refuge of every lawless character along the coast. All kinds of wild uproar and reckless revelry appalled the neighborhood day and night. It was discovered that an organized band of smugglers, wreckers, and poachers made this house their rendezvous, and that "Cruel Coppinger" was their captain. In those days, and in that far-away region, the peaceable inhabitants were unprotected. There was not a single resident gentleman of property and weight in the entire district. No revenue officer durst exercise vigilance west of the Tamar; and, to put an end to all such surveillance at once, the head of a gauger was chopped off by one of Coppinger's gang, on the gunwale of a boat.

Strange vessels began to appear at regular intervals on the coast, and signals were flashed from the headlands to lead them into the safest creek or cove. Amongst these vessels, one, a full-rigged schooner, soon became ominously conspicuous. She was for

long the chief terror of the Cornish Channel. Her name was "The Black Prince." Once, with Coppinger on board, she led a revenue-cutter into an intricate channel near the Bull Rock, where, from knowledge of the bearings, "The Black Prince" escaped scathless, while the king's vessel perished with all on board. In those times, if any landsman became obnoxious to Coppinger's men, he was seized, and carried on board "The Black Prince," and obliged to save his life by enrolling himself in the crew. In 1835 an old man, of the age of ninety-seven, related to Mr. Hawker that he had been so abducted, and after two years' service had been ransomed by his friends with a large sum. "And all," said the old man very simply, "because I happened to see one man kill another, and they thought I would mention it."

Amid such practices, ill-gotten gold began to flow and ebb in the hands of Coppinger. At one time he had enough money to purchase a freehold farm bordering on the sea. When the day of transfer came, he and one of his followers appeared before the lawyer, and paid the money in dollars, ducats, doubloons, and pistols. The man of law demurred, but Coppinger with an oath bade him take this or none. The document bearing Coppinger's name is still extant. His signature is traced in stern, bold characters, and under his autograph is the word "Thuro" (thorough) also in his own handwriting.

Long impunity increased Coppinger's daring. There were certain bridle-roads along the fields over which he exercised exclusive control. He issued orders that no man was to pass over them by night,

and accordingly from that hour none ever did. They were called "Coppinger's Tracks." They all converged at a headland which had the name of Steeple Brink. Here the cliff sheered off, and stood three hundred feet of perpendicular height, a precipice of smooth rock towards the beach, with an overhanging face one hundred feet down from the brow. Under this was a cave, only reached by a cable ladder lowered from above, and made fast below on a projecting crag. It received the name of "Coppinger's Cave." Here sheep were tethered to the rock, and fed on stolen hay and corn till slaughtered; kegs of brandy and hollands were piled around; chests of tea; and iron-bound sea-chests contained the chattels and revenues of the Coppinger royalty of the sea.

The terror linked with Coppinger's name throughout the coast was so extreme that the people themselves, wild and lawless as they were, submitted to his sway as though he had been lord of the soil, and they his vassals. Such a household as Coppinger's was, of course, far from happy or calm. Although when his father-in-law died he had insensibly acquired possession of the stock and farm, there remained in the hands of the widow a considerable amount of money as her dower. This he obtained from the helpless woman by instalments, and by this cruel means. He fastened his wife to the pillar of her oak bedstead, and called her mother into the room. He then assured her he would flog Dinah with a cat-o'-nine-tails till her mother had transferred to him the amount of her reserved property that he demanded. This act of brutal cruelty he repeated till he had utterly exhausted the widow's store.

The Kilkhampton parson hated rook-pie. Coppinger knew it.

He invited him to dine with him one day. A large rook-pie was served at one end of the table, and roast rooks at the other; and the parson, who was very hungry, was forced to eat of them. When he departed, he invited Coppinger to dine with him on the following Thursday. The smuggler arrived, and was regaled on pie, whether rabbit or hare he could not decide. When he came home he found a cat's skin and head stuffed into his coat-pocket, and thereby discovered what he had been eating.

He was furious. He had a favorite mare, so indomitable that none but Coppinger could venture on her back, and so fleet and strong that he owed his escape from more than one menacing peril to her speed and endurance.

Shortly after the dinner off cat-pie, the rector of Kilkhampton was walking homeward along a lane, when he heard behind him the clattering of horse-hoofs; and Cruel Coppinger bore down on him, seated on his mare, whirling his double-thonged whip round his head. He lashed the back of the unfortunate parson, pursued him, struck and struck again till he had striped him like a zebra, and then galloped off with the parting scoff, "There, parson, I have paid my tithe in full; never mind the receipt."

It was on the selfsame animal that Coppinger performed another freak. He had passed a festive evening at a farmhouse, and was about to take his departure, when he spied in the corner of the hearth a little old tailor, who went from house to house in

exercise of his calling. His name was Uncle Tom Tape.

"Ha! Uncle Tom," cried Coppinger: "we both travel the same road, and I don't mind giving you a hoist behind me on the mare."

The old man cowered in the settle. He would not encumber the gentleman; was unaccustomed to ride such a spirited horse. But Coppinger was not to be put off. The trembling old man was mounted on the crupper of the capering mare. Off she bounded; and Uncle Tom, with his arms cast with the grip of terror round his bulky companion, held on like grim death. Unbuckling his belt, Coppinger passed it round Uncle Tom's thin body, and buckled it on his own front. When he had firmly secured his victim, he loosened his reins, and urged the mare into a furious gallop. Onwards they rushed, till they fled past the tailor's own door, where his startled wife, who was on the watch, afterwards declared "she caught sight of her husband clinging to a rainbow."

At last the mare relaxed her pace; and then Coppinger, looking over his shoulder, said, "I have been under long promise to the Devil that I would bring him a tailor to make and mend for him; and I mean to keep my word to-night."

The agony of terror produced by this announcement caused such struggles that the belt gave way, and the tailor fell among the gorse at the roadside. There he was found next morning, in a semi-delirious state, muttering, "No, no: I never will. Let him mend his breeches with his own drag-chain. I will never thread a needle for Coppinger or his friend."

One boy was the only fruit of poor Dinah's marriage with the Dane. He was deaf and dumb, and mischievous and ungovernable from his youth. His cruelty to animals, birds, and to other children, was intense. Any living thing that he could torture yielded him delight. With savage gestures and jabbering moans he haunted the rocks along the shore, and seemed like some uncouth creature cast up by the sea. When he was only six years old, he was found one day on the brink of a cliff, bounding with joy, and pointing downwards to the beach with convulsions of delight. There, mangled by the fall, and dead, they found the body of a neighbor's child of his own age; and it was believed that little Coppinger had wilfully cast him over. It was a saying in the district, that, as a judgment on his father's cruelty, his child had been born without a human soul.

But the end arrived. Money became scarce, and more than one armed king's cutter was seen day and night hovering off the land. So he "who came with the water went with the wind." His disappearance, like his arrival, was commemorated by a storm.

A wrecker, who had gone to watch the shore, saw, as the sun went down, a full-rigged vessel standing off and on. Coppinger came to the beach, put off in a boat to the vessel, and jumped on board. She spread canvas, stood off shore, and, with Coppinger in her, was seen no more. That night was one of storm. Whether the vessel rode it out, or was lost, none knew.¹

¹ Footprints of Former Men. I have followed Mr. Hawker's tale closely, except in one point, where I have told the story as related to me in the neighborhood differently from the way in which he has told it.

Tristam Pentire* has already been mentioned. He was the last of the smugglers, and became Mr Hawker's servant-of-all-work. The vicar had many good stories to relate of his man.

"There have been divers parsons in this parish since I have been here," said Tristam, "some strict, and some not ; and there was one that had very mean notions about running goods, and said it was wrong to do so. But even he never took no part with the gauger, — never. And besides," said old Trim, "wasn't the exciseman always ready to put *us* to death if he could ?"

One day he asked Mr. Hawker, "Can you tell me the reason, sir, that no grass will ever grow on the grave of a man that's hanged unjustly ?"

"No, indeed, Tristam : I never heard of the fact before."

"That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch has not one blade of grass on it, and never will. That's Will Pooly's grave, that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed ! How came that about ?"

"Why, you see, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers ; and there was bribery and false swearing ; and so they agreed together, and hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body, and brought the corpse home here to his own parish ; and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass twenty times over ; but 'twas all of no use, nothing would grow — he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but, Tristam, what was he accused of ? What had Will Pooly done ?"

"Done, your honor? . Done? Oh! nothing at all, except kill an exciseman."

Among the "king's men" whose achievements haunted the old man's memory with a sense of mingled terror and dislike, a certain Parminter and his dog occupied a principal place.

"Sir," said old Tristram one day to the vicar, "that villain Parminter and his dog murdered with their shetting-irons no less than seven of our people at divers times, and they peacefully at work at their calling all the while."

Parminter was a bold officer, whom no threats could deter, and no money bribe. He always went armed to the teeth, and was followed by a large fierce dog, which he called Satan. This animal he had trained to carry in his mouth a carbine or a loaded club, which, at a signal from his master, Satan brought to the rescue.

"Ay, they was audacious rascals — that Parminter and his dog; but he went rather too far one day, as I reckon," said old Tristram, as he leaned on his spade talking to the vicar.

"Did he, Trim? in what way?"

"Why, your honor, the case was this. Our people had a landing down at Melhuach, in Johnnie Mathey's hole; and Parminter and his dog found it out. So they got into the cave at ebb tide, and laid in wait; and when the first boat-load came ashore, just as the keel took the ground, down storms Parminter, shouting for Satan to follow. But the dog knew better, and held back, they said, for the first time in all his life: so in leaps Parminter smack into the boat,

alone, with his cutlass drawn, but " — with a kind of inward ecstasy — "he didn't do much harm to the boat's crew."

"Why not?"

"Because, your honor, they chopped off his head on the gunwale."

Near Tonacombe Cross is a stone, perhaps Druidical, and called the Witan-stone. To that Tristram one day guided his master, the vicar.

"And now, your honor," he said, "let me show you the wonderfulest thing in all the place, and that is the Gauger's Pocket." He then showed him, at the back of the Witan-rock, a dry secret hole, about an arm's-length deep, closed by a moss-grown stone. "There, your honor," said he, with a joyous twinkle in his eye, "there have I dropped a little bag of gold, many and many a time, when our people wanted to have the shore quiet, and to keep the exciseman out of the way of trouble; and then he would go, if he were a reasonable officer; and the byword used to be, when 'twas all right, one of us would meet him, and say, 'Sir, your pocket is unbuttoned;' and he would smile, and answer, 'Ay, ay! but never mind, my man, my money's safe enough.' And thereby we knew that he was a just man, and satisfied, and that the boats could take the roller in peace; and that was the very way it came to pass that this crack in the stone was called evermore the Gauger's Pocket."

In former times, when a ship was being driven on the rocks on Sunday, whilst divine service was going on, news was sent to the parson, who announced the fact from the pulpit, or reading-desk, whereupon

ensued a rapid clearance of the church. The story is told of a parson at the Poughill, near Morwenstow, who, on hearing the news, proceeded down the church in his surplice as far as the font; and the people, supposing there was to be a christening, did not stir. But when he was near the door he shouted, "My Christian brethren, there's a ship wrecked in the cove: let us all start fair!" and, flinging off his surplice, let the way to the scene of spoliation.

"I do not see why it is," said a Cornish clerk one day, "why there be prayers in the Buke o' Common Prayer for rain and for fine weather, and thanksgivings for them and for peace, and there's no prayer for wrecks, and thanksgiving for a really gude one when it is come."

Mr. Hawker relates a good story in his "Foot-prints," which was told him by an old man in his parish named Tony Cleverdon.

"There was once a noted old wrecker, named Kinsman: he lived in my father's time; and when no wreck was onward he would get his wages by raising stone in a quarry by the seashore. Well, he was to work one day over yonder, half way down the Tower-cliff, when all at once he saw two old ravens flying round and round very near his head. They dropped down into the quarry two pieces of wreck-candle just at the old man's feet." (Very often wreckers pick up Neapolitan wax candles from vessels in the Mediterranean trade that have been lost in the Channel.) "So when Kinsman saw the candles, he thought in his mind, 'There is surely wreck coming in upon the beach;' so he packed his tools

together, and left them just where he stood, and went his way wrecking. He could find no jetsam, however, though he searched far and wide. Next day he went back to quarry to his work. And he used to say it was as true as a proverb, — there the tools were all buried deep out of sight, for the crag had given way; and if he had tarried an hour longer he must have been crushed to death. So you see, sir, what knowledge those ravens must have had; how well they knew the old man, and how dearly fond he was of wreck; how crafty they were to hit upon the only plan that would ever have slocked him away."

Wrecks are terribly frequent on this coast. Not a winter passes without several. There are men living who can remember eighty.

If wrecking is no longer practised, the wrecking spirit can hardly be said to be extinct, as the following facts will testify:—

In 1845 a ship came ashore in Melhuach Bay, between Morwenstow and Bude. The surge burst against the cliffs, and it was impossible to launch a lifeboat; but a rocket was fired over the vessel, and so successfully that the hawser was secured to the ship. Every life would, in all probability, have been saved, had not some wretches cut through the rope, more greedy for prey than careful to save life. Of all the crew the only person saved was the captain. He confirmed the opinion of the coast-guard, that, but for the cutting through of the hawser, every one on board would have been rescued.

In 1864 a large ship was seen in distress off the coast. The Rev. A. Thynne, rector of Kilkhampton,

at once drove to Morwenstow. The vessel was riding at anchor a mile off shore, west of Hartland Race. He found Mr. Hawker in the greatest excitement, pacing his room, and shouting for some things he wanted to put in his greatcoat-pockets, and intensely impatient because his carriage was not round. With him was the Rev. W. Valentine, rector of Whixley in Yorkshire, then resident at Chapel, in the parish of Morwenstow.

"What are you going to do?" asked the rector of Kilkhampton: "I shall drive at once to Bude for the lifeboat."

"No good!" thundered the vicar, "no good comes out of the west. You must go east. I shall go to Clovelly, and then, if that fails, to Appledore. I shall not stop till I have got a lifeboat to take those poor fellows off the wreck."

"Then," said the rector of Kilkhampton, "I shall go to Bude, and see to the lifeboat there being brought out."

"Do as you like; but mark my words, no good comes of turning to the west. Why," said he, "in the primitive church they turned to the west to renounce the Devil."

His carriage came to the door, and he drove off with Mr. Valentine, as fast as his horses could spin him along the hilly, wretched roads.

Before he reached Clovelly, a boat had put off with the mate from the ship, which was the "Margaret Quail," laden with salt. The captain would not leave the vessel; for, till deserted by him, no salvage could be claimed. The mate was picked up on the way, and the three reached Clovelly.

Down the street proceeded the following procession — the street of Clovelly being a flight of steps : —

First, the vicar of Mowenstow in a claret-colored coat, with long tails flying in the gale, blue knitted jersey, and pilot-boots, his long silver locks fluttering about his head. He was appealing to the fishermen and sailors of Clovelly, to put out in their lifeboat, to rescue the crew of the "Margaret Quail." The men stood sulky, lounging about with folded arms, or hands in their pockets, and sou'-westers slouched over their brows. The women were screaming at the tops of their voices, that they would not have their husbands and sons and sweethearts enticed away to risk their lives to save wrecked men. Above the clamor of their shrill tongues, and the sough of the wind, rose the roar of the vicar's voice : he was convulsed with indignation, and poured forth the most sacred appeals to their compassion for drowning sailors.

Second in the procession moved the Rev. W. Valentine, with purse full of gold in his hand, offering any amount of money to the Clovelly men, if they would only go forth in the lifeboat to the wreck.

Third came the mate of the "Margaret Quail," restrained by no consideration of cloth, swearing and damning right and left, in a towering rage at the cowardice of the Clovelly men.

Fourth came John, the servant of Mr. Hawker, with bottles of whiskey under his arm, another inducement to the men to relent, and be merciful to their imperilled brethren.

The first appeal was to their love of heaven, and

to their humanity ; the second was to their pockets, their love of gold ; the third to their terrors, their fear of Satan, to whom they were consigned ; and the fourth to their stomachs, their love of grog.

But all appeals were in vain. Then Mr. Hawker returned to his carriage, and drove away, farther east, to Appledore, where he secured the lifeboat. It was mounted on a wagon. Ten horses were harnessed to it ; and, as fast as possible, it was conveyed to the scene of distress.

But, in the mean while, the captain of the "Margaret Quail," despairing of help, and thinking that his vessel would break up under him, came off in his boat, with the rest of the crew, trusting rather to a rotten boat, patched with canvas which they had tarred over, than to the tender mercies of the covetous Clovellites, in whose veins ran the too recent blood of wreckers. The only living being left on board was a poor dog.

No sooner was the captain seen to leave the ship, than the Clovelly men lost their repugnance to go to sea. They manned boats at once, gained the "Margaret Quail," and claimed three thousand pounds for salvage.

There was an action in court, as the owners refused to pay such a sum ; and it was lost by the Clovelly men, who, however, got an award of twelve hundred pounds. The case turned somewhat on the presence of the dog on the wreck ; and it was argued that the vessel was not deserted, because a dog had been left on board, to keep guard for its masters. The owner of the cargo failed ; and the amount

actually paid to the salvors was six hundred pounds to two steam-tugs (three hundred pounds each), and three hundred pounds to the Clovelly skiff and sixteen men. The ship and cargo, minus masts, rigging, cables, and anchors, were valued at five thousand pounds.

Mr. Hawker went round the country indignantly denouncing the sailors of Clovelly, and with justice. It roused all the righteous wrath in his breast. And, as may well be believed, no love was borne him by the inhabitants of that little fishing village. They would probably have made a wreck of him, had he ventured among them.

Another incident, at Bude, called forth a second burst of indignation, but this time not so justly.

A fine vessel, the "Ben Coolan," laden with government stores for India, ran ashore on the sand, outside Bude Haven. The lifeboat was got out; but the sea was terrible, and there was no practised crew to man her. Crowds were on the pier, hooting the boatmen, and calling them cowards, because they would not put to sea, and save those on the vessel; but an old Oxford eight man, who was present, assures me that the crew were not up to facing such a sea: they were gardeners, land-laborers, canal-men, not one among them who, when he rowed, did not look over his shoulder to see where he was going. The crew shirked going out in the tremendous sea that was bowling in; and the vessel broke up under the eyes of those who stood on the pier and cliffs. The first rocket that was fired fell short. The second went beyond the bows. The third went

the poor fellow would have been saved. His blood was not curdled when we got him ashore, and I saw it settle into his breast afterwards. It is an unpleasant thought, that a life was sacrificed for want of knowledge."

Those of the crew who were saved proved to be a sad set of fellows. They got so drunk, that they could not attend the burial of their comrades.

MORWENSTOW, Sept. 18, 1869. *My dear Mr. Martyn*,—I will not say, forgive me for my silence. You must do that; but how can I state my miseries? First of all, for a fortnight I have been a cripple from sciatica, only able to creep bent double from room to room.¹ On Sunday night a hurricane smote my house at midnight, burst in the whole of our bedroom window at a blow, and drove us out of bed to dress and go down. Two lights of the drawing-room window were also blown in, one broken to smash. No man or boy in the house. Well, we had a bed made up in the servants' room till the morning. At dawn tidings came that a large vessel was ashore in Vicarage Bay, just under the hut. I was put into the gig, and carried out. Found the crew in death-horrors. Rocket-apparatus arrived, and fifteen men were dragged ashore alive. The other seven (blacks) were drowned among my rocks. Guess my state. The whole glebe alive with people. Seven corpses came ashore for burial one by one. Graves already dug, and shrouds prepared; but more yet. The cargo, coals, sixteen hundred tons, vessel nineteen hundred tons, largest ever seen here. Broken up to-night. My path down is now made for donkeys. What can be saved is to be brought up and sold, as well as the broken ship. Cannot you get help for one Sunday, and come over? It would be the act of an angel to come to my rescue. You have your house, and you could do much that I ought to do and cannot. Come, I entreat you. God bless you, and help me; for I am

¹ The handwriting of this letter is very shaky, and different from the usual bold writing of the vicar.

indeed in much anguish, and my poor Pauline worn out. Love to all.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. H.

MORWENSTOW, Oct. 9, 1869. *My dear Mr. Martyn,*—I have devoted to you my first interval of freedom from pains and crushing worry. Let no man hereafter ever accuse me of shrinking from duty. I was assisted up to the churchyard by Cann to bury the last sailor, in such an anguish from sciatic pains, that I had faintness on me all the time; and on returning from the grave my leg gave way under me, and I fell. However, I have done it so far single-handed, and I am thankful. . . .

Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

Not long after, a Spanish vessel came ashore a little lower down the coast. There were on her a number of Lascars. When the coast-guard officer went on board, the Lascars, supposing him to be a wrecker, drew their knives on him. He had the presence of mind to show them his buttons with the crown stamped on them, and so to satisfy them that he was a government officer. The crew were much bruised and injured. They were taken into Stowe and other farmhouses in the neighborhood, and kindly nursed till well. The captain was a gallant little Spanish don.

The rector of Kilkhampton, who diligently visited the sailors, urged on the captain, when all were well, the advisability of the crew coming to church to return thanks for their rescue. He hesitated, saying he was a Catholic: but the rector urged that all worshipped the same God, and had the same Saviour; and, after having revolved the matter in his own mind, he agreed.

Accordingly the whole crew with the captain came to Kilkhampton church, a beautiful restored building, filled with old carved seats, rich modern stained glass, and where the service is choral, and rendered with great beauty and reverence.

The Spaniards and Lascars behaved with the utmost devotion and recollection. After service they adjourned to Penstowe, where they were hospitably entertained with a dinner. The captain and the mate dined with the family, the sailors in the hall. The captain took in the lady of the house. On the other side of him at table, sat one of the farmers who had received the shipwrecked mariners into his house. The Spaniard helped the lady to wine, half filling her glass; but was nudged by the farmer, who bade him give her a brimmer. The little captain turned round, and looked him in the face with an astonished stare, which said plainly enough, "Do you, a Cornish clown, think to teach manners to a Spanish don?" The burly Cornish farmer withered at the glance.

In 1853 a vessel laden with copper-ore was wrecked in the bay below Morwenstow church. The ore was recovered, and carried up the cliff on the backs of donkeys; but it was a tedious process, and occupied two or three months. Mr. Hawker was touched with the sufferings of the poor brutes, zig-zagging up a precipice, heavily laden with ore; and, during all the time, had water drawn for them, and a feed of corn apiece, to recruit their exhausted strength as they reached the top of the cliff. His compassion for the donkeys made a profound impression on the people, and is one of their favorite stories

about him when they want to tell of the goodness of his kind heart.

During these two or three months, the agent for the firm which owned the vessel lived in the vicarage, and was entertained royally. When every thing had been recovered, and he was about to depart, he thanked the vicar for his great kindness, and begged to know, on the part of the firm, if there was any thing he could do, or give him, which would be acceptable as some recognition for his kindness.

"No," answered the vicar; "nothing. If paid by you, God will not repay me."

The agent again, and in more forcible terms, assured him that the firm would not be happy unless they could make him some acknowledgment for his services and hospitality, out of the common way.

"Then I will ask one thing," he said: "give the captain another ship."

The agent hesitated, and then said that what he asked was an impossibility. The firm had no other ships which were not then provided with captains. They could not, in justice, displace one of them, to install in his room the captain of the wrecked ship.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hawker: "this is the only thing I have asked of you, and this is refused me."

A few days after, the agent came to him to inform him that the firm purposed laying the keel of a new vessel, and that the captain for whom he pleaded should be appointed to her.

The ship was built, and was baptized "Morwenna." She now sails to and fro along this coast, and, when

was the common usage of the coast to dig, just above high-water mark, a pit on the shore, and therein to cast, without inquest or religious rite, the carcasses of shipwrecked men. My first funeral of those lost mariners was a touching and striking scene. The three bodies first found were buried at the same time. Behind the coffins, as they were solemnly borne along the aisle, walked the solitary mourner, Le Daine, weeping bitterly and aloud. Other eyes were moist; for who could hear unsoftened the greeting of the Church to these strangers from the sea, and the 'touch that makes the whole earth kin,' in the hope we breathed, that we too might one day 'rest as these our brethren did'? It was well-nigh too much for those who served that day. Nor was the interest subdued when, on the Sunday after the wreck, at the appointed place in the service, just before the General Thanksgiving, Le Daine rose up from his place, approached the altar, and uttered, in an audible but broken voice, his thanksgiving for his singular and safe deliverance from the perils of the sea.

"The text of the sermon that day demands its history. Some time before, a vessel, 'The Hero,' of Liverpool, was seen in distress, in the offing of a neighboring harbor, during a storm. The crew, mistaking a signal from the beach, betook themselves to their boat. It foundered; and the whole ship's company, twelve in number, were drowned in sight of the shore. But the stout ship held together, and drifted on to the land, so unshattered by the sea, that the coast-guard, who went immediately on board, found the fire burning in the cabin. When the vessel came to be examined, they found in one of the berths a Bible, and between its leaves a sheet of paper, whereon some recent hand had transcribed verses, the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third, of the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah. The same hand had also marked the passage with a line of ink along the margin. The name of the owner of the book was also found inscribed on the fly-leaf. He was a youth of eighteen years of age, the son of a widow; and a statement under his name recorded that the Bible was 'a reward for his good conduct in a Sunday school.' This text, so identified and enforced by a hand that soon after grew cold, appeared strangely and strikingly

adapted to the funeral of shipwrecked men ; and it was therefore chosen as the theme for our solemn day. The very hearts of the people seemed hushed to hear it ; and every eye was turned towards Le Daine, who bowed his head upon his hands, and wept. These are the words : ‘ But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams ; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ships pass thereby. For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King ; he will save us. Thy tacklings are loosed ; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail : then is the prey of a great spoil divided ; the lame take the prey.’ Shall I be forgiven for the vaunt, if I declare that there was not literally a single face that day unmoistened and unmoved ? Few, indeed, could have borne without deep emotion to see and hear Le Daine. He remained as my guest six weeks ; and during the whole of this time we sought diligently, and at last we found the whole crew, nine in number. They were discovered, some under rocks, jammed in by the force of the water, so that it took sometimes several ebb-tides, and the strength of many hands, to extricate the corpses. The captain I came upon myself, lying placidly upon his back, with his arms folded in the very gesture which Le Daine had described as he stood amid the crew on the maintop. The hand of the spoiler was about to assail him, when I suddenly appeared, so that I rescued him untouched. Each hand grasped a small pouch or bag. One contained his pistols, the other held two little log-reckoners of brass ; so that his last thoughts were full of duty to his owners and his ship, and his last efforts for rescue and defence. He had been manifestly lifted by a billow, and hurled against a rock, and so slain ; for the victims of our cruel sea are seldom drowned, but beaten to death by violence and the wrath of the billows. We gathered together one poor fellow in five parts : his limbs had been wrenched off, and his body rent. During our search for his remains, a man came up to me with something in his hand, inquiring, ‘ Can you tell me, sir, what is this ? Is it a part of a man ?’ It was the mangled seaman’s heart ; and we restored it reverently to its place, where it had once beat high with life and courage, with thrilling hope and sickening fear.

Two or three of the dead were not discovered for four or five weeks after the wreck; and these had become so loathsome from decay, that it was at peril of health and life to perform the last duties we owe to our brother-men. But hearts and hands were found for the work; and at last the good ship's company, captain, mate, and crew, were laid at rest, side by side, beneath our churchyard trees. Groups of grateful letters from Arbroath are to this day among the most cherished memorials of my *escritoire*. Some, written by the friends of the dead, are marvellous proofs of the good feeling and educated ability of the Scotch people. One from a father breaks off in irrepressible pathos, with a burst of, 'O my son, my son!' We placed at the foot of the captain's grave the figure-head of his vessel. It is a carved image, life-size, of his native Caledonia, in the garb of her country, with sword and shield.¹

"At the end of about six weeks *Le Daine* left my house on his homeward way, a sadder and a richer man. Gifts had been proffered from many a hand, so that he was able to return to Jersey with happy and joyful mien, well clothed, and with thirty pounds in his purse. His recollections of our scenery were not such as were in former times associated with the Cornish shore: for three years afterward he returned to the place of his disaster accompanied by his uncle, sister, and affianced wife, and he had brought them, that, in his own joyous words, 'they might see the spot of his great deliverance;' and there, one summer day, they stood, a group of happy faces, gazing with wonder and gratitude on our rugged cliffs, that were then clad in that gorgeous vesture of purple and gold which the heather and gorse wind and weave along the heights; and the soft blue wave lapping the sand in gentle cadence, as though the sea had never wreaked an impulse of ferocity, or rent a helpless prey. Nor was the thankfulness of the sailor a barren feeling. Whensoever afterward the vicar sought to purchase for his dairy a Jersey cow, the

¹ A copy of verses to Mr. Hawker, thanking him for his conduct, was written, printed, and circulated in Arbroath. They are by one David Arnott, and dated Oct. 13, 1842. They are of no merit. They end thus:—

"Such deeds as thine are registered in heaven,
And there alone can due reward be given."

family and friends of Le Daine rejoiced to ransack the island until they had found the sleekest, loveliest, best, of that beautiful breed; and it is to the gratitude of that poor seaman and stranger from a distant abode, that the herd of the glebe has long been famous in the land; and hence, as Homer would have sung, hence came

Bleehtah, and Lilith, Neelah, Evan Neelah, and Katy.

"Strange to say, Le Daine has been twice shipwrecked since his first peril, with similar loss of property, but escape of life; and he is now the master of a vessel in the trade of the Levant. In the following year a new and another wreck was announced in the gloom of night. A schooner under bare poles had been watched for many hours from the cliffs, with the steersman fastened at the wheel. All at once she tacked, and made for the shore, and just as she had reached a creek between two reefs of rock, she foundered and went down. At break of day only her vane was visible to mark her billowy grave. Not a vestige could be seen of her crew. But in the course of the day her boat was drifted ashore, and we found from the name on the stern that the vessel was the 'Phoenix' of St. Ives. A letter from myself by immediate post brought up next day from that place a sailor who introduced himself as the brother of the young man who had sailed as mate in the wrecked ship. He was a rough, plain-spoken man, of simple religious cast, without guile or pretence; one of the good old seafaring sort; the men who 'go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters;' these, as the Psalmist chants, 'see the wonders of the Lord, and his glories in the deep.' At my side he paced the shore day after day, in weary quest of the dead. 'If I could but get my poor brother's bones,' he cried out yearningly, again and again, 'if I could but lay him in the earth, how it would comfort dear mother at home!' We searched every cranny in the rocks, and we watched every surging wave, until hope was exchanged for despair. A reward of meagre import, it is true, offered by the Seaman's Burial Act, to which I have referred, and within my own domain doubled always by myself, brought us many a comrade in this sickening scrutiny; but for long it was in vain.

At last, one day while we were scattered over a broken stretch of jumbled rocks that lay in huddled masses along the base of the cliffs, a loud and sudden shout called me where the seaman of St. Ives stood. He was gazing down into the broken sea,—it was on a spot near low-water mark,—and there, just visible from underneath a mighty fragment of rock, was seen the ankle of a man, and a foot still wearing a shoe! ‘It is my brother!’ wailed the sailor bitterly: ‘it is our dear Jim; I can swear to that shoe!’ We gathered around: the tide ebbed a very little after this discovery, and only just enough to leave dry the surface of the rock under which the body lay. Soon the sea began again to flow, and very quickly we were driven by the rising surges from the spot. The anguish of the mourner for his dead was thrilling to behold and terrible to hear. ‘Oh my brother! my brother!’ was his sob again and again, ‘what a burial-place for our own dear boy!’ I tried to soothe him, but in vain: the only theme to which he could be brought to listen was the chance—and I confess it seemed to my own secret mind a hopeless thought—that it might be possible at the next ebb tide, by skill and strength combined, to move, if ever so little, the monstrous rock, and so recover the corpse. It was low water at evening tide, and there was a bright November moon. We gathered in numbers; for among my parishioners there were kind and gentle-hearted men, such as had ‘pity, tenderness, and tears;’ and all were moved by the tale of the sailor hurled and buried beneath a rock by the strong and cruel sea. The scene of our first nightly assemblage was a weird and striking sight. Far, far above, loomed the tall and gloomy headlands of the coast; around us foamed and raged the boiling waves; the moon cast her massive lowering shadows on rock and sea;

‘And the long moonbeam on the cold, wet sand
Lay, like a jasper column, half upreared.’

“Stout and stalwart forms surrounded me, wielding their iron bars, pickaxes, and ropes. Their efforts were strenuous but unavailing. The tide soon returned in its strength, and drove us, baffled, from the spot, before we had been able to grasp or shake the ponderous mass. It was calculated by com-

petent judges that its weight was full fifteen tons: neither could there be a more graphic image of the resistless strength of the wrathful sea, than the aspect of this and similar blocks of rifted stone, that were raised and rolled perpetually by the power of the billows, and hurled, as in some pastime of the giants, along the shuddering shore! Deep and bitter was the grief of the sailor at our failure and retreat. His piteous wail over the dead recalled the agony of those who are recorded in Holy Writ,—they who grieved for their lost ones, ‘and would not be comforted, because they were not!’ That night an inspiration visited me in my wakeful bed. At a neighboring harbor dwelt a relative of mine, who was an engineer, in charge of the machinery on a breakwater and canal. To him, at morning light, I sent an appeal for succor; and he immediately responded with aidance and advice. Two strong windlasses, worked by iron chains, and three or four skilful men, were sent up by him next day with instructions for their work. Again at evening ebb we were all on the spot. One of our new assistants, a very Tubal Cain in aspect and stature, and of the same craft with that smith before the flood, plunged upon the rock as the water reluctantly revealed its upper side, and drilled a couple of holes in the surface with rapid energy, to receive, each of them, that which he called a Lewis-wedge and a ring. To these the chains of the windlasses were fastened on. They then looped a rope around the ankle of the corpse, and gave it, as the post of honor, to me to hold. It was on the evening of Sunday¹ that all this was done; and I had deemed it a venial breach of discipline to omit the nightly service of the church, in order to suit the tide. Forty strong parishioners, all absentees from evening prayer, manned the double windlass power; I intoned the pull; and by a strong and blended effort, the rocky mass was slowly, silently, and gently upheaved; a slight haul at the rope, and up to our startled view and to the sudden lights, came forth the altered, ghastly, flattened semblance of a man! ‘My brother! my brother!’ shrieked a well-known voice

¹ A man present on this occasion tells me that the recovery of the body took place on a Monday, and not on a Sunday. Mr. Hawker had daily prayer in his church. — *S. B.-G.*

at my side, and tears of gratitude and suffering gushed in mingled torrent over his rugged cheek. A coffin had been made ready, under the hope of final success; and therein we reverently laid the disfigured carcass of one who, a little while before, had been the young and joyous inmate of a fond and happy home. We had to clamber up a steep and difficult pathway along the cliff with the body, which was carried by the bearers in a kind of funeral train. The vicar of course led the way.¹ When we were about half-way up, a singular and striking event occurred, which moved us all exceedingly. Unobserved, for all were intent on their solemn task, a vessel had neared the shore: she lay to, and, as it seemed, had watched us with night-glasses from the deck, or had discerned us from the torches and lanterns in our hands. For all at once there sounded along the air three deep and thrilling cheers! And we could see that the crew on board had manned their yards. It was manifest that their loyal and hearty voices and gestures were intended to greet our fulfilment of duty to a brother mariner's remains. The burial-place of the dead sailors in this churchyard is a fair and fitting scene for their quiet rest. Full in view, and audible in sound, forever rolls the sea. Is it not to them a soothing requiem that

‘Old Ocean, with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaims
The praises of the Almighty’?

Trees stand, like warders, beside their graves; and the Norman shingled church, ‘the mother of us all,’ dwells in silence by, to watch over her safe and slumbering dead. And it recalls the imagery of the Holy Book wherein we read of the gathered reliques of the ancient slain: ‘And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.’

“A year had passed away when the return of the equinox admonished us again to listen for storms and wrecks. There

¹ With cross going before him, in his surplice, reciting psalms.

are men in this district whose usage it is at every outbreak of a gale of wind to watch the cliffs from rise to set of sun. Of these my quaint old parishioner, Peter Barrow, was one. On a wild winter day I found myself seated on a rock with Peter standing by, at a point that overhung the sea. We were both gazing with anxious dismay at a ship which was beating to and fro in the Channel, and had now drifted much too near to the shore: she had come into sight some hours before, struggling with Harty Race, the local name of a narrow boisterous run of sea between Lundy and the land; and she was now within three or four miles of our rocks. 'Ah, sir!' said Peter, 'the coastmen say, —

"From Padstowe Point to Lundy Light,
Is a watery grave by day or night."

And I think the poor fellows off there will find it so.' All at once, as we still watched the vessel laboring on the sea, a boat was launched over her side, and several men plunged unto it one by one. With strained and anxious eyes we searched the billows for the course of the boat. Sometimes we caught a glimpse as it rode upon some surging wave; then it disappeared a while. At last we could see it no more. Meanwhile the vessel had held down Channel, tacked and steered as if still beneath the guidance of some of her crew, although it must have been in sheer desperation that they still hugged the shore. What was to be done? If she struck, the men still on board must perish without help, for nightfall drew on. If the boat reappeared, Peter could make a signal where to land. In hot haste then I made for the vicarage, ordered my horse, and returned towards the cliffs. The ship rode on, and I accompanied her way along the shore. She reached the offing of Bude Haven, and there grounded on the sand. No boatman could be induced to put off, and thick darkness soon after fell. I returned worn, heartsick, and weary on my homeward way; there strange tidings greeted me: the boat which we had watched so long had been rolled ashore by the billows, empty. Peter Barrow had hauled her above high-water mark, and had found a name, the 'Alonzo' of Stockton-on-Tees, on her stern. That night I wrote as usual to the owner, with news of the wreck, and the

next day we were able to guess at the misfortunes of the stranded ship: a boat had visited the vessel, and found her freighted with iron from Gloucester for a queen's yard round the Land's End. Her papers in the cabin showed that her crew of nine men had been reported all sound and well three days before. The owners' agent arrived; and he stated that her captain was a brave and trusty officer, and that he must have been compelled by his men to join them when they deserted the ship. They must all have been swamped and lost not long after the launch of the boat, and while we watched for them in vain amid the waves. Then ensued what has long been with me the saddest and most painful duty of the shore: we sought and waited for the dead. Now, there is a folk-lore of the beach, that no corpse will float or be found until the ninth day after death. The truth is, that about that time the body proceeds to decompose; and as a natural result it ascends to the surface of the current, is brought into the shallows of the tide, and is there found. The owners' representative was my guest for ten days; and with the help of the ship's papers and his own personal knowledge we were able to identify the dead. First of all, the body of the captain came in: he was a fine, stalwart, and resolute-looking man. His countenance, however, had a grim and angry aspect, just such an expression as would verify the truth of our suspicion that he had been driven by others to forsake his deck. Then arrived the mate and three other men of the crew. None were placid of feature, or calm and pleasant in look, as those usually are who are accidentally drowned, or who die in their beds.

"But one day my strange old man, Peter Barrow, came to me in triumphant haste with the loud greeting, 'Sir! we have got a noble corpse down on your beach. We have just laid him down above high-water mark, and he is as comely a body as a man shall see!' I made haste to the spot; and there lay, with the light of a calm and wintry day falling on his manly form, a fine and stately example of a man: he was six feet two inches in height, of firm and accurate proportion throughout; and he must have been, indeed, in life a shape of noble symmetry and grace. On his broad smooth chest was tattooed a rood,

that is to say, our blessed Saviour on his cross, with on the one hand his mother, and on the other St. John the Evangelist : underneath were the initial letters of a name, P. B. His arms also were marked with tracery in the same blue lines. On his right arm was engraved P. B. again, and E. M., the letters linked with a wreath ; and on his left arm was an anchor, as I imagined the symbol of hope, and the small blue forget-me-not flower. The greater number of my dead sailors — and I have myself said the burial-service over forty-two such men rescued from the sea, — were so decorated with some distinctive emblem and name ; and it is their object and intent, when they assume these signs, to secure identity for their bodies if their lives are lost at sea. We carried the strangely decorated man to his comrades of the deck ; and gradually in the course of one month we discovered and carefully buried the total crew of nine strong men. These gathered strangers, the united assemblage from many a distant and diverse abode, now calmly slept among our rural and homely graves, the stout seamen of the ship 'Alonzo' of Stockton-on-Tees. The boat which had foundered with them we brought also to the churchyard ; and there, just by their place of rest, we placed her beside them, keel upward to the sky, in token that her work, too, was over, and her voyage done. There her timbers slowly moulder still ; and by and by her dust will mingle in the scenery of death with the ashes of those living hearts and hands that manned her, in their last unavailing launch, and fruitless struggle for the mastery of life.¹ But the history of the 'Alonzo' is not yet closed. Three years afterwards a letter arrived from the Danish consul at a neighboring seaport town, addressed to myself as the vicar of the parish ; and the hope of the writer was that he might be able to ascertain through myself, for two anxious and grieving parents in Denmark, tidings of their lost son. His name, he said, was Philip Bengstein ; and it was in the correspondence that this strange and touching history transpired. The father, who immediately afterward wrote to my address, told me in tearful words that his son, bearing that name, had gone away

¹ The boat is rotted nearly away, the bows alone remain tolerably entire. — *S. B.-G.*

from his native home because his parents had resisted a marriage which he was desirous to contract. They found that he had gone to sea before the mast, a position much below his station in life; and they had traced him from ship to ship, until at last they found him on the papers of the 'Alonzo' of Stockton-on-Tees. Then their inquiry as to the fate of that vessel had led them to the knowledge, through the owners, that the vicar of a parish on the seaboard of North Cornwall could in all likelihood convey to them some tidings of their long-lost son. I related in reply the history of the death, discovery, and burial of the unfortunate young man. I was enabled to verify and to understand the initial letters of his own name, and of her who was not to become his bride, although she still clung to his memory in loving loneliness in that foreign land. Ample evidence, therefore, verified his corpse; and I was proudly enabled to certify to his parents the reverent burial of their child. A letter is treasured among my papers filled to overflowing with the strong and earnest gratitude of a stranger and a Dane for the kindness we had rendered to one who loved 'not wisely' perchance, 'but too well,' to that son who had been lost, and was found too late; one, too, whose 'course of true love' had brought him from distant Denmark to a green hillock among the dead, beneath a lonely tower among the trees, by the Cornish sea. What a picture was that which we saw painted upon the bosom and limbs of a dead man, of fond and faithful love, of severed and broken hearts, of disappointed hope, of a vacant chair and a hushed voice in a far-away Danish home!"

CHAPTER VI.

Wellcombe. — Mr. Hawker Postman to Wellcombe. — The Miss Kitties. — Advertisement of Roger Giles. — Superstitions. — The Evil Eye. — The Spiritual Ether. — The Vicar's Pigs bewitched. — Horse killed by a Witch. — He finds a lost Hen. — A Lecture against Witchcraft. — Its Failure — An Encounter with the Pixies. — Curious Picture of a Pixie Revel. — The Fairy-Ring. — Antony Cleverdon and the Mermaids.

ABOUT three miles from Morwenstow as the crow flies, and five or six by road, on the coast, is a little church and hamlet called Wellcombe. The church probably occupies the site of a cell of St. Nectan, and is dedicated to him. It is old and interesting. The parish forms a horseshoe with the heels toward the sea, which is here reached by a rapidly descending glen ending in a cove. It is a small parish, with some two hundred and thirty inhabitants, people of a race different from those in the adjoining parishes, with black eyes and hair, and dark-skinned. "Dark-grained as a Wellcombe woman," is a saying in the neighborhood when a brunette is being described. The people are singularly ignorant and superstitious: they are a religious people, and attend church with great regularity and devotion. The chief land-owner and lord of the manor is Lord Clinton, and the vicarage is in his gift. It is only worth seventy pounds,

and there is neither glebe nor parsonage house ; consequently Wellcombe generally goes with Hartland or Morwenstow.

When Mr. Hawker became vicar of Morwenstow, Wellcombe was held by the vicar of Hartland ; but on his death, in 1851, Lord Clinton gave it to Mr. Hawker.

Mr. Hawker accordingly took three services every Sunday. He had his morning prayer at Morwenstow at eleven, and then drove over to Wellcombe, where he had afternoon service at two P.M. ; and then returned to Morwenstow for evening prayer at five P.M.

He never ate between services. Directly morning prayer was over, he got into his gig ; a basket of pipes, all loaded, was handed in, and he drove off to Wellcombe, smoking all the way ; and, after having taken duty, he smoked all the way back. Once a month he celebrated the holy communion at Wellcombe ; and then, through the kindness of the rector of Kilkhampton, the morning service at Morwenstow was not allowed to fall through.

Mr. Hawker for long acted as postman to Wellcombe. The inhabitants of that remote village did not often get letters : when missives arrived for them, they were left at Morwenstow vicarage, and on the following Sunday a distribution of the post took place in the porch after divine service.

But the parishioners of Wellcombe were no "scholars ;" and the vicar was generally required to read their letters to them, and sometimes to write the answers.

On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old

woman of Wellcombe, whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows: "I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties [mosquitoes] torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere."

"To think of that!" interrupted the old woman. "My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I'm interrupting. Do you go on, please, parson."

"Indeed, dear mother," continued the vicar, reading, "I shut my door and window of an evening, to keep them out of my room."

"Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman, "what will the world come to next!"

"And yet," continued the vicar, "they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me."

"Well, well, now, parson!" exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands: "to think how forward of them!"

"Of whom?"

"Why, the Miss Kitties, 'sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimbley too!" After a pause, mother's pride overmastering sense of what befitted her sex, "But Ezekiel must be rare handsome, for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties is quality-folk too."

Mr. Hawker thus describes the Wellcombe people: "They have amongst them no farrier for their cattle, no medical man for themselves, no beerhouse, no shop; a man who travels for a distant town (Stratton) supplies them with sugar by the ounce, or tea

in smaller quantities still. Not a newspaper is taken in throughout the hamlet, although they are occasionally astonished and delighted by the arrival, from some almost-forgotten friend in Canada, of an ancient copy of 'The Toronto Gazette.' This publication they pore over to weariness; and on Sunday they will worry the clergyman with questions about transatlantic places and names, of which he is obliged to confess himself utterly ignorant. An ancient dame once exhibited her prayer-book, very nearly worn out, printed in the reign of George II., and very much thumbed at the page from which she assiduously prayed for the welfare of Prince Frederick."

The people of Wellcombe are very ignorant. Indeed, a good deal of ignorance lingers still in the West of England. The schoolmaster has not yet thrown a great blaze of light on the Devonian mind, and the Cornish mind is not much better illuminated.

I give a specimen of English composition by a schoolmaster of the old style in Devonshire; and it may be guessed that the Cornish fared not better for teachers than their Wessex neighbors.

This is an advertisement, written over a little shop:—

"ROGER GILES, Surgin, Parish clark and Skulemaster, Groser, and Hundertaker, Respectably informs ladys and gentlemen that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms, and vizicks for a penny a peace. He sells Godfather's Kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, dokters hosses, clips donkies, wance a munth, and undertakes to luke arter every bodies nayls by the ear. Joes-harps, penny wissels, brass kanel-sticks, fryinpans, and other

moozikal hinstrumentints hat grately reydooced figers. Young ladys and genelmen larnes their grammur and langeudge, in the purtiest manner, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarm-zinging, taychng the base vial, and all other zorts of vancy-work, squadrils, pokers, weazils, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and znuff, in all its branches. As times is cruel bad, I begs to tell ey that i his just begunned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, voulds, pigs, and all other kinds of poultry. Blakin-brishes, herrins, coles, skrubbin-brishes, traykel, godly bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick-dist, whisker-seed, morrel pokker-ankerchers, and all zorts of swatemaits, including taters, sas-sages, and other gardin stuff, bakky, zigars, lamp oyle, tay-kit-tles, and other intoxzikatin likkers; a dale of fruit, hats, zonga, hare oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones, and other aitables, korn and bunyon zalve and all hardware. I as laid in a large azzortment of trype, dogs' mate, lolipops, ginger-beer, matches, and other pikkles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Winzer sope, anzetrar.

"Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, new lade heggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes kepted, sich as howles, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also the stock of a celebrated brayder. Agent for selling gutty-porker souls. P.S. — I tayches gografy, rithmetic, cowstiks, jimnastiks, and other chynees tricks."

The people of Wellcombe are not only ignorant, but superstitious. Mr. Hawker shared at least some of their superstitions. Living as he did, in a visionary dream-world of spirits, he was ready to admit, without questioning, the stories he heard of witchcraft, and the power of the evil eye.

Whenever he came across any one with a peculiar eyeball, sometimes bright and clear, and at others covered with a filmy gauze, or a double pupil, ringed twice, or a larger eye on the left than on the right

side, he would hold the thumb, fore, and middle fingers in a peculiar manner, so as to ward off the evil effect of the eye.

He had been descanting one day on the blight which such an eye could cast, when his companion said, "Really, Mr. Hawker, you do not believe such rubbish as this, in the nineteenth century."

He turned round, and said gravely, "I do not pretend to be wiser than the Word of God. I find that the evil eye is reckoned along with 'blasphemy, pride, and foolishness,' as things that defile a man."¹ And he would produce a curious passage from Heliodorus: "'Tell me, my good Calasiris, what is the complaint that has attacked your daughter?' — 'You ought not to be surprised,' I replied, 'if, when she was leading the procession in the presence of so vast an assemblage, she has drawn upon herself some envious eye.' Whereupon, smiling ironically, 'Do you, then,' asked he, 'like the vulgar in general, believe in the existence of such a fascination?' — 'As much as I do in any other fact,' I replied; 'and the thing is thus: This air that surrounds us, passing, as it were, through a strainer, through the eyes, the nostrils, the breath, and the other passages, into the inward parts, and the external properties rushing in together with it, whatever be its quality as it flows in, of the same nature is the effect it disseminates in the recipients; so that, when any one looks upon

¹ Mark vii. 21; cf. also Prov. xxiii. 6, xxviii. 22; Matt. vi. 23; Luke xi. 34; Matt. xx. 15. It must be remembered, that, when the Gospels were written, the *ὀφθαλμὸς πονηρὸς* or *φθονερός* was universally believed in, and the expression had its meaning well understood.

beauty with envy, he fills the circumambient air with a malignant property, and diffuses upon his neighbor the breath coming from himself replete with bitterness; and this, being, as it is, of a most subtle nature, penetrates through into the very bones and marrow. Hence envy has often turned itself into a true disease, and has received the distinctive name of fascination (*βασκονία*). . . . Let, above every thing else, the origin of love be a support for my argument, which owes its first beginning to the sight, which shoots, like arrows, passion into the soul. . . . And if you wish for a proof drawn from natural history, and recorded in the sacred books,—the bird yellow-hammer cures the jaundice; and, if the person so affected should but look at the bird, the latter at once endeavors to escape, and shuts its eyes; not, as some think, because it begrudges the benefit to the sick man, but because, if looked upon, it is forced by its nature to attract the disease like an exhalation into its own body, and therefore shuns the glance as much as a blow. And of serpents: the basilisk,—does not he, as you may have heard, kill and blast whatever comes in his way, by his eye and breath alone? And if some give the stroke of the evil eye even to those they love, and are well disposed towards, one must not be surprised; for people of an envious disposition do not what they wish, but what their nature compels them to.'"¹

This explanation of the evil eye by Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly,² approved itself to Mr.

¹ Heliodorus, *Theagenes and Charicles*, iii. 8.

² According to Nicephorus, a provincial synod, alarmed at the danger to

one of his men triumphantly, 'didn't I say the parson would find it out?—Yes, sir,' he said, 'it is as you say: it is all that wretched old Cherry Parnell's doing, with her vengeance and her noise.' I stared with astonishment at this unlooked-for interpretation which he had put into my mouth, and waited for him to explain. 'You see, sir,' he went on to say, 'the case was this: Old Cherry came up to my place, tottering along, and mumbling that she wanted a fagot of wood. I said to her, "Cherry, I gave you one only two days ago, and another two days before that; and I must say that I didn't make up my woodrick altogether for you." So she turned away, looking very grany, and muttering something. Well, sir, last night, as I was in bed, I and my wife, all to once there bursted a thunderbolt, and shaken the very room and house. Up we started; and my wife says, "Oh, father, old Cherry's up! I wish I had gone after her with that there fagot." I confess I thought in my mind, I wish she had; but it was too late then, and I would try to hope for the best. But now, sir, you see with your own eyes what that revengeful old woman has been and done. And I do think, sir,' he went on to say, changing his tone to a kind of indignant growl, 'I do think, that when I call to mind how I've paid tithe and rates faithfully all these years, and kept my place in church before your reverence every Sunday, and always voted in the vestries that what hath and be ought to be,—I do think that such ones as old Cherry Parnell never ought to be allowed to meddle with such things as thunder and lightning.' "

A farmer came to Mr. Hawker once with the complaint : " Parson, I've lost my brown speckled hen : I reckon old Cherry have been and conjured her away. I wish you'd be so gude as to draw a circle, and find out where my brown speckled hen have been spirited away to."

The vicar had his cross-handled walking-stick in his hand, a sort of Oriental pastoral staff ; and he forthwith drew a circle in the dust, and sketched a pentacle within it, — Solomon's seal, in fact, — whilst he thought the matter over.

" I believe, Thomas," said he, " the brown speckled hen has never got out of your lane : the hedges are walled and high."

In the afternoon back came the farmer. " Parson, you've done for old Cherry with your circle. I found the brown speckled hen in our lane."

Not twenty miles from Morwenstow, a few years ago, occurred the following circumstances, which I know are true, and which I give here as an illustration of the superstition which prevails in Devon and Cornwall.

A boy of the parish of X——, proving intelligent in the national school, was sent by the rector to Exeter to the training-college, in time passed his examination, and obtained his certificate. He then returned for a holiday to his native village, and volunteered to deliver, in the schoolroom, a lecture on " Popular Superstitions."

The lecture was announced : the rector took the chair, the room was crowded, and a very fair discourse was delivered against the prevailing belief in

witchcraft. The lecturer was heard patiently to the close; and then up rose one of the principal farmers in the place, Brown by name.

"Mr. Lecturer," said he, "and all good people here assembled: You've had your say against witchcraft, and you says that there ain't nothing of the sort. Now, I'll tell'y a thing or two, — facts; and a pinch of facts is worth a bushel of reasons. There was, t'other day, my cow Primrose, the Guernsey, and as gude a cow for milk as ever was. Well, on that day, when my missus put the milk on the fire to scald 'un, it wouldn't hot. She put on a plenty of wood, and turves, and brimmle-bushes, but 'twouldn't hot noways. And sez she to me, as I comes in, 'I'll tell'y what tez, Richard: Primrose has been overlooked by old Betty Spry. Now, you go off as fast as you can to the White Witch up to Exeter.' Well, I did so; and when I came to the White Witch as lives nigh All Hallows on the Walls I was shown into a room; and there was a farmer stamping about, in just such a predicament as me. Sez I, 'Are you come to see the White Witch?' — 'Ah, that I be!' sez he: 'my old cow has fallen ill, and won't give no milk.' — 'Why,' sez I, 'my cow's milk won't hot, and the missus has put a lot of fire underneath.' — 'Do you suspect anybody?' sez he. 'I do,' sez I: 'there's old Betty Spry has an evil eye, and her's the one as has done it.' Just then the door opens, and the maiden looks in, and sez to me, 'Mr. Brown, the White Witch will speak with you.' And then I am shown into the next room. Well, directly I come in, sez he to me, 'I know what you've come for, before

you speak a word : your cow's milk won't scald. I'll tell'y why : she's been overlooked by an old woman named Betty Spry.' He said so to me, as sure as eggs is eggs, and I never had told him not one word. Then sez he to me, ' You go home, and get sticks out of four different parishes, and set them under the milk, and her'll boil.' Well, I paid 'un a crown, and then I came here ; and I fetched sticks from Lew Trenchard, and from Stowford, and from German's Week, and from Broadwood Widger ; and no sooner were they lighted under the pan than the milk boiled."

Then up rose Farmer Tickle, very red in the face, and said : " Mr. Lecturer ! You've said that there be no such things as spirits and ghosts. I'll tell'y something. I was coming over Broadbury one night, and somehow or other I lost my way. I was afraid of falling into the bog, — you know all about that bog, don't'y, by the old Roman castle ? There was a gentleman — a sort of traveller, in my recollection — was driving over Broadbury in a light tax-cart, and suddenly he went into the bog, and his horse and cart were swallowed up, and he had much ado to save himself. Well, he didn't want to lose his tax-cart and harness, for the tax-cart contained bales of cloth, and the harness was new : so he went to the blacksmith at the cross, and got him to come there with his man and grappling-irons. They let the irons down into the bog, and presently they got hold of something, and began to draw it up. It was a horse ; and they threw it on the side, and said, ' There, sir, now you have your horse.' — ' No,' answered he, looking hard at it, ' this is a hunter, with saddle and

stirrups. Let down the irons again.' So they felt about once more, and presently they pulled up another horse, and laid him on the side. 'There, sir, is this yours?' sez the blacksmith: 'he's in gig-harness all right.' — 'No,' sez the traveller: 'my horse was a dapple, and this is a gray. Down with the irons again.' This time they cries out, 'Yo, heave-oh! we've got hold of the tax-cart!' But when they pulled 'un up it was a phaeton. So they let their grappling-irons down again, and presently up came another horse, and this was in harness; but sez the traveller, 'He's not mine, for mine was a mare. Try again, my fine fellows.' Next as came up had no harness at all on; and the next had blinkers with Squire G——'s crest on them. Well, they worked all day, and they got up a dozen horses and three carriages, but they never found the traveller's tax-cart and the dapple mare.

"But, Lor' bless me! I've been wandering again on Broadbury, and now I must return to the point. Knowing what I did about the bog, I was a bit frightened of falling into her. Presently I came to a bit of old quarry and rock, and I thought there might be some one about, so I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Farmer Tickle has lost his way.' Well, just then a voice from among the stones answered me, and said, 'Who? who?' — 'Farmer Tickle of X——, I say.' Then the voice answered again, asking: 'Who? who? who?' — 'Are ye hard of hearing?' I shouted. 'I say tez farmer Tickle, as live in the old rummling farm of Southcot in X—— parish.' As imperent as possible again the voice asked: 'Who? who? who?' —

‘Tez farmer Tickle, I tell’y!’ I shouted; ‘and if you axes again I’ll come along of you with my stick.’ — ‘Who? who? who?’ I ran to the rocks, and beat about with my stick; and then a great white thing rushed out” —

“It was an owl,” said the lecturer scornfully.

“An owl!” echoed farmer Tickle. “I put it to the meeting. A man as says this was an owl, and not a pixie, would say any thing!” and he sat down amidst great applause.

Then up rose farmer Brown once more.

“Gentlemen, and laboring-men, and also women,” he began, “I’ll give you another pinch of facts. Before I was married I was going along by Culmpit one day, when I met old Betty Spry; and she sez to me, ‘Cross my hand with silver, my pretty boy, and I’ll tell you who your true love will be.’ So I thinks I’d like to know that, and I gives her a sixpence. Then sez she, ‘Mark the first maiden that you meet as you go along the lane that leads to Eastway House: she’s the one that will make you a wife.’ Well, I was going along that way, and the first maiden I met was Patience Kite. I thought she was comely and fresh-looking: so, after going a few steps on, I turns my head over my shoulder, and looks back at her; and what in the world should she be doing at exactly the same minute but looking back at me! Then I went after her, and said, ‘Patience, will you be Mrs. Brown?’ and she said, ‘I don’t mind, I’m noways partickler.’ And now she is my wife. Look at her yonder, as red as a turkey-cock: there she sits, and so you may know my story is true. But how

did Betty Spry know this before ever I had spoken the words? That beats me!"

Then, once more, up stood farmer Tickle.

"Mr. Lecturer, Mr. Chairman, I puts it to you. First and last we must come to Holy Scriptor. Now, I ask you, Mr. Chairman, being our parson, and you, Mr. Lecturer, being a scholard, and all you as have got Bibles, whether Holy Scriptor does not say, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,'—whether Holy Scriptor does not say that the works of the flesh are idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, and such like? Now, if witchcraft be all moonshine, then I reckon so be hatred, variance, and emulations too. Now, I put it to the meeting, which is true? Which does it vote for, the Holy Bible and witchcraft, or Mr. Lecturer and his new-fangled nonsense? Those in favor of Scriptor and witches hold up their hands."

Need I say that witchcraft carried the day?

One of Mr. Hawker's parishioners had an encounter with pixies. Pixies, it must be explained, are elves, who dance on the sward and make fairy-rings; others work in mines; others, again, haunt old houses.

This man had been to Stratton market. On his way home, as he was passing between dense hedges, suddenly he saw a light, and heard music and singing. He stood still, and looked and listened. Passing through the hedge, he saw the little people in a ring dancing; and there sat on a toadstool an elf with a lantern in his hand, made of a campanula, out of which streamed a greenish-blue light. As the pixies danced, they sang.

"Sir," — this is the man's own account, — "I looked and listened a while, and then I got quietly hold of a great big stone, and heaved it up, and I dreshed in amongst them all; and then I up on my horse, and galloped away as hard as I could, and never drew rein till I came home to Morwenstow. But, when the stone fell among them all, out went the light. You don't believe me? But it be true, true as gospel; for next day I went back to the spot, and there lay the stone, just where I had dreshed it."

I have got a curious oil-painting in Lew Trenchard House, dating from the reign of William and Mary as I judge by the costume. It represents a pixie revel. In the background is an elfin city, illumined by the moon. Before the gates is a ring of tiny beings, dancing merrily around what is probably a corpse-candle: it is a candle-stump, standing on the ground, and the flame diffuses a pallid white light.

In the foreground is water, on which floats a pumpkin, with a quarter cut out of it, so as to turn it into a boat with a hood. In this the pixie king and his consort are enthroned, while round the sides of the boat sit the court, dressed in the costume of the period of William of Orange. On the hood sits a little elf, with a red toadstool, as an umbrella, over the heads of the king and queen. In the bow sits Jack-o'-lantern, with a cresset in his hands, dressed in a red jacket. Beside him is an elf playing on a Jew's-harp, which is as large as himself; and another mischievous red-coated sprite is touching the vibrating tongue of the harp with a large extinguisher, so as to stop the music.

CHAPTER VII.

Condition of the Church last Century. — Parson Radcliffe. — The Death of a Pluralist. — Opposition Mr. Hawker met with. — The Bryanites. — Hunting the Devil. — Bill Martin's Prayer-meeting. — Mr. Pengelly and the Candle-end. — Cheated by a Tramp. — Mr. Hawker and the Dissenters. — Mr. B——'s Pew. — A Special Providence over the Church. — His Prayer when threatened with the Loss of St. John's Well. — Objection to Hysterical Religion. — Mr. Vincent's Hat. — Regard felt for him by old Pupils. — "He did not appreciate me." — Modryb Marya. — A Parable. — A Carol. — Love of Children. — Angels. — A Sermon, "Here am I."

THE condition of the Church in the diocese of Exeter at the time when John Wesley appeared was piteous in the extreme. Non-residence was the rule: the services of the sanctuary were performed in the most slovenly manner, the sacraments were administered rarely and without due reverence in too many places, and pastoral visitation was neglected. The same state of things continued, only slightly improved, to the time when Mr. Hawker began his ministrations at Morwenstow.

There was a story told of a fox-hunting parson, Mr. Radcliffe, in the north of Devon, when I was a boy. He was fond of having convivial evenings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously.

Bishop Phillpotts sent for him, and said, "Mr. Radcliffe, I hear, but I can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house."

"Lor, my dear," answered Parson Radcliffe, in broad Devonshire, "doant'y believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the churchyard."

The bishop of Exeter came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radcliffe, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse, and gallop off to the meet, when he heard that the bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run up-stairs, and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the bishop's carriage drew up at the door.

"Tell his lordship I'm ill, will ye?" was his injunction to his housekeeper, as he flew to bed.

"Is Mr. Radcliffe in?" asked Dr. Phillpotts.

"He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper.

"Dear me! I am so sorry! Pray ask if I may come up and sit with him," said the bishop.

The housekeeper ran up-stairs in sore dismay, and entered Parson Radcliffe's room. The parson stealthily put his head out of the bedclothes, but was reassured when he saw his room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the bishop.

"Please your honor, his lordship wants to come up-stairs, and sit with you a little."

"With me, good heavens!" gasped Parson Radcliffe. "No. Go down, and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with *scarlet-fever*: it is an aggravated case, and very catching."

In the neighborhood of Morwenstow, a little before Mr. Hawker's time, was a certain Parson Winterton.* He was rector of Eastcote, rector of Eigncombe, rector of Marwood, rector of Westcote, and vicar of

Barton. Mr. Hawker used to tell the following story:—

When Parson Winterton lay on his death-bed, he was visited and prepared for dying by a neighboring clergyman.

“What account can you render for the talents committed to your charge? What use have you made of them?” asked the visitor.

“Use of my talents?” repeated the dying man. And then, thrusting his hands out from under the bedclothes, he said, “I came into this diocese with nothing, — yes, with nothing, — and now,” and he began to check off the names on the fingers of the left hand with the forefinger of the right hand, “I am rector of Eigncombe, worth eighty pounds; rector of Marwood, worth four hundred and fifty pounds; rector of Westcote, worth five hundred and sixty pounds; vicar of Barton, worth three hundred pounds; and rector of Eastcote, worth a thousand pounds. If that is not making use of one’s talents, I do not know what is. I think I can die in peace.”

Morwenstow, as has been already said, had been without a resident vicar for a century before Mr. Hawker came there. When he arrived, it was with his great heart overflowing with love, and burning to do good to the souls and bodies of his people. He was about the parish all day on his pony, visiting every one of his flock, taking vehement interest in all their concerns, and doing every thing he could think of to win their hearts.

But two centuries of neglect by the Church was not to be remedied in a generation. Mr. Hawker was

surprised that he could not do it in a twelvemonth. He was met with coldness and hostility by most of the farmers, who were, with one or two exceptions, Wesleyans or Bible Christians. The autocrat of the neighborhood was an agent for the principal landowner of the district, and he held the people under his thumb. With him the vicar speedily quarrelled : their characters were as opposed as the poles, and it was impossible that they could work together. Mr. Hawker thought — rightly or wrongly, who shall decide ? — that this man thwarted him at every turn, and urged on the farmers to oppose and upset all his schemes for benefiting the parish, spiritually and temporally. Mutual antipathy caused recriminations, and the hostility became open. The agent thought he had dealt the vicar a severe blow when he persuaded Sir J. Buller to claim St. John's Well. Mr. Hawker found himself baffled by the coldness of the Dissenters, and the hostility of the agent, which he had probably brought upon himself ; and it struck a chill to his heart, and saddened it.

The vicar was, however, not blameless in the matter. He expected all opposition to melt away before his will ; and if a parishioner, or any one else with whom he had dealings, did not prove malleable, and submit to be turned in his hands like a piece of wax, he had no patience with him. He could not argue, but he could make assertions with the force and vehemence which tell with some people as arguments.

The warmth with which Mr. Hawker took up the cause of the laborers, his denunciation of the truck-system, and the forcible way in which he protested

against the lowness of the wage paid the men, conduced, no doubt, to set the farmers against him. But he was the idol of the workmen. Their admiration and respect for him knew no bounds. "If all gentlemen were like our vicar," was the common saying, "the world would have no wrongs in it."

When Mr. Hawker's noble face was clouded with trouble, as he talked over the way in which he had been thwarted at every turn by the agent and the farmers, if a word were said about the poor, the clouds cleared from his brow, his face brightened at once: "'The poor have ye always with you,' said our Lord, and the word is true, — is true."

In a letter written in 1864 to a former curate of Wellcombe, now an incumbent in Essex, he says, —

"The only parish of which I can report favorably is my own cure of Wellcombe. Morwenstow is, as it always was, Wesleyan to the backbone; but at Wellcombe the church attendance is remarkable. The same people are faithful and constant as worshippers, and the communicants from two hundred and four souls are fourteen. When any neighboring clergyman has officiated for me, he is struck with the number and conduct of the congregation. The rector of Kilkhampton often declares Wellcombe to be the wonder of the district. This is to me a great compensation for the unkindly Church feeling of Morwenstow."

The opposition of the Wesleyans and Bryanites caused much bitterness, and he could not speak with justice and charity of John Wesley. He knew nothing of the greatness, holiness, and zeal of that apostolic man: he did not consider how dead the Church was when he appeared and preached to the people. When he was reproached for his harsh speeches about

Wesley, his ready answer was, "I judge of him by the deeds of his followers."

One of his sayings was, "John Wesley came into Cornwall, and persuaded the people to change their vices." Once, when the real greatness of Wesley was being pressed upon him, he said sharply, "Tell me about Wesley when you can give me his present address."

If this vehement prejudice seems unjust and unchristian, it must be remembered that Mr. Hawker had met with great provocation. But it was not this provocation which angered him against Methodists and Bryanites, for he was a man of large though capricious charity: that which cut him to the quick was the sense that Cornish Methodism was demoralizing the people. Wesleyanism was not so much to blame as Bryanism. The Bible Christians, Bryanites, or Thornites, as they are variously called, are apparently a survival of some of those Antinomian sects which disturbed the primitive Church, under the name of Valentinians and Markosites, and which lingered on in Europe during the Middle Ages, and broke out into full fragrance at the Reformation. A curious picture of them at that time is presented by Edwardes's "*Gangrena*." They reached their head abroad in the obscenities and violence of the Münster Anabaptists.

The Cornish Bryanites profess entire freedom from obligation to keep the law, and the complete emancipation from irksome moral restraint of those who are children of God, made so by free grace and a saving faith. One of their preachers was a man of unblush

ingly profligate life: the details of his career will not bear relation. Mr. Hawker used to mention some scandalous acts of his to his co-religionists, but always received the cool reply, "Ah! maybe; but after all he is a *sweet Christian*."

A favorite performance in a Bryanite meeting, according to popular report, is to "hunt the Devil out." The preacher having worked the people up into a great state of excitement, they are provided with sticks, and the lights are extinguished. A general *mêlée* ensues. Every one who hits, thinks he is dealing the Devil his death-blow; and every one who receives a blow, believes it is a butt from the Devil's horns.

Mr. Hawker had a capital story of one of these meetings.

The preacher had excited the people to a wild condition by assuring them he saw the Devil in person — there! there! there!

"Where, where is he?" screamed some of the people.

"Shall I hit 'un down with my umbrella?" asked a farmer.

"He'll burn a great hole in it if ye do," said his wife; "and I reck'n he won't find you another."

Sticks were flourished, and all rushed yelling from their pews.

"Where is he?" "Let us catch a glimpse of the end of his tail, and we'll pin him."

The shouting and the uproar became great.

"I see 'un, I see 'un!" shouted the preacher; and, pointing to the door, he yelled, "He is there!"

At that very moment the door of the Bryanite meeting-house was thrown open, and there stood R —, the dreaded steward of Lord —, with his gray mare. He had been riding by, and, astonished at the noise, had dismounted, and opened the door to learn what occasioned it.

I give the account of a private Bible Christian meeting from the narrative of an old Cornish woman of Kilkhampton.

"Some thirty or more years ago, Long Bill Martin was converted, and became a very serious character in Kilkhampton; and a great change that was for Bill. Prayer-meetings were now his delight, especially if young women was present,—then he did warm up, I tell'y. He could preach, he could, just a word or two at a time; and then, when he couldn't find words, he'd roar. He was a mighty comfortin' preacher too, especially to the maidens. Many was the prayer-meeting which he kept alive; and if things was going flat—for gospel ministers du go flat sometimes, tell'y, just like ginger-beer bottles if the cork's out tu often. And, let me tell'y, talkin' of that, there comed a Harchdeacon here one day: I seed 'un, and he had strings tied about his hat, just as they du corks of lemonade, to keep the spirit in him down; he was nat'rally very uppish, I reck'n. But to go back to Bill. When he couldn't speak, why, then he'd howl, like no sucking dove, 'Ugh! the Devil! drive the Devil!' Yu could hear him hunting the Devil of nights a hundred yards or more off from the cottage where he was leading prayer. One day he settled to have a meeting down near the end of

the village, and sent in next door to borrow a form (not a form of prayer, yu know, for he didn't hold to that), and invited the neighbors to join. 'You'd better come. We'm goin' to have a smart meetin' t'night, can tell'y.'

"So us went in, and they set to to pray: fust won and then another was called upon to pray. 'Sister, you pray.' 'Brother Rhicher (Richard), you pray.' So to last Rhicher Davey, he began: 'My old woman,' sez he, 'she's hoffal bad in her temper, and han't got no saving grace in her, not so much as ye might put on the tail of a flea,' sez he; 'but we hopps for better things, and I prays for improvement,' he went on; 'and if improvement don't come to her, why, improvement might come to me, by her bein' taken where the wicked cease from troubling, and so leave weary me at rest.' Then I began to laugh; but Long Bill, he ketched me up, and roared, 'Pray like blazes, Nanny Gilbert, do'y!' So I kep my eye fixed to her, and loked at her hard and steadfast, I did, for I knew what the latter hupshot would be with her; and her began, 'We worms of hearth!' and there her ended. So we waited a bit; and then Bill Martin says, 'Squeedge it hout, Nanny, squeedge it hout!' But it were all no good. Never another word could she utter, though I saw she was as red as a beet-root with squeedging. She groaned, but no words. Then out comed old Bill, — Long Bill us called 'un, but Bill Martin was his rightful name, — 'Let us pray, my friends,' he sez. 'Honly believe,' he sez. 'Drive the Devil,' he roars. 'There he is! There he is!' he sez. 'Do'y not see

un! Do'y not smell un?' — 'It's the cabbage,' sez Nanny Gilbert: 'there's some, and turnips tu, and a bit of bacon, biling in the pot over the turves.' For her was a little put out at not being able to pray. It was her cottage in which the prayer-meeting was being held, yu know. Well, Long Bill didn't stomach the cabbage; so he roars louder than afore, 'FAITH! my friends; have *faith!* and then yu can see and smell the Devil.' — 'If it's the cabbage yu mean,' sez Nanny, 'I can smell 'un by my nat'ral faculties.' — 'There's the Devil!' shouts Bill Martin, growing excited. 'Ugh! drive the hold Devil! Faith! my friends, have faith, hell-shaking faith, conquering faith, Devil-driving faith, a damned lot of faith!' And then he roars, 'There he is! I can zee 'un a-fluttering hover your heads, ye sinners, just like my hands' a-fluttering over the cann'll'

"So I titched her as was next me; and I sez, 'Where is 'un? I doan't see 'un, d'yu?' — 'Yer ha'nt got faith,' sez she. 'But I can feel 'un just as if he was a-crigglin' and a-crawlin' in my head where the partin' is.'

"Well, just then, — and I'm sure I can't tell yu whether it happened afore Bill Martin speaked, or after, — but he roars out, 'I see 'un! he's flowed up the chimley!' And just then — as I sed, I cannot say whether it was afore he speaked, or after — down came a pailful of soot right into the midst of old Nanny's pot of cabbage and turnips.

"Well, I tell'y, when old Nanny Gilbert seed that, her was as mad as Parson Hawker during a wreck. She ups off her chair, and runs first to the pot, and

looks what's done there; and then she flies to Bill Martin, — Long Bill, yu know, — and ketches him by the ear, and drags him forward to the pot, and sez, flaming like a bit of fuzz, 'Yer let the Devil loose out of your own breast, and sent 'um flittering up my chimley, the wiper! and he's smutted all my supper, as was biling for me and my old man and the childer. And I'll tell'y what, if yu don't bring your Devil down by his tail, that I may rub his nose in it, I'll dip yours, I will.'

"Well, yu may believe me, Bill tremmled as a blank-mange, — that's a sort of jelly stuff I seed one day in a gentleman's house to Bude, when the servant was carrying it in to dinner: it shooked all hover like. For I tell'y, a woman as has had her biling of cabbage and turnips spoiled, especial if there be a taste of bacon in it, ain't to be preached peaceable.

"After that I can't tell'y 'xactly what took place. We wimin set up screaming, and scuffled about like bats in the light. But I seed Nanny giving Long Bill a sort of a chuck with one hand where his coat-tails would have grown, only he didn't wear a coat, only a jacket. P'raps, though, yu know, he'd nibbled em off like the monkey as Parson Davies keepeed in the stable for his childer. That monkey had the beautifullest tail — after a peacock — when first he came to Kilkhampton; but he bit it off in little portions. And then, poor thing, at last he got himself into a sort of tangle or slip-knot in twisting himself about to bite right off the last fag-end of stump. And when Ezekiel — that's the groom — comed in of the morning with his bread and milk, the poor beast

stretched his head out with a jerk to get his meat, and forgot he had knotted himself up with his own body, and so got strangled in himself. Well, but I was telling yu about Bill Martin, and not Parson Davies's monkey. So after that his nose was a queer sort of mixture of scald-red and black. He was never very partial to water, was Bill; and so the scald and smut stuck there, maybe one year, maybe two. But all this happened so long ago, that I couldn't take my Bible oath that it wasn't more — say three, then : odd numbers is lucky."

Mr. Hawker had a story of a Wellcombe woman whom he visited after the loss of her husband.

"Ah ! thank the Lord," said she, "my old man is safe in Beelzebub's bosom."

"Abraham's bosom, my good woman," said the vicar.

"Ah ! I dare say. I am not acquainted with the quality, and so don't rightly know their names."

While on the subject of the Devil, I cannot omit a story told of a certain close-fisted Cornish man, whom we will call Mr. Pengelly, as he is still alive. The story lost nothing in the vicar's mouth.

Mr. Pengelly was very ill, and like to die. So one night the Devil came to the side of his bed, and said to him, "Mr. Pengelly, I will trouble yu, if you please."

"Yu will trouble me with what, your honor ?" says Mr. Pengelly, sitting up in bed.

"Why, just to step along of me, sir," says the Devil.

"Oh ! but I don't please at all," replies Mr. Pen

gelly, lying down again, and tucking his pillow under his cheek.

"Well, sir, but time's up, yu know," was the remark the Devil made thereupon; "and whether it pleases yu, or no, yu must come along of me to once, sir. It isn't much of a distance to speak of from Morwenstow," says he, by way of apology.

"If I must go, sir," says Mr. Pengelly, wiping his nose with his blue pocket-handkerchief covered with white spots, and R. P. marked in the corner in red cotton, "why, then, I suppose yu ain't in a great hurry. Yu'll give me ten minutes?"

"What do'y want ten minutes for, Mr. Pengelly?" asks the Devil.

"Why, sir," says Mr. Pengelly, putting his blue pocket-handkerchief over his face, "I'm ashamed to name it, but I shud like to say my prayers. Leastwise, they couldn't du no harm," exclaimed he, pulling the handkerchief off, and looking out.

"They wouldn't du yer no gude, Mr. Pengelly," says the Devil.

"I shu'd be more comfable in my mind, sir, if I said 'em," says he.

"Now, I'll tell yu what, Mr. Pengelly," says the Devil, after a pause, "I'd like to deal handsome by yu. Yu've done me many a gude turn in your day. I'll let you live as long as yonder cann'l-end burns."

"Thank'y kindly, sir," says Mr. Pengelly. And presently he says, for the Devil did not make signs of departing, "Would yu be so civil as just tu step into t'other room, sir? I'd take it civil. I can't pray comfably with yu here, sir."

"I'll oblige yu in that too," said the Devil ; and he went out to look after Mrs. Pengelly.

No sooner was his back turned, than Mr. Pengelly jumped out of bed, extinguished the candle-end, clapped it in the candle-box, and put the candle-box under his bed. Presently the Devil came in, and said, "Now, Mr. Pengelly, yu're all in the dark : I see the cann'l's burnt out, so yu must come with me."

"I'm not so much in the dark as yu, sir," says the sick man, "for the cann'l's not burnt out, and isn't like to. He's safe in the cann'l-box. And I'll send for yu, sir, when I want yu."

Mr. Pengelly is still alive ; but let not the visitor to his farm ask him what he keeps in his candle-box, or, old man of seventy-eight though he is, he will jump out of his chair, and lay his stick across the shoulders of his interrogator. "They du say," said my informant, "that Mrs. Pengelly has tried a score of times to get hold of the cann'l-end, and burn it out ; but the master is tu sharp for his missus, and keeps it as tight from her as he does from the Devil."

Mr. Pengelly has the credit of having been only once in his life cheated, and that was by a tramp, in this wise :—

One day a man in tatters, and with his shoes in fragments, came to his door, and asked for work.

"I like work," says the man, "I love it. Try me."

"If that's the case," says Mr. Pengelly, "yu may dig my garden for me, and I will give yu one shilling and twopence a day." Wages were then eighteen pence, or one and eightpence.

"Done !" says the man.

So he was given a spade, and he worked capitally. Mr. Pengelly watched him from his windows from behind a wall, and the man never left off work except to spit on his hands; that was his only relaxation, and he did not do that over-often.

Mr. Pengelly was mighty pleased with his workman: he sent him to sleep in the barn, and paid him his day's wage that he might buy himself a bit of bread.

Next morning Mr. Pengelly was up with the lark. But the workman was up before Mr. Pengelly or the lark either, and was digging diligently in the garden.

Mr. Pengelly was more and more pleased with his man. He went to him during the morning; then the fellow stuck his spade into the ground, and said, "I'll tell yu what it is, sir, I like work! I love it! but I cannot dig without butes or shoes. Yu may look: I've no soles to my feet, and the spade nigh cuts through them."

"Yu must get a pair of shoes," said Mr. Pengelly.

"That's just it," says the man; "but no boot-maker will trust me; and I cannot pay down, for I haven't the money, sir."

"What would a pair of shoes cost, now?" asks his employer, looking at the man's feet wholly devoid of leather soles.

"Fefteen shilling, maybe," says he.

"Fefteen shilling!" exclaims Mr. Pengelly: "yu'll never get that to pay him."

"Then I must go to some other farmer who'll advance me the money," says the man.

"Now don't'y be in no hurry," says Mr. Pengelly,

in a fright lest he should lose a man worth half a crown a day by his work. "Suppose I were to let'y have five shilling. Then yu might go to Stratton, and pay that, and in five days yu would have worked it out, keeping twopence a day for your meat; and that will do nicely if yu're not dainty. Then I would let'y have another five shilling, till yu'd paid up."

"Done," says the man.

So Mr. Pengelly pulled the five shillings out, in two half-crown pieces, and gave them to the man.

Directly he had the money in his hand, the fellow drove the spade into the ground, and, making for the gate, took off his hat, and said, "I wish yu a gude morning, Mr. Pengelly, and many thanks for the crown. Now I'm off to Taunton like a long dog." And like a lone dog he went off, and Mr. Pengelly never saw him or his two half-crowns again. So the man who cheated the Devil was cheated by a tramp: that shows how clever tramps are.

But to return to the vicar of Morwenstow, and the Dissenters in his parish. Although very bitter in speech against Dissent, he was ready to do any kindness that lay in his power to a Dissenter. He took pains to instruct in Latin and Greek a young Methodist preparing for the Wesleyan ministry, and read with him diligently out of free good-nature. His pupil is now, I believe, a somewhat distinguished preacher in his connection. He was always ready to ask favors of their landlords for Dissenting farmers, and went out of his way to do them exceptional kindnesses.

Some one rallied him with this:—

him. Weeks after all the other pews had been swept away, he intrenched himself in his ecclesiastical fortress, and looked defiance at the outside world. At last the vicar resolved to storm the enemy, and gave him due notice, that, on a certain day and hour, it was his intention to demolish the pew. Mr. B—— was present at the appointed time to defend his property, but was so taken aback at the sight of the vicar entering the church armed with a large axe, that he stood dumbfounded with amazement, whilst, without uttering a word, the vicar strode up to the pew, and with a few lusty blows literally smashed it to pieces, and then flung the fragments outside the church door. To the credit of Mr. B——, he still continued to attend church; but he took on one occasion an unseasonable opportunity of rebuking the vicar for his violence. It was on the parish feast day, or “revel” as the inhabitants of the parish called it; and, as was his wont, the vicar was expatiating in the pulpit on the antiquity of the church, and how the shrine of St. Morwenna had been preserved unchanged whilst dynasties had perished, and empires had been overthrown. Whereupon Mr. B—— exclaimed in a voice of thunder, “No such thing: you knocked down my pew!” The vicar, however, was still more than a match for him. Without the least embarrassment, he turned from St. Morwenna to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and, in describing the life and character of Dives, drew such a vivid portrait of Mr. B——, that the poor man rushed out of church when the preacher began to consign him to his place of torment.

The impression was strong upon him, that he and the Church were under special Divine protection, and he would insist that no misfortune ever befell his cows or sheep. When, however, after some years he was unlucky, he looked on every stroke of misfortune as an assault of Satan himself, allowed to try him as he had tried Job.

This belief that he had, of a special Providence watching over him, must explain the somewhat painful feature of his looking out for the ruin of those who wrought evil against the Church. He bore them no malice; but he looked upon such wrongs done as done to God, and as sure to be avenged by him. He had always a text at hand to support his view. "I have no personal enemies," he would say, "but Uzziah cannot put his hand to the ark without the Lord making a breach upon him."

He was perfectly convinced that the Church was God's kingdom. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," he said: "that was a promise made by God to the Church, and God does not forget his promises. Why, I have *seen* his promise kept again and again. I know that God is no liar."

"But look at the hostility to the Church in Mr. M——, what efforts he has made in Parliament, and throughout the country, agitating men's minds, and all for the purpose of overthrowing the Church. He prospers."

"My friend," said the vicar, pausing, and laying his hand solemnly on his companion's arm, "God does not always pay wages on Saturday night."

When an attempt was made in 1843 to wrest the

well of St. John from him, he went thrice a day, every day during that Lent, whilst the case was being tried, till March 27, and offered up before the altar the following prayer:—

“Almighty and most merciful God! the Protector of all that trust in thee! We most humbly beseech thee that thou wouldest be pleased to stretch forth thy right hand to rescue and defend the possessions of this thy sanctuary from the envy and violence of wicked and covetous men. Let not an adversary despoil thine inheritance, neither suffer thou the evil man to approach the waters that flow softly for thy blessed baptism, from the well of thy servant St. John.

“And, O almighty Lord, even as thou didst avenge the cause of Naboth the Jezreelite, upon angry Ahab and Jezebel his wife; and as thou didst strengthen the hands of thy blessed apostle St. Peter, insomuch that Ananias and Sapphira could not escape just judgment when they sought to keep back a part of the possession from thy Church: even so now, O Lord God, shield and succor the heritage of thy holy shrine! Show some token upon us for good, that they who see it may say, ‘This hath God done.’ Be thou our hope and fortress, O Lord, our castle and deliverer, as in the days of old, such as our fathers have told us. Show forth thy strength unto thy generation, and thy power unto them that are yet for to come. So shall we daily perform our vows, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The attempt to deprive him of the well of St. John signally failed.

“They dreamed not in old Hebron, when the sound
Went through the city, that the promised son
Was born to Zachary, and his name was John,—
They little thought that here, in this far ground
Beside the Severn Sea, that Hebrew child
Would be a cherished memory of the wild!—
Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound

Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round.
A spring of silent waters with his name,
That from the angel's voice in music came,
Here in the wilderness so faithful found,
It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound."

MORWENSTOW, Sept. 20, 1850. *My dear Mrs. M—, —*
... I have but a sullen prospect of wintertide. I had longed to go on with another window. But my fate, which in matters of *L. s. d.* is always mournful, paralyzes my will. A west window in my tower is offered me by Warrington for the cost of carriage and putting together. But — but — but. Fifteen years I have been vicar of this altar; and all that while no lay person, landlord, tenant, parishioner, or steward, has ever proffered me even one kind word, much less aid or coin. Nay, I have found them all bristling with dislike. All the great men have been hostile to me in word or deed. Yet I thank my Master and his angels, I have accomplished in and around my church a thousand times more than the great befriended clergy of this deanery. Not one thing has failed. When I lack aid to fulfil, I go to the altar, and ask it. Is it conceded? So fearfully that I shudder with thanksgiving. A person threatened me with injury on a fixed day. I besought rescue. On that very day that person died. A false and treacherous clergyman came to a parish close by. I shook with dread. I asked help. It came. He entered my house five days afterwards to announce some malady unaccountable to him. He went. It grew. He resigned his cure last week.

And these are two only out of forty miracles.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

It is painful to record this side of the vicar's character; but without it this would be but an imperfect sketch. He was, it must be borne in mind, an anachronism. He did not belong to this century or

Within a week or two a Methodist preacher at Truro was discoursing on prayer; and in his sermon he said, "I would not have you, dear brethren, confine your supplications to spiritual blessings, but ask also for temporal favors. I will illustrate my meaning by narrating an incident, a fact, that happened to myself ten days ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a little, insignificant place in North Cornwall, named Morwenstow, and about to proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat, and that I somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbor, town, and watering-place, so ill-adorned as to my head? Then I lifted up my prayer to the Almighty, that He would pluck me out of the great strait in which I found myself, and clothe me suitably as to my head; for he painteth the petals of the polyanthus, and colors the calyx of the coreopsis. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes to heaven; and I saw, in the spacious firmament on high, the blue, ethereal sky, a black spot. It approached, it largened, it widened, it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat, by a distinguished London maker. I cast my battered beaver to the waves, and walked into Bude as fast as I could, with the new hat on my head."

The incident got into "The Methodist Reporter," or some such Wesleyan publication, under the heading of "Remarkable Answer to Prayer." "And," said the vicar, "the rascal made off with Vincent's new hat from Bennett's: there was no reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and could not descend the precipice. He was deaf enough, I promise you, to our shouts."

That Mr. Hawker was appreciated by some, the following note received by me will show:—

Nov. 16, 1875. In the spring of this year, and consequently before there could have been any idea of "De mortuis," &c., I happened to find myself in company with two Morwenstow people, returning to their old home. One of them was a prosperous-looking clerk or shopman from Manchester, the other a nice, modest-looking servant-girl. On recognizing each other, which they did not do at once, their talk naturally turned to old days. The Sunday school, Morwenstow, and its vicar were discussed; and it was very remarkable to see how lively was their remembrance of him, how much affection and reverence they entertained for him, how keen was their appreciation of the great qualities of his head and heart, and how much delight they testified in being able to see his honored face and white head, and hear the well-remembered tones of his voice once more. It may seem but a trivial incident; but, to those who know how constant is the complaint, and, indeed, how well founded, that our children, when they leave school, leave us altogether, such attestation to his work and influence is not without its value. I remain, &c., W. C.—.

"Talking of *appreciation*," as Mr. Hawker said once, "the Scripture-reader, Mr. Bumpus,* at —, came to me the other day, and said, 'Please, sir, I have been visiting and advising farmer Matthews, but he did not quite appreciate me. In fact, he kicked me down-stairs.'"

Mr. Hawker could not endure to hear the apostles or evangelists spoken of by name without their proper prefix or title of "Saint." If he heard any one talk of Mark, or John, or Paul, he would say, "Look here. There was a professor at Oxford in my time who lectured on divinity. One day a pert student began to speak about 'Paul's opinion.' 'Paul's opinion,

sir !' said the professor. 'Paul is not here to speak for himself ; but if Paul were, and heard you talk thus disrespectfully of him, it is my belief that Paul would take you by the scruff of your neck, and chuck you out of the window. As I have Paul in honor, if I hear you speak of him disrespectfully again, I will kick you out of the room.' "

"Never boast," was a favorite saying of the vicar's. "The moment you boast, the Devil obtains power over you. You notice if it be not so. You say, 'I now never catch cold,' and within a week you have a sore throat. 'I am always lucky in my money ventures ;' and the next fails. As long as you do not boast, the Devil cannot touch you ; but, the moment you have boasted, virtue has gone from you, and he obtains power. Nebuchadnezzar was prosperous till he said, 'Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty ?' It was while the word was in the king's mouth that the voice fell from heaven which took it from him."

MORWENSTOW, Jan. 2, 1850. *My dear Mrs. M—*,—I know not when I have been more shocked than by the sudden announcement of the death of good Bishop Coleridge. For good he verily and really was. What a word that is, "suddenly"! The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and, behold, there were horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. May God grant us Sir T. More's prayer, "that we may all meet and be merry in heaven"! . . . I am to do something again for the new series of "Tracts for the Christian Seasons." Did you detect my "Magian Star," and "Nain, the lovely city"?

I hope to hear from you what is on in the out-world. Here

within the ark we hear only the voices of animals and birds, and the sound of many waters. "The Lord shut him in." Give my real love to P——, and say I will write her soon a letter, with a psalm about "her dear Aunt Mary." Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

The psalm came in due time, with this introduction:—

MODRYB MARYA: AUNT MARY.

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

[In old and simple-hearted Cornwall, the household names "uncle" and "aunt" were uttered and used as they are to this day in many countries of the East, not only as phrases of kindred, but as words of kindly greeting and tender respect. It was in the spirit, therefore, of this touching and graphic usage, that they were wont, on the Tamar side, to call the Mother of God, in their loyal language, *Modryb Marya*; or, *Aunt Mary*.]

Now, of all the trees by the king's highway,
Which do you love the best?
Oh! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast!
Now, the holly, with her drops of blood, for me;
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree!

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor:
Summer and winter it shines the same,
Beside the cottage door.
Oh! the holly, with her drops of blood, for me;
For that is our kind Aunt Mary's tree!

'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave,
They sing in it all day long;
But, sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,
Is to hear the robin's song.
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea,
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's tree!

So, of all that grow by the king's highway,
 I love that tree the best :
 T'is a bower for the birds upon Christmay Day,
 The bush of the bleeding breast.
 Oh! the holly, with her drops of blood, for me;
 For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree !

The following was sent to the same young girl,
 P—— M—— : —

MORWENSTOW, February, 1853. *Dear P——*, — I have copied a little parable-story for you. Tell me if you can understand it. May God bless you, my dear child, whom I love for your father's sake ! Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

Natum ante omnia sæcula.

The first star gleamed over Nazareth, when thus the Lady said unto her Son : "Jesu, wilt thou not arise and go with me into the field, that we may hear the sweet chime of the birds as they chant their evening psalm?" — "Yea, Mary, mother," answered the awful Boy, — "yea, for I love their music well. I have loved it long. I listened, in my gladness, to the first-born voices of the winged fowl, when they brake forth into melody among the trees of the Garden, or ever there was a man to rejoice in their song. Twain, moreover, after their kind, the eagle and the dove, did my Father and I create, to be the token-birds of our Spirit, when he should go forth from us to thrill the world of time."

His theory was that the eagle symbolized the Holy Ghost in his operation under the old covenant, and the dove his work in the Church. The double-headed eagle, so often found in mediæval churches, — and there is one carved on a boss at Morwenstow, — he thought represented the twofold effusion of the Spirit in the two dispensations.

The following "Carol of the Kings" was written during the Epiphany of 1859, and published with the signature "Nectan" in a Plymouth paper :—

A CAROL OF THE KINGS.

It is chronicled in an old Armenian myth, that the wise men of the East were none other than the three sons of Noe, and that they were raised from the dead to represent, and to do homage for all mankind, in the cave at Bethlehem ! Other legends are also told : one, that these patriarch-princes of the Flood did not ever die, but were rapt away into Enoch's Paradise, and were thence recalled to begin the solemn gesture of world-wide worship to the King-born Child ! Another saying holds, that, when their days were full, these arkite fathers fell asleep, and were laid at rest in a cavern at Ararat until Messias was born, and that then an angel aroused them from the slumber of ages to bow down and to hail, as the heralds of many nations, the awful Child. Be this as it may, — whether the mystic magi were Sem, Cham, and Japhet, in their first or second existence, under their own names or those of other men ; or whether they were three long-descended and royal sages from the loins or the land of Baalam, — one thing has been delivered to me for very record. The supernatural shape of clustering orbs which was embodied suddenly from surrounding light, and framed to be the beacon of that westward-way, was and is the Southern Cross ! It was not a solitary signal-fire, but a miraculous constellation, a pentacle of stars, whereof two shone for the transom and three for the stock ; and which went above and before the travellers, day and night, radiantly, until it came and stood over where the young Child lay ! And then ? What then ? Must those faithful orbs dissolve and die ? Shall the gleaming trophy fall ? Nay — not so. When it had fulfilled the piety of its first-born office, it arose, and, amid the vassalage of every stellar and material law, it moved onward and onward, obedient to the impulse of God the Trinity, journeying evermore towards the south, until that starry image arrived in the predestined sphere of future and perpetual abode : to bend, as to this day it bends, above the peaceful sea, in everlasting memorial of the Child Jesus : the Southern Cross !

•
• •
•
•
•

"Three ancient men in Bethlehem's cave
With awful wonder stand :
A voice had called them from their grave
In some far Eastern land.

They lived, they trod the former earth,
When the old waters swelled :
The ark, that womb of second birth,
Their house and lineage held.

Pale Japhet bows the knee with gold,
Bright Sem sweet incense brings,
And Cham, the myrrh his fingers hold :
Lo ! the three Orient kings !

Types of the total earth, they hailed
The signal's starry frame :
Shuddering with second life, they quailed
At the Child Jesu's name.

Then slow the patriarchs turned and trod,
And this their parting sigh, —
'Our eyes have seen the living God,
And now — once more to die.' "

We began this chapter with stories illustrating the harsh side of Mr. Hawker's character. We have slid insensibly into those which show him forth in his gentler nature. There was in him the eagle and the dove : it is pleasanter to think of the dove-like characteristics of this grand old man.

And naturally, when we speak of him in his softer moods, not when he is doing battle for God and the Church, and—it must be admitted—for his own whims, but when he is at peace and full of smiles, we come to think of him in his relations with children.

When his school was first opened he attended it daily ; but in after-years, as age and infirmities crept on, his visits were only once a week.

He loved children, and they loved him. It was his delight to take them by the hand, and walk with them about the parish, telling them stories of St. Morwenna, St. Nectan, King Arthur, Sir Bevil Granville, smugglers, wreckers, pixies, and hobgoblins, in one unflagging stream. So great was the affection borne him by the children of his parish, that when they were ill, and had to take physic, and the mothers could not induce them to swallow the nauseous draught, the vicar was sent for, and the little ones, without further struggle, swallowed the medicine administered by his hand.

A child said to him one day, " Please, Mr. Hawker, did you ever see an angel ? "

" Margaret," he answered solemnly, and took one of the child's hands in his left palm, " there came to this door one day a poor man. He was in rags. Whence he came I know not. He appeared quite suddenly at the door. We gave him bread. There was something wonderful, mysterious, unearthly, in his face. And I watched him as he went away. Look, Margaret ! do you see that hill all gold and crimson with gorse and heather ? He went that way. I saw him go up through the gold and crimson, up, still upwards, to where the blue sky is, and there I lost sight of him all at once. I saw him no more ; but I thought of the words, ' Be not forgetful to entertain strangers : for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. ' "

A good idea of his notions about angels, and their guardianship of his church, may be gathered from a remarkable sermon he preached a few years ago, on St. John the Baptist's Day, in his own church. It was heard by an old man, a builder in Kilkhampton; and it made so deep an impression on his mind, that he was able to repeat to me the outline of its contents, and to give me whole passages.

His text was 1 Sam. iii. 4, "*Here am I!*"

"More than a thousand years ago St. Morwenna came from Wales, from Brecknockshire, where was her father's palace: she loved the things of God more than the things of men.

"And then the wild Atlantic rolled against these cliffs as now, and the gorse flamed over them as now, and the little brook dived through fern, and foamed over the rocks to join the sea, as now. And there were men and women where you dwell, as now; and there were little children on their knees, as now. But then there was no knowledge of God in the hearts of men, as there is now. There was no Church, as now; no Word of God preached, as now; no font where the water was sanctified by the brooding Spirit, as now; no altar where the bread of life was broken, as now. All lay in darkness and the shadow of death.

"And God looked upon the earth, and saw the blue sea lashing our rocks, and the gorse flaming on our hills, and the brook murmuring into the sea, and men and women and children lying in the shadow of death; and it grieved him. Then he called, 'Who will come and plant a church in that wild glen, and bring the light of life into this lone spot?' and Morwenna answered with brave heart and childlike simplicity, 'Here am I!'

"And Morwenna came. She built herself a cell at Chapel-piece, where now no heather or furze or thorn will grow, for her feet have consecrated it for evermore; and she got a gift of land; and she built a church, and dedicated it to God the

Trinity, and St. John the Baptizer, who preached in a wilderness such as this. And she gave the land forever to God and his Church; and wheresoever the gospel shall be preached, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.

"Now a holy bishop came; and he accepted, in the name of God, this gift of her hands, and he consecrated forever this church to God.

"Now look you! This house is God's. These pillars are God's. These windows are God's. That door is God's. Every stone and beam is God's. The grass in the churchyard, the heather-bell rooted in the tower, all are God's.

"And when the holy bishop dedicated all to God, and consecrated the ground to the very centre of the earth, then he set a priest here to minister in God's name, to bless, baptize, and break the holy bread, and fill the holy cup, in God's name.

"And God looked out over the earth, and he saw the building and the land Morwenna had given to him; and he said, 'Who will pasture my flock in this desert? Who will pour on them the sanctifying water? Who will distribute to them the bread of heaven? And the priest standing here made answer, 'Here am I!'

"And God said, 'Who will stand by my priest, and watch and ward my building and my land? Who will defend him against evil men? Who will guard my house from the spoiler? my land from those who would add field to field, till they can say, "We are alone in the earth"?' And an angel answered, 'Here am I!'

"And the angel came down to keep guard here, with flaming sword that turneth every way, to champion the priest of God, and to watch the sanctuary of God.

"More than one thousand years have rolled away since Morwenna gave this church to God; and since then never has there been a day in which, when God looked forth upon the earth, there has not been a priest standing at that altar, to say in answer to his call, 'Here am I!'

"A thousand years, and more, have swept away; and in all these ages there never has been a moment in which an angel,

leaning on his flashing sword, has not stood here as sentinel, to answer to God's call, when foes assail, and traitors give the Judas kiss, and feeble hearts fail, 'Here am I!'

"And now, my brethren, I stand here.

"Does God ask, 'Who is there to baptize the children, and bring them to me? Who is there to instruct the young in the paths of righteousness? Who is there to bless the young hands that clasp for life's journey? Who is there to speak the word of pardon over the penitent sinner who turns with broken and contrite heart to me? Who is there to give the bread of heaven to the wayfarers on life's desert? Who is there to stand by the sick man's bed, and hold the cross before his closing eyes? Who is there to lay him with words of hope in his long home?' Why, my brethren, I look up in the face of God, and I answer boldly, confidently, yet humbly and suppliantly, 'Here am I!'

"I, with all my infirmities of temper and mind and body; I, broken by old age, but with a spirit ever willing; I, troubled on every side, without with fightings, within with fears; I—I—strengthened, however, by the grace of God, and commissioned by his apostolic ministry.

"And am I alone? Not so. There are chariots and horses of fire about me. There are angels round us on every side.

"You do not see them. You ask me, 'Do you?'

"And I answer, Yes, I do.

"Am I weak? An angel stays me up. Do my hands falter? An angel sustains them. Am I weary to death with disappointment? My head rests on an angel's bosom, and an angel's arms encircle me.

"Who will raise his hand to tear down the house of God? Who will venture to rob God of his inheritance? An angel is at hand. He beareth not the sword in vain: he saith to the assailer, 'Here am I!'

"And believe me: the world may roll its course through centuries more; the ocean may fret our rocks, as he has fretted them through ages past; but as long as one stone stands upon another of Morwenna's church, so long will there be a priest to answer God's call, and say, 'Here am I!' and so long will there

be an angel to stay him up in his agony and weakness, saying, 'Here am I!' and to meet the spoiler, with his sword and challenge, 'Here am I!'"¹

¹ This sermon is only given approximately. Mr. Hawker always preached extempore. It is a restoration; and a restoration of fragments can never equal the original.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Vicar of Morwenstow as a Poet. — His Epigrams. — "The Carol of the Pruss." — "Down with the Church." — "The Quest of the Sangreal." — Editions of his Poems. — Ballads. — "The Song of the Western Men." — "The Cornish Mother's Lament." — "A Thought." — Churchyards.

WHEN the vicar of Morwenstow liked, he could fire off a pungent epigram. Many of these productions exist; but, as most of them apply to persons or events with whom or with which the general reader has no acquaintance, it is not necessary to quote them. Some also are too keenly sharpened to bear publication.

The Hon. Newton Fellowes¹ canvassed for North Devon, at the time when the surplice controversy was at its height, and went before the electors as the champion of Protestantism, and "no washing of the parson's shirt."

On the hustings he declared with great vehemence that he "would never, never, never, allow himself to be priest-ridden." Mr. Hawker heard him, and, tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote on it, —

"Thou ridden ne'er shalt be, by prophet or by priest:
Balaam is dead, and none but he would choose thee for his
beast!"

¹ Afterwards Lord Portsmouth.

And he slipped the paper into the hand of the excited and eloquent speaker.

He had a singular facility for writing off an epigram on the spur of the moment. In the midst of conversation he would pause, his hand go to the pencil that dangled from his button-hole, and on a scrap of paper, the fly-leaf of a book, or a margin of newspaper, a happy, brilliant epigram was written on some topic started in the course of conversation, and composed almost without his pausing in his talk.

Many of his sayings were epigrammatical. On an extremely self-conceited man leaving the room one day, after he had caused some amusement by his self-assertion, Mr. Hawker said, "Conceit is the compensation afforded by benignant Nature for mental deficiency."

His "Carol of the Pruss," Jan. 1, 1871, is better :—

"Hurrah for the boom of the thundering gun!

Hurrah for the words they say!

'Here's a merry Christmas for every one,

And a happy New Year's Day.'

Thus saith the king to the echoing ball:

'With the blessing of God we will slay them all!'

'Up!' saith the king, 'load, fire, and slay!'

'Tis a kindly signal given:

However happy on earth be they,

They'll be happier in heaven.

Tell them, as soon as their souls are free

They'll sing like birds on a Christmas-tree.

Down with them all! If they rise again,

They will munch our beef and bread:

War there must be with the living men ;
 There'll be peace when all are dead !
 This earth shall be our wide, wide home :
 Our foes shall have the world to come.

Starve, starve, them all, till through the skin
 You may count each hungry bone !
 Tap, tap their veins, till the blood runs thin,
 And their sinful flesh is gone !
 While life is strong in the German sky,
 What matters it who besides may die ?

No sigh so sweet as the cannon's breath,
 No music like to the gun !
 There's a merry Christmas to war and death,
 And a happy New Year to none.
 Thus saith the king to the echoing ball :
 ' With the blessing of God we will slay them all ! ' "

Sir R. Vyvyan and Sir C. Lemon were standing for East Cornwall in the Conservative and Church interest. The opposition party was that of the Dissenters ; and their cry was " Down with the Church ! " Thereupon Mr. Hawker wrote the lines —

" Shall the gray tower in ruin bow ?
 Must the babe die with nameless brow ?
 Or common hands in mockery fling
 The unblessed waters of the spring ?
 No ! while the Cornish voice can ring
 The Vyvyan cry, ' Our Church and King ! ' "

Shall the gray tower in ruin stand
 When the heart thrills within the hand,
 And beauty's lip to youth hath given
 The vow on earth that links for heaven ?

Shall no glad peal from church-tower gray
 Cheer the young maiden's homeward way?
 No! while the Cornish voice can ring,
 And Vyvyan cry, 'Our Church and King!'

Shall the gray tower in ruins spread?
 And must the furrow hold the dead
 Without the toll of passing knell,
 Without the stoléd priest to tell
 Of Christ the first-fruits of the dead,
 To wake our brother from his bed?¹
 No! while the Cornish voice can ring,
 And Vyvyan cry, 'Our Church and King!'

When the Irish Church was disestablished, the vicar was highly incensed, and at the election of 1873 voted for the Conservative candidate instead of holding fast in his allegiance to the Liberal. But when the Public Worship Bill was taken up by Mr. Disraeli, and carried through Parliament by the conservative government, his faith in the Tory prime minister failed as wholly as it had in the leader of the Liberal party; and he wrote the following bitter epigram on the two prime ministers:—

"An English boy was born, a Jew, and then
 On the eighth day received the name of Ben.
 Another boy was born, baptized, but still
 In common parlance called the People's Will!
 Both lived impenitent, and so they died;
 And between both the Church was crucified.
 Which bore the brand, I pray thee tell me true,—
 The wavering Christian, or the doubtful Jew?"

¹ Four lines in the last verse I have supplied, as the copy sent me was imperfect.

There is another epigram attributed to him, but whether rightly or not I am not in a position to state :—

“ Doctor Hopwood,* the vicar of Calstock,* is dead;
But, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is said.
Let this maxim be strictly regarded, and then
Doctor Hopwood will never be heard of again !”

The following is the solitary piece in which the influence of the tender passion seems manifest. It was written in 1864.

“ The eyes that melt, the eyes that burn,
The lips that make a lover yearn, —
These flashed on my bewildered sight
Like meteors of the northern night.

Then said I, in my wild amaze,
‘ What stars be they that greet my gaze ?’
Where shall my shivering rudder turn ?
To eyes that melt, or eyes that burn ?

Ah ! safer far the darkling sea
Than where such perilous signals be :
To rock and storm and whirlwind turn
From eyes that melt, and eyes that burn.”

A lady was very pressing that he should write something in her album, — she thought his poems so charming, his ballads so delicious, his epigrams so delightful, &c. Mr. Hawker was impatient at this poor flattery, and, taking up her album, wrote in it :—

A best superfine coat	5	5	0
A pair of kerseymere small-clothes	2	14	0
A waiscoat with silk buttons	1	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£	9	9 0

Mr. Hawker was a poet of no mean order. His "Quest of the Sangreal," which is his most ambitious composition, is a poem of great power, and contains passages of rare beauty. It is unfortunate that he should have traversed the same ground as the Poet Laureate. The "Holy Grail" of the latter has eclipsed the "Quest" of the vicar of Morwenstow. But, if the two poems be regarded without previous knowledge of the name of their composers, I am not sure that some judges would not prefer the masterpiece of the Cornish poet to a piece in which Mr. Tennyson scarcely rises to his true level. In his "Quest of the Sangreal" alone does the vicar of Morwenstow show his real power. His ballads are charming: but a ballad is never, and can never be, a poem of a high order; it is essentially a popular piece of verse, without any depth of thought, pleasing by its swing and spirit, but not otherwise a work of art or genius. Mr. Hawker was too fond of the ballad. His first successes had been won in that line, and he adhered to it till late. A few sonnets rise to the level of sonnets, also never a very exalted one. His "Legend of St. Cecily" and "St. Thekla," somewhat larger poems, are pleasing; but there is nothing in them which gives token of there lying in the breast of the Cornish vicar a deep vein of the purest poetical ore. That was only revealed by the publication of "The Quest of the Sangreal," which rose above the smaller fry of ballads and sonnets as an eagle above the songsters of the grove.

And yet this poem, belonging to the first order as I am disposed to regard it, is disappointing, — there

is not enough of it. The poem is charged with ideas, crowded with conceptions full of beauty; but it is a torso, not a complete statue.

The subject of the poem is the Sangreal,¹ the true blood of Christ, gathered by Joseph of Arimathea in a golden goblet from the side of the Saviour as he hung on the cross. This precious treasure he conveyed to Britain, and settled with it at Avalon, or Glastonbury. There it remained till

“ Evil days came on,
And evil men : the garbage of their sin
Tainted this land, and all things holy fled.
The Sangreal was not. On a summer eve
The silence of the sky brake up in sound;
The tree of Joseph glowed with ruddy light;
A harmless fire curved like a molten vase
Around the bush ” —

and all was gone.

After the lapse of centuries King Arthur sends his knights in quest of the miraculous vessel. There is a long account given by Arthur of its history, then of the drawing of the lots by his knights to decide the directions in which they are to ride in quest of it, then of the knights departing, and a description of the blazon and mottoes on their shields; and then,

¹ There is considerable doubt as to the origin of the name Sangraal, Sangrail, or Sangreal. It has been variously derived from Sang-réal, True Blood, and from Sanc-Grazal, the Provencal for Holy Cup. The latter is the most probable derivation.

The Holy Grail was an element of Keltic mythology, along with the sacred lance, the sun-ray; the Grail being the caldron of Ceridwen, the vessel or womb of nature. The old Keltic myth was Christianized by a British hermit in 720, who wrote on it a history called the Gradal, as Helinardus tells us, A.D. 1220. See my *Myths of the Middle Ages*, 2d series.

—after some four hundred lines has led us to the beginning of the Quest, and we expect the adventures of Sir Percival, Sir Tristan, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Galahad, — it all ends in a vision unrolled before the eyes of King Arthur, of the fate of Britain, in about eighty lines.

We are disappointed; for Sir Thomas Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*" supplies abundant material for a long and glorious poem on the achievements of the four knights.

The Poet Laureate's "*Holy Grail*" did not appear till 1870, or we might suppose that the Cornish poet shrank from treading on the same ground. When we turn over Sir Thomas Malory's pages, it is with a feeling of bitter regret that we have not his story glorified by Mr. Hawker's poetry. The finding of the Grail by Sir Galahad, his coronation as king of Sarras, and his death, were subjects he could have rendered to perfection.

The name of the poem is a misnomer. There is no quest, only a starting on the quest.

But, in spite of this conspicuous fault, "*The Quest of the Sangreal*" is a great poem, containing passages of rare beauty." Of Joseph of Arimathea Mr. Hawker says :—

"He dwelt in Orient Syria, God's own land,
The ladder-foot of heaven; where shadowy shapes
In white apparel glided up and down.
His home was like a garner full of corn
And wine and oil, — a granary of God.
Young men, that no one knew, went in and out
With a far look in their eternal eyes.

All things were strange and rare : the Sangreal,
As though it clung to some ethereal chain,
Brought down high heaven to earth at Arimathée."

The idea of the poet, —

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed," —

in reference to the miracle at Cana, occurs with a change in Mr Hawker's verses, with reference to the Last Supper, —

"The selfsame cup, wherein the faithful wine
Heard God, and was obedient unto blood."

After the loss of the Holy Grail, —

"The land is lonely now : Anathema.
The link that bound it to the silent grasp
Of thrilling worlds is gathered up and gone :
The glory is departed, and the disk
So full of radiance from the touch of God.
This orb is darkened to the distant watch
Of Saturn and his reapers when they pause,
Amid their sheaves, to count the nightly stars."

The Eastward craving of Mr. Hawker, the point to which his heart and instincts turned, find expression in this poem repeatedly : —

"Eastward ! the source and spring of life and light.
Thence came, and thither went, the rush of worlds
When the great cone of space was sown with stars.
There rolled the gateway of the double dawn
When the mere God shone down a breathing man.
There, up from Bethany, the Syrian twelve
Watched their dear Master darken into day.

.

Sir Galahad holds the Orient arrow's name,
His chosen hand unbars the gate of day.
There glows that Heart, filled with his mother's blood,
That rules in every pulse the world of man,
Link of the awful Three, with many a star.
O blessed East! 'mid visions such as thine,
'Twere well to grasp the Sangreal, and die."

In one passage Mr. Hawker seems to be speaking the feeling of loneliness that he ever felt in his own heart: he was, as he says in one of his letters, "the ever-alone."

"Ha! sirs, ye seek a noble crest to-day, —
To win and wear the starry Sangreal,
The link that binds to God a lonely land.
Would that my arm went with you like my heart!
But the true shepherd must not shun the fold;
For in this flock are crouching grievous wolves,
And chief among them all my own false kin.
Therefore I tarry by the cruel sea
To hear at eve the treacherous mermaid's song,
And watch the wallowing monsters of the wave,
'Mid all things fierce and wild and strange, — *alone!*
Ay! all beside can win companionship:
'The churl may clip his mate beneath the thatch,
While his brown urchins nestle at his knees;
The soldier gives and grasps a mutual palm,
Knit to his flesh in sinewy bonds of war;
The knight may seek at eve his castle-gate,
Mount the old stair, and lift the accustomed latch,
To find, for throbbing brow and weary limb,
That paradise of pillows, one true breast.
But he, the lofty ruler of the land,
Like yonder Tor, first greeted by the dawn,
And wooed the latest by the lingering day,
With happy homes and hearths beneath his breast,
Must soar and gleam in solitary snow:
The lonely one is evermore the king!"

The following beautiful verses, of very high order of poetical merit, have never been published :—

A THOUGHT.

[Aug. 30, 1866. Suggested by Gen. xviii. 1-3.]

A fair and stately scene of roof and walls
Touched by the ruddy sunsets of the West,
Where, meek and molten, eve's soft radiance falls
Like golden feathers in the ringdove's nest.

Yonder the bounding sea, that couch of God!
A wavy wilderness of sand between;
Such pavement, in the Syrian deserts, trod
Bright forms, in girded albs, of heavenly mien.

Such saw the patriarch in his noonday tent:
Three severed shapes that glided in the sun,
Till, lo! they cling, and, interfused and blent,
A lovely semblance gleams, the three in one!¹

Be such the scenery of this peaceful ground,
This leafy tent amid the wilderness;
Fair skies above, the breath of angels round,
And God the Trinity to beam and bless!

This poem was sent to an intimate friend with this letter :—

DEAR MRS. M——, — I record the foregoing thought for you, because it literally occurred to me as I looked from the windows of your house, across the sand towards the sea. Forgive the lines for the sake of their sincerity, &c. . . .

¹ Cf. Philo, "On Abraham," xxiv.: "The soul is shone upon by God as if at noonday . . . and being wholly surrounded with this brightness it perceives a threefold image of one subject, one image of the Living God, and others of the other two, as if they were shadows irradiated by it. . . . The one in the middle is the Father of the Universe, I Am that I Am; and the beings on each side are those most ancient Powers which are ever close to the Living God, the Creative Power and the Royal Power." This is on Gen. xviii. 1-3. Did Mr. Hawker know the passage?

He wrote a poem of singular beauty on the auroral display of the night of Nov. 10, 1870, which was privately printed. In it he gave expression to the fancy, not original, but borrowed from Origen, or from North American Indian mythology, that the under-world of spirits is within this globe, and the door is at the North Pole, and the flashing of the lights is caused by the opening of the door to receive the dead. The following passage from his pen refers to the same idea :—

CHURCHYARDS.—The north side is included in the same consecration with the rest of the ground. All within the boundary, and the boundary itself, is alike hallowed in sacred and secular law. It is because of the doctrine of the Regions, which has descended unbrokenly in the Church, that an evil repute rests on the northern parts. The east, from whence the Son of Man came, and who will come again from the Orient to judgment, was, and is, his own especial realm. The dead lie with their feet and faces turned eastwardly, ready to stand up before the approaching Judge. The west was called the Galilee, the region of the people. The south, the home of the noonday, was the typical domain of heavenly things. But the north, the ill-omened north, was the peculiar haunt of evil spirits and the dark powers of the air. Satan's door stood in the north wall, opposite the font, and was duly opened at the exorcism in baptism for the egress of the fiend. When our Lord lay in the sepulchre, it was with feet towards the east, so that his right hand gave benediction to the south, and his left hand reproached and repelled the north. When the evil spirits were cast out by the voice of Messiah, they fled, evermore, northward. The god of the north was Baalzephon. They say that at the North Pole there stands the awful gate, which none may approach and live, and which leads to the central depths of penal life.

R. S. H.

MORWENSTOW.

and the perishable. The material Church is a type of the catholic Church, not the type of a sect."

In many ways Mr. Hawker was before his time, as in other ways he was centuries behind it.

He was the first to institute ruridecanal synods ; and, when he was Rural Dean in 1844, he issued the following citation to all the clergy of the deanery of Trigg-Major :—

In obedience to the desire of many of the clergy, and with the full sanction of our Right Reverend Father in God, the lord bishop of this diocese, I propose, in these anxious days of the ecclesiate, to restore the ancient usage of rural synods in the deanery of Trigg-Major. I accordingly convene you to appear, in your surplice, in my church of Morwenstow on the fifth day of March next ensuing, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, then and there, after divine service, to deliberate with your brethren in chapter assembled. I remain, reverend sir, your faithful servant,

R. S. HAWKER,

The Rural Dean.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

Accordingly on March 5, the clergy assembled in the vicarage, and walked in procession thence to the church in their surplices. The church was filled with the laity ; the clergy were seated in the chancel. The altar was adorned with flowers and lighted candles. After service the laity withdrew, and the doors of the church were closed. The clergy then assembled in the nave, and the rural dean read them an elaborate and able statement of the case of rural chapters, after which they proceeded to business. His paper on Rural Synods was afterwards published by Edwards & Hughes, Ave Maria Lane, 1844.

It is remarkable that synods, which are now being

here and there revived in a spasmodic manner, meeting sometimes in vestries, sometimes in dining-rooms, were first restored after the desuetude of three centuries, in the church of Morwenstow, and with so much gravity and dignity, thirty-one years ago.

The importance of the weekly offertory is another thing now recognized. The Church seems to be preparing herself against possible disestablishment and disendowment, by reviving her organic life in synods, and by impressing on her people the necessity of giving towards the support of the services and the ministry. But the weekly offertory is quite a novelty in most places still. Almost the first incumbent in England to establish it was the vicar of Morwenstow, before 1843.

He entered into controversy on the subject of the offertory with Mr Walter of "The Times."

When the Poor Law Amendment Bill passed in 1834, and was amended in 1836 and 1838, it was thought by many that the need for an offertory in church was done away with, and that the giving of alms to the poor was an interference with the working of the Poor Law.

Mr. Hawker published a statement of what he did in his parish, in "The English Churchman," in 1844. Mr. Walter made this statement the basis of an attack on the system, and especially on Mr. Hawker, in a letter to "The Times."

Mr. Hawker replied to this :—

SIR, — I regret to discover that you have permitted yourself to invade the tranquillity of my parish, and to endeavor to interrupt the harmony between myself and my parishioners, in a let-

ter which I have just read in a recent number of "The Times. You have done so by a garbled copy of a statement which appeared in "The English Churchman," of the reception and disposal of the offertory alms in the parish church of Morwenstow.

I say "garbled" because, while you have adduced just so much of the document as suited your purpose, you have suppressed such parts of it as might have tended to alleviate the hostility which many persons entertain to this part of the service of the Church.

With reference to our choice, as the recipients of church money, of laborers whose "wages are seven shillings a week," and "who have a wife and four children to maintain thereon," you say, "Here is an excuse for the employer to give deficient wages!"

In reply to this, I beg to inform you that the wages in this neighborhood never fluctuate: they have continued at this fixed amount during the ten years of my incumbency. . . . Your argument, as applied to my parishioners, is this: Because they have scanty wages in that country, therefore they should have no alms; because these laborers of Morwenstow are restricted by the law from any relief from the rate, therefore they shall have no charity from the church; because they have little, therefore they shall have no more. You insinuate that I, a Christian minister, think eight shillings a week sufficient for six persons during a winter's week, as though I were desirous to limit the resources of my poor parishioners to that sum. May God forgive you your miserable supposition! I have all my life sincerely, and not to serve any party purpose, been an advocate of the cause of the poor. I, for many long years, have honestly, and not to promote political ends, denounced the unholy and cruel enactments of the New Poor Law. . . .

Let me now proceed to correct some transcendent misconceptions of yourself and others as to the nature and intent of the offertory in church. The ancient and modern division of all religious life was, and is, threefold, — into devotion, self-denial, and alms. No sacred practice, no Christian service, was or is complete without the union of these three. They were all alike and equally enjoined by the Saviour of man. The collection

of alms was therefore incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. But it was never held to be established among the services of the Church for the benefit of the poor alone: it was to enable the rich to enjoy the blessedness of almsgiving for their Redeemer's sake: it was to afford to every giver fixed and solemn opportunity to fulfil the remembrance, that whatsoever they did to the poor they did unto Him, and that the least of such their kindness would not be forgotten at the last day. "Let us wash," they said, "our Saviour's feet by alms." . . . But this practice of alms, whereunto the heavenly Head of the Church annexed a specific reward, — this necessity, we are told, is become obsolete. A Christian duty become, by desuetude, obsolete! As well might a man infer that any other religious excellence ceased to be obligatory because it had been disused. The virtue of humility, for example, which has been so long in abeyance among certain of the laity, shall no longer, therefore, be a Christian grace! The blessing on the meek shall cease in 1844! . . . Voluntary kindness and alms have been rendered unnecessary by the compulsory payments enacted by the New Poor Law! As though the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew had been repealed by Sir James Graham! As if one of the three conditions of our Christian covenant was to expire during the administration of Sir Robert Peel! . . .

And now, sir, I conclude with one or two parting admonitions to yourself. You are, I am told, an elderly man, fast approaching the end of all things, and, ere many years have passed, about to stand a separated soul among the awful mysteries of the spiritual world. I counsel you to beware, lest the remembrance of these attempts to diminish the pence of the poor, and to impede the charitable duties of the rich, should assuage your happiness in that abode where the strifes and the triumphs of controversy are unknown, "Because thou hast done this thing, and because thou hadst no pity." And lastly, I advise you not again to assail our rural parishes with such publications, to harass and unsettle the minds of our faithful people. We, the Cornish clergy, are a humble and undistinguished race; but we are apt, when unjustly assailed, to defend ourselves in straightforward language, and to utter plain admonitions, such

as, on this occasion, I have thought it my duty to address to yourself; and I remain your obedient servant,

R. S. HAWKER.

Nov. 27, 1844.

Now there is scarcely a church in England in which a harvest thanksgiving service is not held. But probably the first to institute such a festival in the Anglican Church was the vicar of Morwenstow in 1843.

In that year he issued a notice to his parishioners to draw their attention to the duty of thanking God for the harvest, and of announcing that he would set apart a Sunday for such a purpose.

TO THE PARISHIONERS OF MORWENSTOW.

When the sacred Psalmist inquired what he should render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He had done unto him, he made answer to himself, and said, "I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Brethren, God has been very merciful to us this year also. He hath filled our garners with increase, and satisfied our poor with bread. He opened his hand, and filled all things living with plenteousness. Let us offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving among such as keep Holy Day. Let us gather together in the chancel of our church on the first Sunday of the next month, and there receive, in the bread of the new corn,¹ that blessed sacrament which was ordained to strengthen and refresh our souls. As it is written, "He rained down manna also upon them for to eat, and gave them food from heaven." And again, "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red." Furthermore, let us remember, that, as a multitude of grains of wheat are mingled into one loaf, so we, being many, are intended to be joined together into one, in that holy sacrament of the Church of Jesus

¹ On Oct. 1, Lammas Day, the eucharistic bread was anciently made of the new corn of the recent harvest. This custom Mr. Hawker revived.

Christ. Brethren, on the first morning of October call to mind the word, that, wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together. "Let the people praise thee, O God, yea, let all the people praise thee! Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."

THE VICAR.

THE VICARAGE, MORWENSTOW, Sept. 13, 1843.

At much expense to himself he built and maintained a school in a central position in the parish. He called it St. Mark's School. It stands on a very exposed spot, and the site can hardly be considered as judiciously chosen. It is unnecessary here, it could hardly prove interesting, to quote numberless letters which I have before me, recounting his struggles to keep this school open, and obtain an efficient master for it. It was a great tax on his means, lightened, however, by the donations and subscriptions of land-owners in the parish and personal friends towards the close of his life.

But in 1857 he wrote a letter to a friend, who has sent the letter to "The Rock," from which I extract it.

"It is said that Mr. Hawker is a very 'eccentric' man. Now, I know not in what sense they may have intended the phrase, nor, in fact, what they wish to insinuate; so that I can hardly reply. If they mean to convey the ordinary force of the term, namely, a person out of the common, I am again at a loss. I wear a cassock, instead of a broadcloth coat, which is, I know, eccentric; but then, I have paid my parish-school expenses for many years out of the difference between the usual clergyman's tailor's bill and my own cost in apparel; so that I do not, as they may have meant, feel ashamed or blush at such eccentricity. My mode of life, again, does differ from that of most

of my clerical neighbors ; for while they belong, some to one party in the Church and some to another, I have always lived aloof from them all, whether High or Low. And although there exist clerical clubs of both extremes in this deanery, and I have been invited to join by each, I never yet was present at a club meeting, dinner, or a local synod. The time would fail me to recount the many modes and manners wherein I do differ from usual men. Be it enough that I am neither ashamed nor sorry for any domestic or parochial habit of life."

In 1845 he issued the following curious notice in reference to his daily prayer and his school :—

TAKE NOTICE.

The vicar will say divine service henceforward every morning at ten, and every evening at four. "Praised be the Lord *daily*, even the God that helpeth us, and poureth his benefits upon us" (Ps. lxxviii. 19).

The vicar will attend at St Mark's schoolroom every Friday at three o'clock, to catechise the scholars, and at the Sunday school at the usual hour. He will not from henceforth show the same kindness to those who keep back their children from school as he will to those who send them. "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk" (Exod. xxiii. 19).

Mr. Hawker was a High Churchman, but one of an original type, wholly distinct from the Tractarian of the first period, and the Ritualist of the second period, of the Catholic revival in the English Church. He never associated himself with any party. He did not read the controversial literature of his day, or interest himself in the persons of the ecclesiastical movement in the Anglican communion.

In November, 1861, he wrote :—

“Dr. Bloxham was an ancient friend of mine (at Oxford). One of a large body of good and learned men, all now gone, and he only left. How I recollect their faces and words! Newman, Pusey, Ward, Marriott—they used to be all in the common room every evening, discussing, talking, reading. I remember the one to whom I did not take was Dr. Pusey. He never seemed simple in thought or speech; obscure and involved. He was the last in all that set—as I now look back and think—to have followers called by his name.”

Mr. Hawker turned his eyes far more towards the Eastern Church than towards Rome. His mind was fired by Mr. Collins-Trelawney's “Peranzabuloe, or the Lost Church Found,” the fourth edition of which appeared in 1839. It was an account of the ancient British chapel and cell of St. Piran, which had been swallowed up by the sands, but which was exhumed, and the bones of the saint, some ancient crosses, and early rude sculpture found. The author of the book drew a picture of the ancient British Church independent of Rome, having its own local peculiarities with regard to the observance of Easter, and the tonsure, &c., and argued that this church, which held aloof from St. Augustine, was of Oriental origin. He misunderstood the paschal question altogether, and his argument on that head falls to the ground when examined by the light which can be brought to bear on it from Irish sources. The ancient British, Scottish, and Irish churches did not follow the Oriental rule with regard to the observance of Easter; but their calendar had got out of gear, and they objected to its revision.

trine, a beautiful instrument whose strings are in discord ; a chime

“Of sweet bells jangled, out of tune.”

But he is provided with the Conciliator, with One whose note is so clear and true that he can raise the pitch of all his strings by that, and thus restore the lost music of the world.

Lutheran and Calvinistic teaching, however, are the reverse of this. According to the language of the “Formulary of Concord,” man by the Fall has lost every element of good, even the smallest capacity and aptitude and power in spiritual things ; he has lost the faculty of knowing God, and the will to do any thing that is good ; he can no more lead a good life than a stock or a stone ; every thing good in him is utterly obliterated. There is also a positive ingredient of sin infused into the veins of every man. Sin is, according to Luther, of the essence of man. Original sin is not, as the Church teaches, the loss of supernatural grace co-ordinating man’s faculties, and their consequent disorder : it is something born of the father and mother. The clay of which we are formed is damnable ; the foetus in the mother’s womb is sin ; man, with his whole nature and essence, is not only a sinner, but sin. Such are the expressions of Luther, indorsed by Carlstadt. Man, according to Catholic theology, still bears in him the image of God, but blurred. According to Melancthon, this image is wholly obliterated by an “intimate, most evil, most profound, inscrutable, ineffable corruption of our whole nature.” Calvin clinches the matter

by observing that from man's corrupted nature comes only what is damnable. "Man," says he, "has been so banished from the kingdom of God, that all in him that bears reference to the blessed life of the soul is extinct."¹ And if men have glimpses of better things, it is only that God may take from them every excuse when he damns them.²

Mr. Hawker by no means adopted the Catholic view of the Fall: the Protestant doctrine of the utter corruption and ruin of man's nature had been so deeply driven into his mind by his grandfather, that it never wholly worked itself out, and he never attained to the healthier view of human nature as a compound of good elements temporarily thrown in disarray.

This view of his appears in papers which are under my eye, as I write, and in his ballad for a cottage-wall, on Baptism.

"Ah! woe is me! for I have no grace
Nor goodness as I ought:
I never shall go to the happy place,
And 'tis all my parents' fault."

His teaching on the Eucharist he embodied in a ballad entitled "Ephphatha." An old blind man sits in a hall at Morwenstow, that of Tonacombe probably.

"He asks, and bread of wheat they bring;
He thirsts for water from the spring
Which flowed of old, and still flows on,
With name and memory of St. John."

¹ Institutes, lib. ii. c. 2, sect. 12.

² Ibid, sect. 18.

"So was it understood, so is it explained, by apostolic words. Thus said St. Paul, 'The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion, — the common reception, that is, — the communication to faithful lips of the blood of Christ?'

"So we say in our Catechism, that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received. We confess that our souls are strengthened and refreshed in the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ: we call the bread and wine in our service heavenly food. We acknowledge that we spiritually eat the flesh of Christ, and drink his blood. We declare that in that sacrament we join him, and he us, as drops of water that mingle in the sea, and that we are, in that awful hour, very members incorporate in the mystical body of the Son of God, — words well-nigh too deep to apprehend or to explain."

Mr. Hawker, holding, as has been shown, that mediation was distinct from intercession, admitted that the dead in Christ could pray for their brethren struggling in the warfare of life, as really and more effectually than they could when living. If the souls under the altar seen by St. John could cry out for vengeance on those upon earth, surely they could also ask for mercy to be shown them.

He thought that all the baptized had six sponsors, the three on earth and three in heaven. Those in heaven were the guardian angel of the child, the saint whose name the child bore, and the saint to whom the church was dedicated in which the baptism took place; and that, as it was the duty of earthly sponsors to look after and pray for their godchildren, so it was the privilege and pleasure of their heavenly patrons to watch and intercede for their welfare.

He did not see why Christians should not ask the

prayers of those in bliss, as well as the prayers of those in contest; and he contended that this was a very different matter from Romish invocation of saints, that invested the blessed ones with all but divine attributes, and which he utterly repudiated. He quoted Latimer, Bishop Montague, Thorndike, Bishop Forbes, in the seventeenth century; and Dean Field, and Morton, Bishop of Durham, &c., — as holding precisely the same view as himself.

Of course his doctrines to some seem to be perilously high. But in the English Church there are various shades of dogmatism, and the faintest tinge to one whose views are colorless is a great advance. The slug at the bottom of the cabbage-stalk thinks the slug an inch up the stalk very high, and the slug on the stalk regards the slug on the leaf as perilously advanced, whilst the slug on the leaf considers the snail on the leaf-end as occupying an equivocal position.

Catholicism and Popery have really nothing necessarily in common. The first is a system of belief founded on the Incarnation, the advantages of which it applies to man through a sacramental system; while the latter is a system of ecclesiastical organization, which has only accidentally been linked with Catholicism, but which is equally at home in the steppes of Tartary with Buddhism.

Popery is a centralization in matter of church government: it is autocracy. A man may be theoretically an Ultramontane without being even a Christian, for he may believe in a despotism. And a man may be a Catholic in all his views, without having

my testimony, viz., *a*, his desire to be buried by me beneath the shadow of his own beloved church, 'That gray fane, the beacon of the Eternal Land;' and, *b*, his constant allusions to the Roman Catholics as 'Romish Dissenters.'"

But Mr. Hawker was neither a theologian, nor careful in the expression of his opinions. He spoke as he thought at the moment, and he thought as the impulse swayed him. Many of his most intimate friends, who met him constantly during the last years of his life, and to whom he opened his heart most fully, are firm in their conviction that he was a sincere member of the Church of England, believing thoroughly in her divine mission and authority. But it is quite possible, that, in moments of excitement and disappointment, to others he may have expressed himself otherwise. He was the creature of impulse; and his mind was never very evenly balanced, nor did his judgment always reign paramount over his fancies.

Mr. Valentine writes in another letter to me:—

"I have only one sermon to send you, but to *me* it is a deeply interesting one, as it was delivered more than once just over the spot where he told me so often to lay him; and I feel assured that whenever he preached it, his thoughts would wander onward to that coming day when he himself, as he contemplated, would form one of that last and vast assemblage which will be gathered in Morwenstow churchyard and church. Ever since I knew dear old Hawker, and for years before, he preached *extempore*. His habit was to take a prayer-book into the pulpit, and expound the gospel for the day. He would read a verse or two, and then with a common lead-pencil, which was ever suspended by a string from one of his coat-buttons, mark his resting-point. Having expounded the passage, he would read further, mark again, and expound. His clear, full voice was most mellifluous; and his language, whilst plain and homely,

was highly poetical, and quite enchanting to listen to. He riveted one's whole attention. His pulpit MSS. are very rare, because, just before taking to extempore preaching, 'baskets-full' of his sermons were destroyed under the following circumstances, as he used to relate it to me: A celebrated firm of seedsmen advertised something remarkable in the way of carrots; and Mr. Hawker, who had long made this root his especial study, sent for some seed. He was recommended to sow it with some of the best ashes he could procure, and therefore brought out all his sermons one morning on to the vicarage-lawn, set fire to the pile, and carefully collected the precious remains. The crop was an utter failure; but the cause thereof, on reflection, was most palpable. He remembered that a few of old Dr. Hawker's sermons were lying amongst his own; and the conclusion forced upon him was, that his grandfather's heterodoxy had lost him his crop of carrots."

He refers to this destruction in another letter to Mr. Carnsew:—

DEC. 6, 1857. *My dear Sir,*—To-morrow I send for my last load of materials for building, the close of a long run of outlay extending through nearly thirty years. Bude, Whitstone, Trebarrow, Morwenstow, have been the scenes of my architecture. Old Mr. Dan King once said to me, as he looked down on my house, 'Ha! fools build houses, and wise men inhabit them.'—'Just so,' said I, unwilling to be outdone even in candor,—'just so: as wise men make proverbs, and fools quote them?' And then we both grunted. Anderson writes that he has bought a cottage of yours. I am glad of it for his wife's sake. I wrote to him offering a young pig of mine, and twelve MS. sermons, for a young boar of the same age; and, do you know, he has taken me at my word. So I am to send him my MSS., and to fetch the boar. Did I ever tell you that I once dressed a drill of turnips for experiment with sermon-ashes (I had been burning a large lot), and it was a complete failure? Barren, all barren, like most modern discourses; not even posthumous energy.

The sermon that is spoken of by Mr. Valentine was on the general resurrection, and was preached at the "Revel," Midsummer Day.

One of his sermons which is remembered to this day was on the text, Gen. xxii. 5: "Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you."

He pointed out in this sermon, how that in Morwenstow and many other villages, the church is situated at some distance from the congregation. At Okehampton the church is on a hill, and the town lies below it in the valley. At Brent-tor it is planted on the apex of a volcanic cone, rising out of a high table-land; and the cottages of which it is the parish church lie in combes far away, skirting the moor. At Morwenstow it stands above the sea, without a house near it save the vicarage and one little farm. This, said he, was no bit of management, but was done purposely, that those who went up to Jerusalem to worship might have time to compose their thoughts, and frame their souls aright for the holy services in which they were about to engage.

Is it a trouble to go so far? Does it cost many paces? Yea! but an angel counts the paces that lead to the house of God, and records them all in heaven.

"Abide ye here with the ass," away from the hill of the Lord, from the place of sacrifice; tarry, dumb ass and hireling, whilst the son goes on under the guidance of his father. The poor hireling, not one of the family; the unbaptized, no son; and the coarse, brutal nature, the ass, — they stay away: they have

no inclination, no call, to go up to the house of God. "Abide ye here with the ass ; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

Another remembered sermon was on the text, Matt. x. 2-4 : "Now, the names of the twelve apostles are these : the first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother ; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother ; Philip, and Bartholomew ; Thomas, and Matthew the publican ; James the son of Alphæus, and Lebbæus, whose surname was Thaddæus ; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him."

On this he preached a magnificent discourse on the Church built on the co-equal twelve, but leaning on its great Corner-Stone, Christ.

ready to be dissolved, I doubt not, and to be with Christ I am equally satisfied. He, already, I trust, prays for us all effectually."

There was ever a sad undertone in Mr. Hawker's character. He felt his isolation in mind from all around him. His best companions were the waves and clouds. He lived "the ever alone," as he calls himself in one of his letters, solitary in the Morwenstow ark, with only the sound of waters about him. "The Lord shut him in."

With all his brightness and vivacity, there was constantly "cropping up" a sad and serious vein, which showed itself sometimes in a curious fashion. "This is as life seems to you," he would say, as he bade his visitor look at the prospect through a pane of ruby-tinted glass, "all glowing and hopeful. And this is as I see it," he would add, turning to a pane of yellow, "gray and wintry and faded. But keep your ruby days as long as you can."

He wrote on Jan. 2, 1868:—

"Wheresoever you may be, this letter will follow you, and with it our best and most earnest prayers for your increased welfare of earthly and heavenly hopes in this and many succeeding new years. How solemn a thing it is to stand before the gate of another year, and ask the oracles what will this ensuing cluster of the months unfold! But, if we knew, perhaps it would make life what a Pagan Greek called it, 'a shuddering thing.' We have had, through the approach to us of the Gulf Stream, with its atmospheric arch of warm and rarefied air, a sad succession of cyclones, or, as our homely phrase renders it, 'shattering sou'westers,' reminding us of what was said to be the Cornish wreckers' toast in bygone days, —

'A billowy sea and a shattering wind,
The cliffs before, and the gale behind,'—

But, thank God, no wrecks yet on our iron shore."

The following letter was written to Mrs. Mills, daughter of Sir Thomas D. Acland, on the death of her father; a letter which will touch the hearts of many a "West Country man" who has loved his honored name.

MORWENSTOW, July 27, 1861. *My dear Mrs. Mills,*— The knowledge of your great anguish at Killerton has only just reached us. How deeply we feel it, I need not tell: although long looked for, it smote me like a sudden blow. Yet we must not mourn "for him, but for ourselves and our children." "It shall come to pass, at eventide there shall be light." The good and faithful servant had borne the burden and the heat of the day; and at set of sun he laid him down, and slept. My heart and my eyes are too full to write. May his God and our God bless and sustain yours and you! My poor dear wife, who is ill, offers you her faithful love; and I shall pray this night for him who is gone before, and for those who tarry yet a little while. I am, dear Mrs. Mills, yours faithfully and affectionately,

R. S. HAWKER.

During his wife's blindness, and the gentle fading away of a well-spent, God-fearing life, nothing could be more unremitting than the attention of Mr. Hawker. He read to her a great part of the day, brought her all the news of the neighborhood, strove in every way to make up to her for the deprivation of her sight.

He had a ten-guinea subscription to Mudie's Library, and whole boxes of novels arrived at the vicarage: these he diligently read to her as she sat, her arm-chair wheeled to the window out of which she could no more see, or by the fireside where the logs flickered.

But though he read with his lips, and followed with

his eyes, his eager mind was far away in that wondrous dreamland where his mental life was spent. After he had diligently read through the three volumes of some popular novel, he was found to be ignorant of the plot, to know nothing of the characters, and to have no conception even of the names of hero and heroine. These stories interested him in no way: they related to a world of which he knew little, and cared less. Whilst he read, his mind was following some mystic weaving of a dance, in the air, of gulls and swallows; tracing parables in the flowers that dotted his sward; or musing over some text of Holy Scripture. To be on the face of his cliff, to sit hour by hour in his little hut of wreck-wood, with the boiling Atlantic before him, sunk in dream or meditation, was his delight. Or, kneeling in his gloomy chancel, poring over the sacred page, meditating, he would go off into strange trances, and see sights: Morwenna, gleaming before him with pale face, exquisitely beautiful, and golden hair, and deep blue eyes, telling him where she lay, drawing him on to chivalrous love, like Aslauga in Fouqué's exquisite tale. Or, he saw angels ascending and descending in his dark chancel, and heard "a noise of hymns."

"A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail.
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.'

We have seen hitherto the sparkling merriment of his life; but this was the flashing of the surface of a character that rolled on its mysterious, unfathomable way.

To him the spiritual world was intensely real: he had in him the makings of a mystic. The outward world, the carnal flesh, he looked upon with contempt, with almost the disgust of a Manichæan. The spiritual life was the real life: the earthly career was a passing, troubled dream, that teased the soul, and broke its contemplations. The true aim of man was to disentangle his soul from the sordid cares of earth, and to raise it on the wings of meditation and prayer to union with God. Consequently the true self is the spiritual man: this none but the spiritual man can understand. The vicar accommodated himself to ordinary society, but he did not belong to it. His spirit hovered high above in the thin, clear air, whilst his body and earthly mind laughed, and joked, and labored, and sorrowed below. Trouble was the anguish of the soul recalling its prerogative. The fits of depression which came on him were the moments when the soul was asserting its true power, pining as the captive for its home and proper freedom.

It will be seen that nothing but his intense grasp of the doctrine of the Incarnation saved him from drifting into the wildest vagaries of mysticism.

He would never open out to any one who he thought was not spiritually-minded.

A commonplace neighboring parson, visiting him once, asked him what were his views and opinions.

Mr. Hawker drew him to the window. "There,"

said he, "is Hennacliff, there the Atlantic stretching to Labrador, there Morwenstow crag, here the church and graves : these are my views. As to my opinions, I keep them to myself."

The flame, after long flickering in the breast of his dearly loved wife, went out at length on Feb. 2, 1863. She died at the age of eighty-one.

He had a grave—a double grave—made outside the chancel, beside the stone that marks where an ancient priest of Morwenstow lies, and placed over her a stone with this inscription :—

HERE RESTS THE BODY OF
CHARLOTTE E. HAWKER.

FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE
VICARS OF THIS CHURCH.

SHE DIED FEB. 2, 1863.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as
are true-hearted.

The text had reference to her blindness.

At the bottom of the stone is a blank space left for his own name, and a place was made by his own orders at the side of his wife for his own body.

MORWENSTOW, Oct. 16, 1864. *My dear Mrs. M—, — I have intended every day to make an effort, and go down to Bude to see you, and to thank you for all your kindness to me in my desolate abode ; but I am quite unequal to the attempt. If you return next year, and you will come, you will find me, if I am alive, keeping watch and ward humbly and faithfully by the place where my dead wife still wears her ring in our quiet church. If I am gone, I know you will come and stand by the stone where we rest. My kindest love to Mr. M— and your happy little children."*

After the death of Mrs. Hawker, he fell into a condition of piteous depression, and began to eat opium. He moped about the cliffs, or in his study, and lost interest in every thing. Sciatica added to his misery.

He took it into his head that he could eat nothing but clotted cream. He therefore made his meals, breakfast, dinner, and tea, of this. He became consequently exceedingly bilious, and his depression grew the greater.

He was sitting, crying like a child, one night over his papers, when there shot a spark from the fire among those strewn at his feet. He did not notice it particularly, but went to bed. After he had gone to sleep, his papers were in a flame: the flame communicated itself to a drawer full of MSS., which he had pulled out, and not thrust into its place again; and the house would probably have been burnt down, had not a Methodist minister seen the blaze through the window, as he happened to be on the hill opposite. He gave the alarm, the inmates of the vicarage were aroused, and the fire was arrested.

Probably much of his MS. poetry, and jottings of ideas passing through his head, were thus lost. "Oh, dear!" was his sad cry, "if Charlotte had been here this would never have happened."

The vicar had brain-fever shortly afterwards, and was in danger; but he gradually recovered.

A friend tells me that during the time that he was a widower, the condition he was in was most sad. His drawing-room, which used to be his delight, full of old oak furniture, and curiosities from every corner

of the world, was undusted and neglected. The servants, no longer controlled by a mistress, probably did not attend properly to the comforts of the master.

However, a new interest grew up in his heart. It was fortunate that matters did not remain long in this condition. It was neither well nor wise that the old man should linger on the rest of his days without a "helpmeet for him," to attend to his comforts, be a companion in his solitude, and a solace in his fits of depression. The Eastern Church is very strong against the second marriage of priests. No man who has had a second wife is admitted by the orthodox communion to holy orders. But Mr. Hawker was about, and very fortunately for his own comfort in this matter, to shake off the trammels of his Orientalism.

Previous to the death of his first wife, he had some good stories to tell of men, who, when the first wife was dead, forgot her speedily for a second. One belongs to the Cornish moors, and may therefore be here inserted.

A traveller was on his way over the great dorsal moorland that runs the length of Cornwall. He had lost his way. It was a time of autumn equinoctial storm. The day declined, and nothing was to be seen save sweeps of moor, broken only by huge masses of granite; not a church-tower broke the horizon, not a dog barked from a distant farm.

After long and despairing wanderings in search of a road or house, the traveller was about to proceed to a pile of granite, and bury himself among the rocks for shelter during the night, when a sudden

burst of revelry smote his ear from the other side of the hill. He hasted with beating heart in the direction whence came the sounds, and soon found a solitary house, in which all the inhabitants were making merry. He asked admission and a lodging for the night. He was invited in, and given a hearty welcome. The owner of the house had just been married, and brought home his bride. The house, therefore, could furnish him with plenty of food; saffron cakes abounded: but a bed was not to be had, as brothers and cousins had been invited, and the only place where the traveller could be accommodated was a garret. This was better than a bed on the moor, and the stormy sky for the roof; and he accepted the offer with eagerness.

After the festivities of the evening were over, he retired to his attic, and lay down on a bed of hay, shaken for him on the floor. But he could not sleep. The moon shone in through a pane of glass let into the roof, and rested on a curious old chest which was thrust away in a corner. Somehow or other, this chest engrossed his attention, and excited his imagination. It was of carved oak, and handsome. Why was it put away in a garret? What did it contain? He became agitated and nervous. He thought he heard a sigh issue from it. He sat up on the hay, and trembled. Still the moonbeam streaked the long black box.

Again his excited fancy made him believe he heard a sigh issue from it. Unable to endure suspense any longer, he stole across the floor to the side of the garret where stood the box, and with trembling hand

he raised the lid. The moonbeam fell on the face of a dead woman, lying in her winding-sheet in the chest. He let the lid drop, with a scream of fear, and fainted away. When he came to himself, the bride and bridegroom, brothers and cousins, surrounded him in the attic, in somewhat *dégagé* costume, as they had tumbled from their beds, in alarm at the shriek which had awakened them.

"What is it? What have you seen?" was asked on all sides.

"In that chest," gasped the traveller, "I saw a corpse!"

There was a pause. Slowly—for the mind of an agriculturist takes time to act—the bridegroom arrived at a satisfactory explanation. His face remained for three minutes clouded with thought, as he opened and explored the various chambers of memory. At length a gleam of satisfaction illumed his countenance, and he broke into a laugh and an explanation at once. "Lor', you needn't trouble yourself: it's only my first wife, as died last Christmas. You see, the moors were covered with snow, and the land frozen, so we couldn't take her to be buried at Camelford, and accordingly *we salted her in* till the thaw shu'd come; *and I'm darned if I hadn't forgotten all about her*, so the old gal's never been buried yet."

"So, you see," Mr. Hawker would say, when telling the story, "in Cornwall we do things differently from elsewhere. It is on record that the second wife is wedded before the first wife is buried."

There is a Devonshire version of this story told of

Dartmoor ; but it wants the point of the Cornish tale.

The Rev. W. Valentine, vicar of Whixley in Yorkshire, bought Chapel House, in the parish, in the October of 1863, and, having obtained two years' leave of absence from the Bishop of Ripon, came there into residence. He brought with him, as governess to his children, a young Polish lady, Miss Kuczynski. Her father had been a Polish noble, educated at the Jesuit university of Wilna, who, having been mixed up with one of the periodical revolts against Russian domination, had been obliged to fly his native country, and take refuge in England. He received a pension from the British government, and office under the Master of the Rolls. He married a Miss Newton, and by her had two children, Stanislaus and Pauline.

On the death of Count Kuczynski, his widow married a Mr. Stevens, an American merchant. He lost greatly by the war between the Northern and Southern States, and Miss Kuczynski was obliged to enter the family of an English clergyman as governess to his children. She had been recently under Unitarian influences : she was now brought in contact with the teaching and ceremonies of the Anglican Church, and acquiesced in them.

Mr. Hawker, as vicar of the parish in which Chapel stands, made the acquaintance of this lady of birth and education. A sunbeam shone into his dark, troubled life, and lighted it with hope. He was married to her in December, 1864, "by a concurrence of events manifestly providential," he wrote to a dear

friend. "Her first position was in the family of Mr. Valentine, who so recently arrived in my parish of Morwenstow. There I saw and understood her character; but it was not her graceful person and winning demeanor that so impressed me, as her strong intellect, high principle, and similitude of tastes with my own. She won my people before she won me; and it was a saying among my simple-hearted parishioners, 'Oh, if Miss Kuczynski would but be mistress at vicarage!' Her friends, as was natural, objected to the marriage; but I went to town, saw them, and returned hither Pauline's husband."

His marriage had one good effect on him immediately. He for a time gave up opium-eating. His spirits rose, and he seemed to be entirely, supremely happy.

In November, 1865, he was given a daughter, to be the light and joy of his eyes. He says in a letter dated Nov. 30, 1865, —

"The kind interest you have taken in us induces me to think that you may be glad to hear, that, just before midnight on Monday, I was given a daughter, — a fair and gentle child, who has not up to this time uttered a single peevish sound. As is very natural, I think her one of the loveliest infants I ever took in my arms. Both child and mother are going on very well, and the happiness which the event has brought to my house is indeed a blessing. The baby's name is to be Morwenna Pauline."

A second daughter was afterwards given to him, Rosalind; and then a third, who was baptized Juliot, after a sister of St. Morwenna, who had a cell and founded a church near Boscastle. The arrival of

these heaven-given treasures, however, filled the old man's mind with anxiety for the future. The earth must soon close over him; and he would leave a widow and three helpless orphans on the world, without being able to make any provision for them. This preyed on his mind during the last year or two of his life. It was a cloud which hung over him, and never was lifted off. As he walked, he moaned to himself. He saw no possibility of securing them a future of comfort and a home. He could not shake the thought off him: it haunted him day and night.

His church also was fallen into a piteous condition of disrepair: the wooden shingle wherewith he had roofed it some years before was rotten, and let in the water in streams. The pillars were green with lichen, the side of the tower bulged, and discolored water oozed forth. A portion of the plaster of the ceiling fell; storms tore out the glass of his windows.

In 1872 he sent forth the following appeal to all his friends:—

“Jesus said, ‘Ye have done it unto me!’

“The ancient church of Morwenstow, on the northern shore of Cornwall, notwithstanding a large outlay of the present vicar, has fallen into dilapidation and disrepair. A great part of the oak shingle roof requires to be relaid. The walls must be painted anew, and the windows, benches, and floor ought to be restored. To fulfil all these purposes, a sum amounting to at least five hundred pounds will be required. In the existing state of the Church rate law, it would be inexpedient and ineffectual to rely on the local succor of the parishioners, although there is reason to confide that the usual levy of a penny in the pound per annum (sixteen pounds), now granted in aid of other resources, would never be withheld. But this church, from the

interest attached to its extreme antiquity and its striking features of ecclesiastical attraction, is visited every year by one or two hundred strangers from distant places, and from Bude Haven in the immediate neighborhood. It appears, therefore, to the vicar and his friends, that an appeal for the sympathy and the succor of all who value and appreciate the solemn beauty and the sacred associations of such a scene might happily be fraught with success. A committee, to consist of the vicar and church-wardens, of J. Tarratt, Esq., late of Chapel House, Morwenstow, and W. Rowe, Esq., solicitor, Stratton, will superintend the disposal of the contributions, under the control of a competent builder, and account to the subscribers for their outlay.

"And the benediction of God the Trinity will assuredly requite every kindly heart and generous hand that shall help to restore this venerable sanctuary of the Tamar side."

A voluntary rate raised £32; an offertory, £2. 2s. 10½d.; and he had donations of about £150 from various friends.

In 1874 he went to London for his health. He was very much broken then, suffering in his heart and from sciatica. At the same time he resolved to preach in such churches as were open to him, for the restoration fund of St. Morwenna's sanctuary. His dislike to the Ritualist party prevented him from asking the use of their pulpits; and other clergy were reluctant to concede to him an offertory, though they were ready enough to allow him to preach in their churches.

He wrote to me on the subject:—

16 HARLEY ROAD, SOUTH HAMSTEAD, April 20, 1874.—
My dear Sir,—I am here in quest of medical aid for my wife and myself. I am so far better that I can preach, and I am trying to get offertories here for the restoration of my grand old

Morwenstow church. Only one has been granted me thus far,—last night at St. Matthias, Brompton, where I won an evening offertory “with my sword and with my bow,” twenty-two pounds eighteen shillings, whereas the average for two years at evensong has been under five pounds. But I find the great clergy shy to render me the loan of their pulpits. Do you know any one of them? Can you help me? And about St. Morwenna. Cannot I see your proof-sheets of my “Saint’s Life,” or can you in any way help me in the delivery of her legend to London ears? At all events, do write. I seem nearer to you here than at home. If you come up, do find us out. I write in haste.

Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

The previous October he had written to me from his “sick-room, to which I have been confined with eczema for full two months.” In November he wrote, “Ten days in bed helpless.” I had been in correspondence with him about St. Morwenna *not* being identical with St. Modwenna: his answer was, “I have twice received supernatural intimation of her identity, by dream and suggestion.”

However, I believe I convinced him in the end.

16 HARLEY ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, March 10, 1874. *My dear Mrs. M—*,—You may well be astonished at my address; but our journey hither was a matter of life or death to both of us, and so far I am the only gainer. Dr. Goodfellow, after a rigid scrutiny, has pronounced me free from any perilous organic disease, and is of opinion that with rest and a few simple remedies, “there is work in me yet.” . . . Yours faithfully,

R. S. HAWKER.

But the grand old man was breaking. There was pain of body, and much mental anxiety about his family. He could not sleep at night: his brain was constantly excited by his pecuniary troubles, and the

sufferings he endured from his malady. Whether by the advice of his doctor, or not, I cannot say, but he had recourse to narcotics to allay the pain, and procure him rest at night. Mr. C. Hawker writes to me :—

“Towards the close of his life, my brother (I am grieved to state it) renewed a habit he had contracted on the death of his first wife, but had abandoned,—of taking opium. This had a most injurious effect on his nerves : it violently excited him for a while, and then cast him into fits of the most profound depression. When under this influence he wrote and spoke in the wildest and most unreasonable manner, and said things which in moments of calmer judgment, I am sure, he bitterly deplored. He would at times work himself into the greatest excitement about the most trivial matters, over which he would laugh in his more serene moments.”

Whilst Mr. Hawker was in London, he called one day on some very kind friends, who had a house in Bude, but were then in town. Mrs. M——, thinking that the old man would be troubled at being away from his books, very considerably offered to lend him any from her own library, which he might take a fancy to read. But he said, “All I want is a reference Bible. If I have that I care for no other books.” And he carried off a Bagster’s Polyglot that lay on the table.

From London, Mr. Hawker returned to Morwenstow, to fresh suffering, disappointment, and anxieties. I give a few of his last letters to one whom he regarded as his best friend.

MORWENSTOW, Sept. 22, 1874. *My dear Valentine*,—You brought to my house the solitary blessing of my life. My three daughters came to me through you, as God’s instrument. I

must write to you. You will not have many more letters from me. . . . My mind has been so racked and softened that I shall never be myself again. My health, too, is gone. My legs are healed, but the long drain has enfeebled me exceedingly. Money terrors, too, have reached a climax. I have so many claims upon me, that I cannot regard my home as sure, nor my roof certain to shelter my dear ones. On the school-building account I am responsible for seventy pounds odd, more than I have collected from subscribers. . . . I have to pay the master twelve pounds ten shillings quarterly. But there is one thing more,—the curate, whom I must have, for I cannot go on serving both churches as I do now, with daily service here. T——, and his mother, will give me one-half or nearly his salary. But besides Dean Lodge there is no house that he can live in. Let him rent it until you sell it. I implore you, grant this last kindness to me whom you once called a friend. My heart is broken. It is a favor you will not have to grant me long, as my pausing pulse and my shuddering heart testify. Oh, God bless you !

Mr. Valentine came to Chapel House, Morwenstow, in October, 1874, and renewed his old warm friendship with the vicar. Had there been any change in the views of Mr. Hawker, it would certainly have been made known to his most intimate friend of many years. But Mr. Valentine found him the same in faith, though sadly failing in mental and bodily power.

Nov. 13, 1874. *My dear Valentine*,—You will be sorry to hear that over-anxieties and troubles are incessant. First of all, no curate. A Mr. H—— came down from Torquay. He had all but agreed to come, but when he saw Dean Lodge he declined. He thought it too far to walk to church. I have advertised in three papers, but only one applicant. I have invited him to come and see for himself, but he has not yet appeared or written. We are so remote and forlorn that unless a

man be very *sincere and honest* there is no inducement. No sphere for strut or grimace, or other vanity. Another trouble that we have is scarlet and typhus fever both, in several parts of the parish. . . . And now I am compelled to remind you that you promised me this month your subscriptions to our charities. I want to pay the schoolmaster, this next week, his quarter's salary. This will make the adverse balance run to nearly fifty pounds against me. It is most ruinous. Upon the school-building account I am responsible for sixty-eight pounds beyond the subscriptions. . . .

What a life this is to lead in the flesh! Mine has been indeed a martyrdom.

Nov. 17, 1874. *My dear Valentine,*¹ . . . One part of your letter has troubled our earnest hope. If you would but fulfil your suggestion, and come to Dean Lodge, the advantages to me would be incalculable. You would not, I know, object to help me in the church once a Sunday. I cannot, by any effort, obtain a curate. The work—thrice a day on Sunday—is killing me, and your presence would soothe the dreadful depression into which I am sinking fast. Make any effort, I do entreat you, to come. The cry after your last appearance in church² was, that no sermon had been heard in church for a long time equal to yours: not very complimentary to me, but that I don't mind. Come! any thing you want at Dean, that we have, you are most welcome to have from us. Your presence in the parish will be ample compensation. Come, I do entreat you, and gladden us by deciding at once, and telling us so. I shall have hope then of getting over the winter, which now I cannot realize. My great terror is that I have all but lost the power of sleep. I cannot rest in bed quietly above two or three hours. Now, it would be cruel to awaken hope, and crush it again. You shall have horses and carriage, and any thing you want.

At Christmas he was very ill, and thought that life's last page was being turned, and that before the

¹ Then returned to Yorkshire.

² In the previous month, October.

daisies re-appeared in Morwenstow churchyard he would be resting in his long home.

But he got slowly better. On April 28, 1875, he was still in trouble about a curate, and wrote to Mr. Valentine, begging him to allow him to take Dean Lodge, and make it a cottage for his curate. "Write to me at once," he said, "to relieve my poor broken mind of one of the *pressures* which are now dragging it down. Pray write immediately, because my second letter must have apprised you how unable I am in my present shattered state. And mind, I rely on you for standing by me in these, my last trials."

In June Mr. Hawker went for change, with his wife and children, and a lady, the companion of Mrs. Hawker, who was staying with them, to Boscastle, to visit his brother at Penally.

Did any prevision of what would take place pass before his mind's eye ere he left his beloved Morwenstow? Had he any thought that he was taking his last look at the quiet combe, with its furze and heather slopes, the laughing, sparkling, blue sea that lashed the giant cliffs on which St. Morwenna had planted her foot, cross in hand? We cannot tell. It is certain that it had been all along his wish to lay him down to rest in his old church. The grave made for his wife was, by his orders, made double; a space was left on the stone for his name; and he often spoke of his desire to be laid there, and made a friend promise, that, should he by accident die away from Morwenstow, he would fetch his body, and lay him there.

When he heard that it was illegal to be buried

inside the church, he pointed out a place under the east wall of his chancel where he wished to be laid; but he hoped that, owing to the remoteness of Morwenstow, no difficulty would be raised about his being laid in the grave he had prepared for himself in the church where he had ministered so long.

Is it to be wondered at, that now there are Morwenstow people who say, that, since his death, they have seen the old man standing at the head of the stone that covers his wife, looking mournfully at the blank space where he had hoped his name would be cut; and that others, who have not seen him, aver that they have heard his familiar sighs and moans from the same spot?

Whilst he was at Boscastle he was neither mentally nor bodily himself. His brother, Mr. Claud Hawker, writes to me that he was often in a state approaching stupor. "When he came down here in August he was very ill, and certainly broken in his mind, nearly all the time he was here: he was often in a scarce-conscious state."

Whilst Mr. Hawker and family were staying at Penally, Mr. Claud Hawker fell ill, and it was necessary for them to move out of the house. Mr. Robert Hawker would have returned to Morwenstow, had not the curate been in the vicarage: then he wished to take lodgings at Boscastle, but was persuaded by Mrs. Hawker to go to Plymouth.

His brother writes to me: "Robert came down to see me ill in bed. I was ill at the time; but I could see he was not like himself in any way, and it was no act of his to go to Plymouth. He declined to do so

for some time, until at last, most reluctantly, and against his better judgment, he was persuaded to do so."

They left on June 29, and took lodgings in Lockyer Street, Plymouth. Mr. Robert S. Hawker was still very ill and failing.

The Rev. Prebendary Thynne, rector of Kilkhampton, a near and attached friend of sixteen years, was in Plymouth not long before the end, and saw the vicar of Morwenstow. He was then agitated because he had not been able to be present at the Bishop of Exeter's visitation at Stratton, fearing lest the bishop should take it as a slight. The rector of Kilkhampton quieted him by assuring him that the bishop knew how ill he was, and that he was away for change of air. Then he brightened up a little, but he was any thing but himself.

The curate of Kilkhampton writes to me: "Mr. Hawker complained that we had not invited him to a retreat held by one of the Cowley Missioners in the same month in which he died. Of course we knew that he could not have come, and so did not ask him. But surely his making a kind of grievance of it is hardly consistent with the idea that even at that time he was in heart a Roman Catholic."

On Sunday, Aug. 1, Mr. Hawker went with his wife to St. James Church, Plymouth, for morning service. The service was choral, and he much enjoyed it. Mrs. Hawker saw him home, and then went on to the Roman-Catholic Cathedral, to high mass; and in the evening he accompanied her to benediction, and was pleased with the beauty of the

service, which to him had all the attractions of novelty, as he had never travelled abroad, and so was unfamiliar with Roman Catholic ritual. The church was very solemn, and nicely cared for; and benediction is one of the most touching, popular, and elastic of services.

He was so pleased, that he said he should be quite happy to spend a night in the church.

During the week he began to fail rapidly, and on Friday spent the greater part of the day on his bed. He suffered from great mental prostration. One evening he was got out of the house as far as to the Laira, a beautiful creek with the Saltram woods beyond, touching the water; but he was too weak in body and depressed in mind to go out for exercise again.

Feeling himself growing weaker, and, as Mrs. Hawker wrote to his niece, "with the truth really beginning to dawn upon him," he became nervously impatient to get away from Plymouth as speedily as possible, and to return to the home he loved, hallowed by the feet of St. Morwenna, and rendered dear to him by the associations of more than forty years.

But before he left Plymouth, when all had been ordered to be in readiness for departure, and notice had been given that the lodgings would be left the ensuing week, a curious occurrence took place. His beloved St. Cuthbert's stole was sent for from Morwenstow, and a biretta, a distinctively priest's cap, was borrowed for him, — a thing he never wore himself, — and he had himself photographed in cassock, surplice, stole, and biretta, as a priest. It was his

last conscious act ; and it certainly looks as though it were a solemn testimony that he believed in his orders, that he regarded himself as a priest of the English Church. This photograph was taken on Saturday, Aug. 7 : on Monday, Aug. 9, he was struck down with paralysis.

His action in this matter was the more extraordinary, as he had at one time manifested an extreme repugnance to having his likeness taken. He has told me himself that he would have inscribed on his tombstone, "Here lies the man who was never photographed." For a long time he stubbornly refused the most earnest requests to be taken ; and his repugnance was only overcome, at last, by Mrs. Mills bringing over a photographer from Bude, in her carriage, to Morwenstow, and insisting on having him stand to be taken.¹

It was the old man's last act, and it was a very emphatic and significant one. The photograph was taken on the very day on which Mrs. Hawker represented him as seeing that his end was drawing nigh. Every preparation was made for departure, the boxes were packed, and all was ready, on Monday ; his impatience to be gone rapidly growing.

Mrs. Hawker wrote to his nephew at Whitstone, eight miles from Stratton, to say that they would lunch with him on Tuesday, the 10th, on their way

¹ The photographs taken on this occasion were by Mr. Thorn of Bude Haven. The most admirable one is of Mr. Hawker standing in his porch to receive visitors. He was, however, afterwards taken by Mr. Thorn at Bude, with his wife and children. That of him in surplice and stole is by Mr. Hawke of Plymouth.

back from Plymouth to Morwenstow, intending to drive the distance in the day.

He never came, nor was the reason known till it was too late for his nephew to see him.

On Monday evening, when all was ready for departure on the morrow, about seven o'clock, Mrs. Hawker saw her husband's left hand turn dead, white, and cold. Perceiving that he had a paralytic stroke, she sent immediately for a surgeon. On the morrow, Tuesday, the day on which the old man's face was to have been turned homewards, it became evident that his face was set to go towards a happier and an eternal home.

It was then clear that there was no return for him to Morwenstow; and the lodgings were taken on for another week, which would probably see the close of the scene.

On that evening Mrs. Hawker wrote to his sister, Mrs. Kingdon, a very aged lady at Holsworthy, to tell her that her brother had had a stroke, and that the medical attendant had "forbid him doing any duty if he goes back to Morwenstow. . . . Of course the knowledge that he can be no longer of use at Morwenstow is a terrible blow to his mind." She also requested Mrs. Kingdon to keep his sickness a profound secret from every one. At Whitstone he was in vain expected, day after day, for lunch. Nor were his brother and niece at Boscastle aware that his illness was serious, and that life was ebbing fast away, till all was over.

Mr. Claud Hawker informs me that even on that Tuesday, when he learned that he must not take

duty again in his loved church, he was restless to be off, and would not have the things unpacked. On that day one of the arteries of the left arm with the pulse had stopped. On Wednesday the companion of Mrs. Hawker, who helped to nurse him, was satisfied that he knew her, and seemed to be pleased with her attentions. His wife ministered to him with the most devoted tenderness, and would allow no hired nurse near him, nor even one of the servants of the house to invade the room, so jealous is love of lavishing all its powers on the object of affection. On Thursday his pulse was weaker, and consciousness scarcely manifested itself. His solicitor from Stratton had been telegraphed for, and arrived on that day: he was informed by Mrs. Hawker that her husband was quite unconscious, and not fit to see any one. Understanding that there was no chance of Mr. Hawker recovering sufficiently to discuss final arrangements of money affairs, and that it was therefore useless to stay in Plymouth, he returned to Stratton.

Mrs. Hawker and her friend, finding themselves unable to raise the sick man in bed, sent for his servant-man from Morwenstow; and he arrived on Friday. His master recognized him, and gave tokens of pleasure at seeing him at his side. The same evening he knew the medical man who attended him, and said a word or two to him in a faint whisper; but his brain was in part paralyzed, and he hovered between consciousness and torpor, like a flickering flame, or the state of a man between sleeping and waking.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Hawker informed him that she was going to send for the Roman Catholic Canon Mansfield to see him. She believed that he seemed pleased; and, as so often happens shortly before death, a slight rally appeared to have taken place.

During the day he murmured familiar psalms and the "Te Deum."¹

In the evening at half-past eight o'clock he was visited. He was in a comatose condition; and, if able to recognize his visitor, it was only that the recognition might fade away instantaneously, and he lapsed again into a condition of torpor.

It was then clear that Mr. Hawker had not many hours to live. At ten o'clock at night Canon Mansfield was introduced into the dying man's chamber; and the sacraments of baptism, penance, extreme unction, and communion, four in all, were administered in succession.

During the night his groans were very distressing, and seemed to indicate that he was in great suffering. At eight o'clock next morning he was lifted up in his bed to take a cup of tea, with bread sopped in it. A change passed over his face, and he was laid gently back on the pillow, when his spirit fled.

"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

¹ Through the kindness of Mr. Hawker's relatives, I have been furnished with every letter that passed on the subject of his death, and reception into the Roman communion. In not one of them is it asserted that he asked to have Canon Mansfield sent for: the last expression of a wish was, that he might go back to Morwenstow.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, Aug. 18. The body had been transferred to the Roman Catholic Cathedral the night before. At ten A.M. a solemn requiem mass was sung by the Very Rev. Canon Woollet, the vicar-general of the titular diocese. Around the coffin were six lighted candles, and a profusion of flowers.

During the playing of the "Dead March in Saul," and the tolling of the church-bell, the coffin was removed to the hearse, to be conveyed to the Plymouth cemetery. The coffin was of oak, with a plain brass cross on it, and bore the inscription :—

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

FOR 41 YEARS VICAR OF MORWENSTOW,

WHO DIED IN THE CATHOLIC FAITH,

ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY,

1875.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN.

It is far from my intention to enter into controversy over the last sad transaction in the life of him whose memoir I have written. The facts are as I have stated, and might have been made clearer had I been at liberty to use certain letters, which I have seen, but am not allowed to quote.

Much allowance must be made for the love of a devoted wife, caring above all things for the welfare of a husband's soul, and believing that she was acting so as to best insure its future felicity, and re-union with herself when it should please God to call her.

Not one ungenerous or unkind word would I speak to wound a widow's sacred feelings; and I am content to see in this last transaction another proof of that passionate, adoring love towards her husband which marked her whole married career.

According to Roman-Catholic doctrine, there is no salvation for those who die outside the Church, unless they have remained in ignorance of Catholic verities. No such plea could be urged in the case of Mr. Hawker; and therefore, from the point of view of a Romanist, his damnation was assured. We must view these matters in the light in which they would present themselves to the mind of a Roman Catholic, before we pass sentence on an act which from our point of view seems of questionable morality.

Nor must Canon Mansfield be harshly judged. A Roman-Catholic priest is bound by the rules of his Church, and in doubtful cases by the decisions of eminent canonists. The "*Rituale Romanum*" for the baptism of adults provides for the baptism of those who are unconscious, and even raving mad, on the near approach of death, if there have appeared in them, when conscious, a desire for baptism;¹ and the apparent satisfaction expressed by Mr. Hawker's

¹ *De Baptismo Adulorum.* — "*Amentes et furiosi non baptizentur, nisi tales a nativitate fuerint: tunc etiam de iis iudicium faciendum est, quod de infantibus atque in fide Ecclesiæ baptizari possunt. Sed si dilucida habeant intervalla, dum mentis compotes sunt, baptizentur, si velint. Si vero antequam insanirent, suscipiendi Baptismi desiderium ostenderint, ac vitæ periculum immineat, etiamsi non sint compotes mentis, baptizentur. Idemque dicendum est de eo, qui lethargo aut phrenesi laborat, ut tantum vigilans et intelligens baptizetur, nisi periculum mortis impendeat, si in eo prius apparuerit Baptismi desiderium.*"

face on Saturday morning was sufficient to express acquiescence, passive if not active. How far he was aware of what was proposed, with his brain partly paralyzed, is open to question. However, in the case of such a sickness, the patient is regarded in the same light as an infant, and passive acquiescence is admitted as sufficient to justify the administration of the sacrament.

Dens, a great authority, in his "*Thèologia Moralis et Dogmatica*," says that in the case of those who are out of their mind, with no prospect of a lucid interval, — which would, of course, include the period of unconsciousness before death, — baptism may be administered, if there be reason to conjecture that the patient desired it when of sound mind. And, as no proofs are laid down for testing the desire, the rule is a very elastic one.¹

Billuart, however, asserts that, for the sacrament of penitence, full consciousness is necessary, as an act of penitence is an essential part of it; so that, though a man may be baptized who is insane or unconscious, such a man cannot be absolved. Marchantius, in his "*Candelabrum Mysticum*," lays down that a man may be baptized when drunk, as well as when unconscious, or raving mad, if he had before shown a disposition to receive the sacrament.

Practically, no doubt, moved by desire to assure

¹ Dens: *Theologia Moralis et Dogmatica*, Tract. de Sacramentis in Genere, § 45. — "De iis, qui quandoque habuerunt usum rationis, sed jam eo carent, judicanda est dispositio secundum voluntatem et dispositionem quam habuerunt sanæ mentis existentes. Observandum tamen, quod, si aliquando habeant lucida intervalla, tunc Sacramentum eis non sit ministrandum extra necessitatem, nisi dum mentis compotes sunt."

the salvation of the patient, Roman-Catholic clergy will charitably trust to there being a disposition, on very slight grounds. The following instance will show this, communicated to me by a learned English divine: "Some time ago a lady wrote to me for counsel, on this ground. Her father-in-law, a very aged man, a Unitarian, had died whilst she was helping to nurse him, and had been unconscious for some days before his death. A very well-known and distinguished Roman Catholic wrote a letter to her, which she forwarded to me to read, blaming her-very severely for not having seized the opportunity for baptizing him, on the ground that he *might* have changed his views, and *might* have desired baptism, and that the sacrament, so administered, would have been his passport to heaven. She consulted me as to her blameworthiness, and as to whether she had, in fact, to reproach herself with a failure of duty. I replied in the negative, and stated that the purely mechanical view of the sacrament taken by her correspondent was, to say the least, highly untheological. I do not give the names, but you may cite me as having supplied you with this fact, which happened this year (1875)."

A case was brought before my notice also, of a man being baptized when dying in a condition of delirium tremens. To the English mind such a case is very shocking, but it is one provided for by Marchantius. In this case it was conjectured that the man had desired baptism into the Roman communion: he had previously been a member, though an unworthy one, of the English Church, and had shown no desire of secession.

A letter appeared in "The Western Morning News" from "A Priest's Wife," which I quote in part; not that I wish to bring forward subjects of contention in any spirit of bitterness, but to show that Canon Mansfield was not acting contrary to what the formularies of his Church enjoin, nor to the rules laid down by eminent canonists, nor to the current practice of those of the communion to which he belongs. I omit from the letter only such passages as are offensive to courtesy.

SIR, — Some years ago I was staying in a village in one of our midland counties, where the squire, his family, and retainers were Roman Catholics. The wife of one of the squire's servants had resisted all inducements to forsake the Church of England, and clung faithfully to its ministrations during a long life, towards the close of which she was debarred by extreme weakness from attendance at any of the public offices of that Church. The rector, or his curate, however, administered the Holy Communion to her monthly; and either one of them, or some member of their families, visited her weekly. To all of these, and to her friends of her own class, she often expressed a dread of what would be done "when she was too far gone to know," and entreated them to see that the ministers of her own Church only attended her dying bed, and that her body should be laid nowhere but in the churchyard, "with her own kith and kin."

Singularly enough, her summons came during the enforced absence of both rector and curate from the parish, in the shape of a fit, which deprived her of speech; I will not say positively, of entire consciousness, but sure I am that she, never too strong in intellect, was so far enfeebled as to render its owner quite incapable of decision. The curate of the next parish was summoned as quickly as possible, and requested to give her the Holy Communion, if he judged it right in her then state. His opinion was, that, being unconscious, she was incapable of reception; and he left, begging those around her to send for him.

if she rallied. The next morning he called again, only to learn that she had seen the Roman Catholic priest, and from him received the last rites of his Church. Shortly afterwards she was buried with considerable display in the burying-ground attached to the Roman Catholic chapel.

A PRIEST'S WIFE.

AUG. 27, 1875.

I cannot dismiss this part of my subject without dealing with a brief charge made against Mr. Hawker by certain correspondents in the papers. They did not shrink from charging him with having been for many years a Roman Catholic at heart, only holding on his position of the Church of England for the sake of the loaves and fishes it offered him.

If I had considered there were grounds for this charge, his life would never have been written by me.

How far Mr. Hawker was a consenting party to the reception, how far he had gone towards contemplating such a change when incapacitated by paralysis from forming a decision, I cannot decide. The testimony is conflicting. I hesitate to believe that it was his intention to leave the Church of England before he died. He was swayed this way or that by those with whom he found himself. He was vehement in one direction one day, as impetuous in another direction on the day following. A reviewer in "*The Athenæum*," quotes the following passages from letters. Referring to blessed candles and supplies of holy water which he obtained from a Roman-Catholic family in the neighborhood, he wrote, in 1855, "You know well how I am watched, and with

what malignity every brother-rascal of mine seizes every fibre of my life for attack ;” and entreats secrecy. But for what did he solicit these articles ? Was it for himself ? and, if so, was it not through superstition against witches, as he used horse-shoes and folded fingers ? In 1862 he wrote of the conversion of a friend, a clergyman, “ I have heard to-day that — is now a Catholic. I don’t know any one whose reception gave me more delight. I yearn for the conversion of Cornwall.” Another grave passage has reference to the bidding prayer of his visitation sermon at Launceston. In allusion to the passage, “ Ye shall pray for the Holy Catholic Church, especially for that branch thereof whereto we belong,” he wrote, “ My ‘ bidding prayer ’ was one of the most libellous supplications ever penned.” I have not seen the context of these letters. I asked to be allowed to see them when I was forming my estimate of Mr. Hawker’s opinions and character, and was refused. The expressions are strong ; but a neighbor has explained one of them to me satisfactorily, for Mr. Hawker used the same expression at the time to him. The libellousness of the bidding prayer was not an allusion to the English Church, but to an interpolation he made in it denying the supremacy of the Queen in things spiritual. The conversion of Cornwall was from Methodism, not necessarily to Romanism. There are passages in letters and sermons quite as strong in an opposite direction. It is impossible to reconcile them. It is, perhaps, not worth attempting. The man was an anomaly ; a combination of contradictory elements,

conflicting characteristics, and mutually destructive opinions. I believe he was perfectly sincere in what he said and did; but he said and did at one time exactly the reverse of what he said and did at another. The master power, the balance-wheel, of a well-ordered judgment was left out of his composition. This is, if I mistake not, the key to this psychological puzzle.

No one who knew Mr. Hawker intimately, not one of his nearest relatives, his closest friends to whom he opened his heart, can believe that he was a conscious hypocrite. If there was one quality which was conspicuous in his character, it was his openness. He could not act a part, he could not retain unspoken a thought that passed through his brain, even when common judgment would have deemed concealment of the thought advisable. He was transparent as a Dartmoor stream; and all his thoughts, beliefs, and prejudices lay clearly seen in his mind, as the quartz and mica and hornblende particles on the brook's white floor.

If there was one vice which, with his whole soul, he abhorred, it was treachery in its every form.

"Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, forevermore!"

were his lines cut by him over his vicarage-door.

A year or two ago the rector of Kilkhampton was about to go to Exeter to preach an ordination service in its cathedral. The vicar of Morwenstow said to him, "Go, and bid the young men entering the holy ministry be honest, loyal, true." Is that the exhor

tation of a man conscious in his own heart that he is a traitor?

One day, not long ago, he was in Kilkhampton, and entered the house of an old man, a builder, there.

The old man said to him, "You know, Mr. Hawker, what names you have been called in your day. They have said you were a Roman Catholic."

"Hockeridge," answered Mr. Hawker, standing in the midst of the floor, and speaking with emphasis, "I am a priest of the Church, of the Church of God, of that Church which was hundreds of years before a Pope of Rome was thought of."

A clergyman in the diocese of London, who knew him well, thus writes :—

"I think I never read any announcement with greater surprise than that the late vicar of Morwenstow had, shortly before his death, been 'received' into the Church of Rome. Mr. Hawker and I were intimate friends for a number of years, and there were few matters connected either with himself or those near and dear to him on which he did not honor me with his confidence. It was just a year ago that I spent some days with him, shortly after his visit to London, to collect funds for the restoration of his interesting church, among the scenes he loved so well; and I feel perfectly assured, had he then meditated such a step, or had he so much as allowed it to assume a form in his mind, however indefinite, it would have been among the subjects of our converse. Nothing, however, was more contrary to the fact. I am certain that at that time not an idea of such a thing occurred to him. I received most confidential letters from him down to a short period before his death; and there is not a line in them which hints at any change in those opinions which had not only become part of himself, but which, as opportunity offered, he was accustomed to defend with no

small amount either of logic or of learning. My friend was a man of profound learning, of very great knowledge of passing events, and able to estimate aright the present aspect of the Church and her difficulties. He was also a man of transparent honesty of purpose, of the nicest sense of honor, and of bold and fearless determination in the discharge of his duties. On two matters he was an enthusiast, — the scenery and the early Christian history of his beloved Cornwall, and, which is more to my purpose, the position and rights of the Church of which he was, in my most solemn belief, a dutiful and faithful priest. He was never weary of asserting her claim as the Catholic Church of England, possessed of orders as good as those of any other branch of the Sacred Vine, and alone possessed of the mission which could make their exercise available. His very aspect was that of the master in Israel, conscious of his indubitable position, and whose mind was thoroughly made up on questions about which many other men either have no certain opinions, or at least have no such ground for holding them as that with which his learning and acuteness at once supplied him. Such was the late vicar of Morwenstow, — one of the very last men in England to leave the Church of which he gloried to be a priest, of whose cause he was at all times the most unyielding defender, and in whose communion it was his hope and prayer to die."

A writer in one of the daily papers spoke of his wearing secretly a medal blessed by the Pope; but when this statement comes to be examined by those who were about him, his nieces, who staid in his house, and others who saw him constantly, it resolves itself into a very small affair indeed. A college friend visited Italy at the time of the consecration of Pio Nono in 1846, and brought back a number of medals struck on the occasion, some of which he gave to Mr. Hawker. These he kept with a lot of other curiosities, such as manna from the wilderness of Sinai, a

bit of stone from the temple at Jerusalem, olive-wood from the Garden of Gethsemane, some leaves from the tree that overhung Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, and sand from St. Paul's cave at Malta. Visitors were fond of giving him little curiosities they had picked up on their travels, and these he treasured. That with mock solemnity he may have told some credulous visitor a ridiculous tale about the medals, is possible enough. At one time he exhibited, out of mischief, a scrap of isinglass, which he said was a bit of the Pope's toe-nail, bitten off by his friend when bowing to kiss his foot, and carried away in his mouth; and he would show garnets as the sand of the Red Sea.

He gave away these medals, and many other of his curiosities of which he had duplicates. He wore one with his bunch of seals and keys, not secretly, but openly, and along with various coins presented to him, and the gold medal he had made out of the nugget sent him from California by a mariner who had been shipwrecked on his beach, and whom he nursed in his vicarage.

I have been given for perusal a number of Mr. Robert Stephen Hawker's letters, written to his most intimate and loved friends; and in not one of them have I traced the slightest token but of unwavering fidelity to his Church,¹ of perfect confidence in the validity of her ministry and sacraments,—

¹ The only expression of this sort is one written after the Gorham judgment, of doubt whether the Church of England would stand after that sanctioning of the denial of baptismal regeneration. Then many hearts were disturbed as to the future.

points on which he dwelt repeatedly in his sermons, on which he leaned his whole teaching.

At the same time I think it possible, that during the last year or two of his life, when failing mentally as well as bodily, and when laboring under the excitement or subsequent depression caused by the opium he ate to banish pain, he may have said, or written recklessly; words which are capable of being twisted into meaning a change of views. But none came under my notice when writing this book, or I would frankly have stated the fact. I have labored, above all things, in this book, to give a true picture of the man I describe: I have not painted an ideal portrait.

In "The Field of Rephidim," a visitation sermon written by him for delivery before the bishop, in 1845, he gave utterance to sentiments with regard to the Church of England, from which I see no evidence to justify me in believing that he ever swerved. He may have felt alarm for her fate in the storms assailing her; doubted the fidelity of the pilots guiding her; but I do not think, from any letter that has come under my notice, from any word that has dropped from his lips in the hearing of those whom he most trusted, from any act of his done when unfettered by paralysis, that he disbelieved in her, and was prepared to disown her as his mother.¹

These are his words:—

¹ This sermon was delivered for him by Mr. Harper, the curate of Stratton, as his father died the day before the visitation. It was preached June 27, 1845, and published by Edwards & Hughes, 12 Ave-Maria Lane, and T. Burns, 17 Portman Street, London, 1845.

² I would draw attention also to the sermon in Appendix B.

"It is a function of the chief shepherds to defend the flock from the secret or open ravages of heresy and schism; more especially here in England, and in these troublous times, it behooves them to watch and ward against all attempted return to the old innovation by the See and Bishop of Rome. For the transit of our apostolic lineage through Romish times in England is like the temporary passage of a well-known foreign river through one circumfluent lake; wherein, although the waters intermingle a little as they glide, yet the course of the mighty Rhone is visible throughout, in distinct and unbroken existence! So it is with us who have inherited the genealogy of the apostles in these lands: we came from British fountains, we flowed in Saxon channels, we glided through Romish waters, but we were not, we are not, we will not be, of Rome; for we will preserve, God willing, the unconquered courses of our own ancestral stream."

The following letter, which has reached me since the publication of the first edition of my book, will show the depths of depression into which Mr. Hawker fell at times so far back as 1848, and they were even deeper towards the close of his life. I insert the letter here as evidence of that extremely desponding frame of mind which renders me unwilling to take his utterances in regard to his Church literally, as I am unwilling to understand those literally in which he speaks with extreme longing for death, not with the calm resignation and hope with which St. Paul expressed the same desire, but with a loathing of life which is characteristic of an unhealthy frame of mind.

FEB. 13, 1848. *My dear William*,— You say you have not heard from me for some time, but I do think I wrote you last; and, if not, what good can my letters do,— I, whose daily prayer is for death,— I, the corpse? Never yet was a man crushed as I have long been. William, I have not smiled for months. I

am never free from that dull, deadly, dragging weight on the diaphragm, which men may be thought to feel in the interval between sentence and a cruel death. My days, my hours, are numbered here: I shall not be in Morwenstow at the close of 1848. Would to God I may ere then be hidden out of sight! I have no thing, no one, to live for, — no single reason why, if I were asked by an angel, I should wish to remain. I loathe life, and I yearn for death as some men do for wealth or rank. I would kiss the hand of any man who gave me to drink some deadly thing. Oh, may God bless you, my dear boy, and make you unlike me!

Yours ever,

R. S. HAWKER.

And now my work is done. I have written truthfully the life of this most remarkable man: I have taken care to "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice." I cannot more worthily conclude my task than with the peroration of Mr. Hawker's visitation sermon, already quoted.

"The day is far spent, and the night is at hand: the hour cometh wherein no man can work. A little while, and all will be over. 'Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, will have perished; neither will they any longer have a name under the sun.' The thousand thoughts that thrill our souls this day, with the usual interests and the common sympathies of an earthly existence, — of all these there will not, by and by, survive in the flesh a single throb. This, our beloved father in the Church, will have entered into the joy of his Lord, to prefer, perchance, in another region, affectionate supplications for us who survive and remain. We, who are found worthy, shall be gathered to a place and people where the strifes and the controversies of earth are unnoted and unknown. 'Violence shall no more be heard in that land, wasting nor destruction within its borders; but they shall call the gates Salvation, and the walls Praise. There the envy of Ephraim shall depart, and

the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.'

"Nevertheless all will not perish from the earth. That which hath done valiantly in the host will not glide away into a land where all things are forgotten. Although the sun may go down while it is yet day, it shall come to pass that at evening-tide there shall be light. Moses is dead, and Aaron is dead, and Hur is gathered to his fathers also; but, because of their righteous acts in the matter of Rephidim, their memorial and their name live and breathe among us for example and admonition still. So shall it be with this generation. He, our spiritual lord, whose living hands are lifted up in our midst to-day, — he shall bequeath to his successors, and to their children's children, the eloquent example and the kindling heritage of his own stout-hearted name. And we, the lowlier soldiers of the war, — so that our succor hath been manifest and our zeal true, — we shall achieve a share of humble remembrance as the duteous children of Aaron and of Hur.

"They also, the faithful few, who have lapped the waters of dear old Oxford, and who were the little company appointed to go down upon the foe with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and to prevail — honor and everlasting remembrance for their fearless names! If, in their zeal, they have exceeded; if, in the dearth of sympathy, and the increase of desolation, they should even yet more exceed — nay, but do Thou, O Lord God of Jeshurun, withstand them in that path, if they should forsake the house of the mother that bare them for the house of the stranger!

"Still let it never be forgotten, that their voices and their volumes were the signals of the dawn that stirred the heart of a slumbering people with a shout for the mastery. Verily, they have their reward. They live already in the presence of future generations; and they are called, even now, by the voices yet unborn, the giants of those days, the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown!

"Whosoever shall win the war, whatsoever victories may wait hereafter on the armies of the living God, it shall never fail from the memory and heart of England, who and what

manner of men were they that, when the morning was yet spread upon the mountains, arose, and went down to the host, and brake the pitcher, and waved the lamp, and blew the trumpet in the face of Midian!

“God Almighty grant that they and their adversaries, and we ourselves also, may look on each other’s faces, and be at rest, one day, in the city of God, among the innumerable company of angels, and the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, through the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel!”

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.
THE GRANVILLE LETTERS, IN THE POSSESSION OF EZEKIEL ROUS, ESQ., BIDEFORD.

FROM	AT	To	DATE	AT
The Countess of Bath.	Tawstock . . .	Barnard Grenville, Esq. . .	April 24, 1603.	
Barnard Grenville, Esq.	. . .	My beloved sonne Bevill Grenville, . .	May 1, 1615.	
John Grenville . . .	Lincoln's Inn . .	His brother Bevill Grenville. . .	July 18, 1621.	
George Granville . .	Wear, near Doncaster . .	The Hon. Mr. Bernard Granville, . .	Oct. 6, 1638.	
Lady Frances Carteret,	(London) . . .	Mrs. Waddon . . .	Feb. 14, 1715 .	Tonacombe.
Sir Beville Grenville .	Laners (?) . . .	Lady Grace, his wife . . .	Jan. 6, 1642.	
Lansdowne	Mr. Bevill Granville upon his en- tering into Holy Orders.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	Hayne . . .	The Lady Grace Grenville . . .	March 15, 1639.	Stow.
Sir Beville Grenville .	Cuttinbeake . .	Mrs. Grace Grenville . . .	Nov. 29, 1628 .	Stow.
Lady Grace Grenville .	Stow. . .	Sir Bevill Grenville . . .	Nov. 23, 1641.	
Barnard Grenville	My beloved sonn Bevill Grenville. .	March 21, 1617.	
Thomas Drake	Bevill Grenville, Esq. . .		
Barnard Grenvill . .	Keligarth . . .	My beloved sonne Bevill Grenville, .	Aug. 6, 1614 .	London.
Sir Beville Grenville	The wife of the Chancellor of the Diocese.		
Sir Beville Grenville	My Co. Porter.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	Stow. . .	My Co. Ri. Pridgeaux . . .	Feb. 8, 1634.	

One letter from Sir Bevil to the Chancellor of the Diocese, to oblige the minister of Suttcombe to let the parish get a lecturer, as he is scarce able to read, utterly unable to preach, and what he speaks in the church can hardly be understood — one letter signed Clancricarde, another signed G. Talbot — a pass signed Jo. Copelstown.

GRANVILLE LETTERS. — *Continued.*

FROM	AT	To	DATE	AT
Barnard Grenville, Esq.	.	The Lady Grace Smith	Sept. 3, 1618	Mayde- worthy near Exon.
Beville Grenville.	.	His son Richard.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	His son Richard.		
Richard Grenville, Esq.	.	My honoured father Sir Beville Grenville.		
Lady Grace Grenville.	Stow	My loving sonne Richard Gren- ville	Feb. 10, 1638	Glocester Hall in Ox- ford.
Sir Beville Grenville	.	His father.		
Sir James Bagg	.	Mr. Richard Estcott.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Mr. Byrd.		
Sir Beville Grenville (?)	.	Sir William Wray.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Mr. Oldesworth.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Mr. Coriton.		
Sir Beville Grenville	Stow	Mr. Oldesworth	Jan. 18, 1627.	
Sir Beville Grenville	Stow	My Co. Rous ¹	March 20, 1625.	
Sir Beville Grenville (?)	.	Mr. Pollard.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Sir William Waller.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Sir William Waller.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Sir Nicholas Stanning.		
Sir Beville Grenville	.	Mr. Rouse.		

¹ In this letter occurs the expression, "Since I did engage myself by my word, which I value above all worldly wealth, and will not breake it for an empire."

GRANVILLE LETTERS. — *Continued.*

FROM	AT	TO	DATE	AT
Sir Beville Grenville .	Bydeford .	My Co. Arundell.	March 29, 1636,	Stow.
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	To my best friend, Mrs. Grace Grenville ¹ .		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	Sir John Trelawney.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	Mr. Wheare.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	Mr. Wheare.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	His son Richard.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	Mr. Rashleigh.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	My Co. Harris of Haine.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	His brother.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	His brother.		
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	Mr. Arscott.		
Lady Grace Grenville .	•	To the Lady Jane Grinville.		
Damaris Arscott .	•	The Right Worshipful Sir John Grenville .		
William Grosse .	Morwenstow .	For my honored brother Sir John Grenville .	Dec. 26, 1656 .	Stow.
J. Thornehill .	•	Grenville .	July 6, 1656 .	London.
Sir Beville Grenville .	Liskeard .	The Lady Grace Grenville .	Jan. 19, 1642 .	Stow.
Sir Beville Grenville .	•	The Lady Grace Grenville .	Feb. 26, 1642.	
Lady Grace Grenville .	Stowe .	Sir Beville Grenville.		
Lady Grace Grenville .	Madford .	Mrs. Beville Grenville .	July 4, 1625 .	London.

¹ In this letter occurs the expression, "Let me hear a Saturday night whether the picture came home safe, and did scape the wett." This seems to refer to his portrait of same date, now in possession of Rev. W. Waddon Martyn.

GRANVILLE LETTERS.—Continued.

FROM	AT	TO	DATE	AT
Lady Grace Grenville	Mrs. Bevil Grenville	Aug. 20, 1625.	
Sir Beville Grenville	His son Richard.	March 29, 1671,	Stow.
Robert Cary .	Clovelly .	For the Right Hon. Earl of Bath.		
Sir Beville Grenville (?)	Mrs. Acland.	Aug. 23, 1627.	
Sir Beville Grenville .	Stow .	(?)		
Sir Beville Grenville	Mr. Webber.	March 25, 1640.	
Sir Beville Grenville .	Bodmin .	Lady Grace Grenville	Dec. 1, 1641 .	London.
Lady Grace Grenville .	Stow .	Sir Beville Grenville	Sept. 4, 1711 .	The Camp in Flanders.
George Granville ¹	William Henry, Earl of Bath, &c.		

¹ This letter ends with the following sentences: "To fear God, and honour the King," were injunctions so closely tack'd together, that they seem to make but one and the same command; a man may as well pretend to be a good Christian without fearing God, as a good subject without honouring the King."

"Deo, Patriæ, et Amicis," was your great-grandfather Sir Bevil's motto—in three (3 these) words he has added to his example a rule, which in following you can never err in any duty of life. The brightest courage and the gentlest disposition, is part of Lord Clarendon's character of him; so much of him you have begun to show us already; and the best wish I can make for you, is to resemble him as much in a but his untimely fate."

APPENDIX B.

SERMON BY REV. R. S. HAWKER.

PREACHED AT LAUNCESTON, 1865.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."
(MATT. xxviii. 20.)

The election of the Jewish people from among the nations had fulfilled its promised end. Their fortunes had displayed the alliance between transgression and punishment, obedience and reward, in the temporal dispensations of God; and suggested an analogy between these and the spiritual allotments of a state future and afar. They had treasured up, with a reverence approaching to superstition, the literal language of the old inspiration, the human echo of the voice of the Lord. But the national custody of prophetic evidence and typical illustration was no longer demanded from those guardians of the oracles of God. Prediction had been fixed and identified by event, and type had expired in substantive fulfilment. The ritual also of the old covenant was one of fugitive and local designation. The enactments of their civil code anticipated miraculous support; and, had this been vouchsafed to many nations, miracle, instead of an

interruption in the harmony of nature, would have been in the common order of events. The observance, again, of their ceremonial law, restricted to one temple and a single altar, was impracticable to all save those in the vicinity of that particular land ; many, indeed, were merely possible under peculiar adaptations of climate, manners, and governments. Even the solemn recognition of the old morality embodied in the Scripture of Moses, and made imperative by the signature of God ; inasmuch as it exacted utter obedience, and yet indicated no ceremonial atonement for defect, was another argument of a mutable creed. The impress of change, the character of incompleteness, were traceable on every feature of the ancient faith. The spirit of their religion, as well as the voice of prophecy, announced that the sceptre must depart from Judah, and a new covenant arrive for the house of Israel. It was not thus with the succeeding revelation. When the fulness of time was come (that is to say, when the experiment of ages had ascertained the Gentile world that the sagacity of man was inadequate to the counsels of God), and when the long exhibition of a symbolic ritual by the chosen Israelites had conveyed significant illustration of the future and final faith, God sent his Son. Then was brought to light the wisdom and coherence of the one vast plan. The history of man was discovered to be a record of his departure from a state of original righteousness (after the intervention of a preparatory religion) and eternal existence, and his restoration thereto by a single Redeemer for all his race. For this end, the Word, that is to say, the Revealer, was made flesh. That second impersonation of the sacred Trinity "took our manhood into God." The Godhead did not descend, as of old, in partial inspiration, nor were its issues restrictive and particular to angel or prophet ; but, because the scheme about to be developed was to be the religion of humanity, its Author iden-

tified himself with human nature, and became, in his own expressive language, the Son of man. He announced, in the simple solemnity of truth, the majestic errand of his birth,—to save sinners; repealed, by a mere declaration, every previous ritual, and substituted one catholic worship for the future earth. Now, the elements of durability were blended with every branch of this new revelation. Firstly, unlike the old covenant, it had no kingdom of this world, it depended on no peculiar system of political rule, interfered not with any civil right, but submitted to every ordinance of man as supreme to itself. The Christian faith was obviously meant to cohere with the political constitution of any country and all lands; to be the established religion of republic or monarchy according to the original laws, or any fundamental compact between ruler and realm; as, for example, this our Church of England received solemn recognition as a public establishment, and had assurance of the future protection of her liberties and privileges unharmed, in the Charter of King John. The new ceremonial usages again were as watchfully calculated for stability, as the forms of the old law had been pregnant with change. The simplicity of baptism—that rite of all nations—was invested with a sacramental mystery, and constituted the regenerative and introductory rite of a vast religion.

One sacrifice, and that to be offered not again, was exhibited upon Mount Calvary, that last altar of earthly oblations; and the sources of redemption were thenceforth complete. The memory of this scene was to be perpetuated, and its benefits symbolized and conveyed, by an intelligible solemnity, common to all countries, and attainable wheresoever two or three were gathered together in his name. The moral law proceeding on the perpetuity of natural obligation entered of necessity into the stipulations of the new covenant. But it was no longer fettered in operation by a literal

Decalogue ; no longer repulsive from its stern demand for uncompromising obedience. Its enactments were transferred by the Founder of Christianity into the general and enlarged principles of human action, and defect in its observance supplied by an atonement laid up or invested in the heavens. But not only was this alteration of doctrine and ceremony made from transitory to eternal : the law being changed, there arrived of necessity a change in the priesthood also. The temporary functions of the race of Aaron were superseded by the ordination of a solemn body of men, whose spiritual lineage and clerical succession should be as perpetual as the creed they promulgated:

The scene recalled by our text is that of the shore of Genesareth, whereon stood the arisen Lord, with the eleven men. Thence the sons of Zebedee, and others among them, had departed at his mere command from their occupation of the waters, and had become the followers of his path of instruction in Judæa, and Samaria, and Galilee. They had seen the supernatural passage of his life in wonder and in sign. They had gradually imbibed the doctrines of his mouth ; for them he had given unto the olive and the vine the voice of instruction, and hung, as it were, a parable on every bough. From the cross of shame, indeed, they had shrunk in shuddering dismay. But then, faith revived with his resurrection, and they were permitted to identify his arisen body. And now they beheld him on that accustomed spot, the apparent Conqueror of death, from whose grasp he had returned, the Author of that second life, the breath which he breathed into his new-founded Church ; the evident Lord of — in his own declaration — all power in heaven and on earth.

In the first ordination of Christian antiquity, the Son of God invested with his last authority the apostles of his choice : "Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the glad

dening message unto every creature. Make disciples in all nations by baptism into the religion and worship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Such was the tenor of that awful commission which they had to undertake and discharge. It was conferred at that hour on none beside, imparted with no lavish distribution to a multitude of disciples, but restricted to the blessed company of apostles; and by implication to those whom they in after-time might designate and ordain, save that the supernatural interference of the same Lord in the vocation of particular apostles might and did afterwards occur.

Who is sufficient for these things? must have been the conscious, though unuttered, question of every apostolic heart at that hour of awe. The fishermen of Bethsaida to arise from their nets to convert the nations! Unknown Galileans to compel the homage of distant and enlightened cities to the Crucified! The Searcher of hearts, aware of their natural diffidence and usual fear, therefore gave them assurance that the purifying and instructing Spirit he had promised should descend upon them at Jerusalem, and that miracle and sign should attend their ministerial path; and then, to banish the apprehension and awaken the courage of his succeeding servants, he uttered to those representatives of the Christian clergy the consolation of our text, — a catholic promise to a catholic Church, — "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Amply was that pledge redeemed, that promise fulfilled! After not many days, urged onward by the impulse of the descended Spirit, upheld by the conscious presence of their invisible Lord, the apostles, from the guest-chamber of Jerusalem proceeded on their difficult path. Peril and hostility were on every side. On the one hand, the Jews, haughty and stubborn, clung to the altars of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and would not have "that man to reign over them." On the

other hand, the Gentiles, absorbed in the indulgence of a luxuriant superstition, were unlikely to forego the gods of their idolatry, and elect from among the various formularies of worship the adoration of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet mightily grew the word of the Lord, and prevailed. Not only were Jewish converts counted in vast multitudes beneath the eloquence of St. Peter and St. John, but, in Gentile countries, a tent-maker of Tarsus obtained much people in every city. The mantle of the apostles descended on early martyrs and succeeding saints, until, not four centuries after the ascension of its Lord, the yoke of Christianity was on the neck of men having authority. A vast empire was docile to its tenets, and a conqueror was found to inscribe on his banner the symbol of human redemption, the wood of shame.

These, it may be urged, were days of miracle and sign. They were so ; but it was only because prodigy and supernatural proof were the chief exigencies of those times. The supply of grace — by which word I understand aidance Divine imparted to human endeavor — was not intended to be uniform or redundant, but “by measure.” Thus the display of the co-operation declared in our text, and the contribution of the Holy Ghost to the structure and stability of the apostolic Church, these were to be accorded in rigid proportion to time and circumstance, and local need. When that Church, built upon the rock of a pure confession, and reared by the succeeding hands of apostles and saints, had survived the wrath of early persecution, and baffled the malice of Pagan antiquity, then, in the next section of her history, heresy and schisms within her walls tried her foundations, and assayed her strength. In this peril he was with her always, — vouchsafed other manifestations of his presence and his power. Wise and courageous champions ‘for the faith once delivered to the saints’ appeared on the scene, clad with faculty and function obviously from on high.

The warfare of controversy produced the exposition of error and the triumph of truth. Those sound statements of the Triune Mystery and the attributes of the Second Person therein, which we confess in our Nicene and Athanasian formularies, were documents deduced from those Arian and Sabellian dissensions which they were embodied to refute. The suggestions of Pelagianism, again, in the succeeding era, tended to the more accurate definition of Scriptural doctrine on the union of Divine with human agency in the conduct of man ; and the experiment of centuries afforded ample comment on the text of the apostle, that "heresies must needs be, in order that the orthodox might appear." True it is that in the following times, under Papal encroachment, a long period of lowering superstition was permitted to threaten the primitive doctrine and distort the liturgical simplicity of the Church of Christ ; yet even then the fire of the apostolic lips was not wholly quenched. The sudden impulse given to the human mind by the appeal of Luther, proved that the elements of early faith yet endured, — that the former spirit was breathing still, and awaited only that summons to respond to the call. The success of that German monk, and the other lowly instruments whereby a vast work was wrought, exhibited another interference of that supernatural succor promised by our text. The fortunes of our Church of England, since that reformation, have been somewhat given to change. Once her sanctuaries have been usurped, and often her walls assailed. Evil men have "gone round about our Sion, and told the towers thereof, and marked well her bulwarks," but with hostile intent. The present days are not without their danger ! Still we hitherto remain. Still we have the promise of the text sounding in our ears. Still have we the contribution of our own endeavors to sustain the spiritual fabric whereto we belong. The circumstances that originate with ourselves

to impair our ecclesiastical validity appear to be, firstly, a spirit of concession. The right hand of paternity is too often extended, when the glove over Edom, the gauntlet of defiance, should be cast down, and the sword of the Spirit grasped to combat and refute. Dissent may be inseparable from religious freedom, as prejudice and error are congenital with the human mind. But the wanderers from our discipline and doctrine forget that they have voluntarily destroyed their identity with the flock; freely abandoned the pasture and refuge of the true fold; and have wilfully resigned all inheritance in its spiritual safety and in the secular advantage which may thereto accidentally belong. If, then, through some narrow gate of misconception or error they have "gone from us because they were not of us," they cannot, in honesty, look that it should be widened for their re-admittance, when that return, too, is with unfavorable design towards us and ours. Far be it from me to display unnecessary hostility towards any sect or denomination of men! but if, as I conceive, it be in supposition, that, by some compromise of doctrine or ceremony on our part, future stability may accrue to this Church of England, let us remember that Divine co-operation is not proposed to unworthy means, and that recorded experiment hath shown that it were even better that the Ark of God should tremble, than that the hand of Uzzah should sustain its strength.

One other source of future insecurity may be apprehended from the growth of vanity in theological opinion and private interpretation among the members of our own body. For example, it is matter of lamentation, that the terms "orthodox" and "evangelical" should have attained contrasted usage in a Church whose appellations, like her doctrines, should be catholic and one. As in the perilous time of the early Corinthian Church, the existence of divisions in practice extorted the indignant expostulations of St. Paul,

so, in these days of danger, it behooves every sincere friend to ecclesiastical order, to deprecate the exhibition of internal diversity, either on questionable doctrine or custom indifferent, to the surrounding foe. Better it were that those energies which are dissipated on the shibboleths of party, were applied, in unison, to the vindication and honor of the general Church ! The theory of ministerial operation might appear to be, that every apostolic officer of Christ should combine, with the intrepid discharge of his own duty, a corporate anxiety for the common weal ; that each of us should convey his personal stability as a contribution to the strength of our spiritual structure, and regard the graces of individual ministry as instrumental to the decoration of a general edifice, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Cornerstone. To this end, the solemnity of that function which the apostolic clergy have to discharge is in itself argument and exhortation. Unto them was transferred the especial guardianship and authoritative exposition of the oracles of God. By them alone the Founder of their faith gave promise to infuse sacramental advantage into the souls of men. The pledge and reward, the privileges and hopes, of Christian Scripture, regard that Universal Church wherein they hold pastoral rank from the Chief Shepherd, to bind and loose, shut and enclose in his earthly fold. The constant remembrance of these things might both kindle zeal, and repress presumption ; for, though the office be "but a little lower than the angels," how can we forget that it is intrusted to frail and erring men ? The train of thought suggested by a retrospect of these remarks is, that the erection of our enduring Church was always the hopeful predestination, — the original intent of God ; that three periods of revelation absorb the spiritual history of man : the simple worship of the patriarchal times ; that rudiment of religion, the particu-

lar, but mutable and transitory, covenant of Moses ; and the catholic faith which we confess. In this last inspiration, all doctrine and usage, stationary and complete, are final ; and we approach in this concluding dispensation the threshold of eternity ; and the text has announced the prophecy of the Revealer, that the official existence of its ministers shall expire only with the close of time. Local illustration of this durability is extant in our own ecclesiastical records. What changes have glided over the land since these towers of the past were set upon our hills, the beacons of the eternity whereto they lead ! What alternations of poverty and wealth, of apprehension and hope, have visited those who have served at their altars ! times of vigor and decay ! And yet we have assembled this day to exhibit our adoration to the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, in this surviving sanctuary "gray with his name ;" but the voice of history, that prophet of the past, affords us full assurance of hope for the future continuance of our beloved Church. Vicissitudes may approach, but not destruction ; external attack, but no intrinsic change ! Whatsoever the hand of sacrilege may perpetrate on the temporal fortunes of the Church of England, these are accessory but not essential to her spiritual existence. Howsoever she may be despoiled of her earthly revenues, though silver and gold she had none, there would be much, apostolic and sacramental, that men must seek at her hands ; and with the memory of Him who uttered the consolation of the text, we confide, that, while England shall bear that name, in the imagery of the Psalmist, "The sparrow will find her a home, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God !" Because he will be with us in the control and guidance of human events, for all power is given unto him in heaven and on earth ; with us in the general anxiety of his provi-

dence and the particular interference of his aid, since the Chief Shepherd must keep the watches of the night over his earthly fold ; with us in the issues common and ministerial of his most Holy Spirit, which is in continual procession from the Father and the Son, — Lo ! he is with us always, even unto the end of the world !

A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

1, Paternoster Square,
London.

A LIST OF KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
GENERAL LITERATURE	2	MILITARY WORKS.	35
PARCHMENT LIBRARY	20	POETRY.	36
PULPIT COMMENTARY	23	NOVELS AND TALES	42
INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES	32	BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG	44

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- A. K. H. B.*—From a Quiet Place. A Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- ALEXANDER, William, D.D., Bishop of Derry.*—The Great Question, and other Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- ALLEN, Rev. R., M.A.*—Abraham: his Life, Times, and Travels, 3800 years ago. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.
- ALLIES, T. W., M.A.*—Per Crucem ad Lucem. The Result of a Life. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- A Life's Decision.* Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- AMHERST, Rev. W. J.*—The History of Catholic Emancipation and the Progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles (chiefly in England) from 1771-1820. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 24s.
- AMOS, Professor Sheldon.*—The History and Principles of the Civil Law of Rome. An aid to the Study of Scientific and Comparative Jurisprudence. Demy 8vo. 16s.
- Ancient and Modern Britons.* A Retrospect. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 24s.
- ANDERDON, Rev. W. H.*—Evenings with the Saints. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- ANDERSON, David.*—"Scenes" in the Commons. Crown 8vo, 5s.

- ARISTOTLE.**—The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated by F. H. Peters, M.A. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- ARMSTRONG, Richard A., B.A.**—Latter-Day Teachers. Six Lectures. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- AUBERTIN, J. J.**—A Flight to Mexico. With Seven full-page Illustrations and a Railway Map of Mexico. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Six Months in Cape Colony and Natal.** With Illustrations and Map. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BADGER, George Percy, D.C.L.**—An English-Arabic Lexicon. In which the equivalent for English Words and Idiomatic Sentences are rendered into literary and colloquial Arabic. Royal 4to, 80s.
- BAGEHOT, Walter.**—The English Constitution. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Lombard Street.** A Description of the Money Market. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Essays on Parliamentary Reform.** Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver, and Topics connected with it.** Demy 8vo, 5s.
- BAGOT, Alan, C.E.**—Accidents in Mines: their Causes and Prevention. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Principles of Colliery Ventilation.** Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- The Principles of Civil Engineering as applied to Agriculture and Estate Management.** Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- BAKER, Sir Sherston, Bart.**—The Laws relating to Quarantine. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- BAKER, Thomas.**—A Battling Life; chiefly in the Civil Service. An Autobiography, with Fugitive Papers on Subjects of Public Importance. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- BALDWIN, Capt. J. H.**—The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India. With 20 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Small 4to, 10s. 6d.
- BALLIN, Ada S. and F. L.**—A Hebrew Grammar. With Exercises selected from the Bible. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- BARCLAY, Edgar.**—Mountain Life in Algeria. With numerous Illustrations by Photogravure. Crown 4to, 16s.
- BARLOW, James W.**—The Ultimatum of Pessimism. An Ethical Study. Demy 8vo, 6s.
- Short History of the Normans in South Europe.** Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

- BAUR, Ferdinand, Dr. Ph.**—*A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students.* Translated and adapted from the German, by C. KEGAN PAUL, M.A., and E. D. STONE, M.A. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BAYLY, Capt. George.**—*Sea Life Sixty Years Ago.* A Record of Adventures which led up to the Discovery of the Relics of the long-missing Expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BELLASIS, Edward.**—*The Money Jar of Plautus at the Oratory School.* An Account of the Recent Representation. With Appendix and 16 Illustrations. Small 4to, sewed, 2s.
- The New Terence at Edgbaston.** Being Notices of the Performances in 1880 and 1881. With Preface, Notes, and Appendix. Third Issue. Small 4to, 1s. 6d.
- BENN, Alfred W.**—*The Greek Philosophers.* 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 28s.
- Bible Folk-Lore.** A Study in Comparative Mythology. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- BIRD, Charles, F.G.S.**—*Higher Education in Germany and England.* Being a brief Practical Account of the Organization and Curriculum of the German Higher Schools. With critical Remarks and Suggestions with reference to those of England. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- BLECKLY, Henry.**—*Socrates and the Athenians: An Apology.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- BLOOMFIELD, The Lady.**—*Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life.* New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BLUNT, The Ven. Archdeacon.**—*The Divine Patriot, and other Sermons.* Preached in Scarborough and in Cannes. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- BLUNT, Wilfrid S.**—*The Future of Islam.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Ideas about India.** Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s.
- BODDY, Alexander A.**—*To Kairwân the Holy.* Scenes in Muhammedan Africa. With Route Map, and Eight Illustrations by A. F. JACASSEY. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BOSANQUET, Bernard.**—*Knowledge and Reality.* A Criticism of Mr. F. H. Bradley's "Principles of Logic." Crown 8vo, 9s.
- BOUVERIE-PUSEY, S. E. B.**—*Permanence and Evolution.* An Inquiry into the Supposed Mutability of Animal Types. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BOWEN, H. C., M.A.**—*Studies in English.* For the use of Modern Schools. Eighth Thousand. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- English Grammar for Beginners.** Fcap. 8vo, 1s.
- Simple English Poems.** English Literature for Junior Classes. In four parts. Parts I., II., and III., 6d. each. Part IV., 1s. Complete, 3s.

- BRADLEY, F. H.**—*The Principles of Logic.* Demy 8vo, 16s.
- BRIDGETT, Rev. T. E.**—*History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain.* 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- BROOKE, Rev. S. A.**—*Life and Letters of the Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A.* Edited by.
- I. Uniform with Robertson's Sermons. 2 vols. With Steel Portrait. 7s. 6d.
 - II. Library Edition. With Portrait. 8vo, 12s.
 - III. A Popular Edition. In 1 vol., 8vo, 6s.
- The Fight of Faith.** Sermons preached on various occasions. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- The Spirit of the Christian Life.** Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Theology in the English Poets.**—Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns. Fifth Edition. Post 8vo, 5s.
- Christ in Modern Life.** Sixteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Sermons.** First Series. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Sermons.** Second Series. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BROWN, Rev. J. Baldwin, B.A.**—*The Higher Life. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny.* Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.** Five Discourses. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- The Christian Policy of Life.** A Book for Young Men of Business. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BROWN, Horatio F.**—*Life on the Lagoons.* With two Illustrations and Map. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BROWNE, H. L.**—*Reason and Religious Belief.* Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BURDETT, Henry C.**—*Help in Sickness—Where to Go and What to Do.* Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- Helps to Health.** The Habitation—The Nursery—The School-room and—The Person. With a Chapter on Pleasure and Health Resorts. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- BURKE, The Late Very Rev. T. N.**—*His Life.* By W. J. FITZPATRICK. 2 vols. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 30s.
- BURTON, Mrs. Richard.**—*The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land.* Post 8vo, 6s.
- CAPES, J. M.**—*The Church of the Apostles: an Historical Inquiry.* Demy 8vo, 9s.
- Carlyle and the Open Secret of His Life.** By HENRY LARKIN. Demy 8vo, 14s.

- CRAWFURD, Oswald.*—Portugal, Old and New. With Illustrations and Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- CROZIER, John Beattie, M.B.*—The Religion of the Future. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- CUNNINGHAM, W., B.D.*—Politics and Economics: An Essay on the Nature of the Principles of Political Economy, together with a survey of Recent Legislation. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- DANIELL, Clarmont.*—The Gold Treasure of India. An Inquiry into its Amount, the Cause of its Accumulation, and the Proper Means of using it as Money. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Discarded Silver: a Plan for its Use as Money. Small crown, 8vo, 2s.
- DANIEL, Gerard.* Mary Stuart: a Sketch and a Defence. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- DAVIDSON, Rev. Samuel, D.D., LL.D.*—Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations. Third and Revised Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- The Doctrine of Last Things contained in the New Testament compared with the Notions of the Jews and the Statements of Church Creeds. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- DAWSON, Geo., M.A.* Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer. Edited by his Wife. First Series. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Second Series. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Sermons on Disputed Points and Special Occasions. Edited by his Wife. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Sermons on Daily Life and Duty. Edited by his Wife. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Authentic Gospel, and other Sermons. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Biographical Lectures. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S. Large crown, 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- DE JONCOURT, Madame Marie.*—Wholesome Cookery. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Democracy in the Old World and the New. By the Author of "The Suez Canal, the Eastern Question, and Abyssinia," etc. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- DENT, H. C.*—A Year in Brazil. With Notes on Religion, Meteorology, Natural History, etc. Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- Discourse on the Shedding of Blood, and The Laws of War. Demy 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DOUGLAS, Rev. Herman.—*Into the Deep*; or, *The Wonders of the Lord's Person.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.—*Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art.* Eighth Edition. Post 8vo, 12s.

Studies in Literature, 1789-1877. Third Edition. Large post 8vo, 6s.

Dulce Domum. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

DU MONCEL, Count.—*The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph.* With 74 Illustrations. Third Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

DURUY, Victor.—*History of Rome and the Roman People.* Edited by Prof. MAHAFFY. With nearly 3000 Illustrations. 4to. 6 vols. in 12 parts, 30s. each vol.

EDGEWORTH, F. Y.—*Mathematical Psychics.* An Essay on the Application of Mathematics to Social Science. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Educational Code of the Prussian Nation, in its Present Form. In accordance with the Decisions of the Common Provincial Law, and with those of Recent Legislation. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Education Library. Edited by PHILIP MAGNUS:—

An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories. By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

Old Greek Education. By the Rev. Prof. MAHAFFY, M.A. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

School Management. Including a general view of the work of Education, Organization and Discipline. By JOSEPH LANDON. Fifth Edition. 6s.

EDWARDES, Major-General Sir Herbert B.—*Memorials of his Life and Letters.* By his Wife. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 36s.

ELSDALE, Henry.—*Studies in Tennyson's Idylls.* Crown 8vo, 5s.

Emerson's (Ralph Waldo) Life. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. English Copyright Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Enoch the Prophet. The Book of. Archbishop LAURENCE'S Translation, with an Introduction by the Author of "The Evolution of Christianity." Crown 8vo, 5s.

Eranus. A Collection of Exercises in the Alcaic and Sapphic Metres. Edited by F. W. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s.

EVANS, Mark.—*The Story of Our Father's Love, told to Children.* Sixth and Cheaper Edition. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

- "Fan Kwae" at Canton before Treaty Days 1825-1844.** By an old Resident. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Faith of the Unlearned, The.** Authority, apart from the Sanction of Reason, an Insufficient Basis for It. By "One Unlearned." Crown 8vo, 6s.
- FEIS, Jacob.**—Shakspeare and Montaigne. An Endeavour to Explain the Tendency of Hamlet from Allusions in Contemporary Works. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- FLOREDICE, W. H.**—A Month among the Mere Irish. Small crown 8vo. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.
- Frank Leward.** Edited by CHARLES BAMPTON. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- FULLER, Rev. Morris.**—The Lord's Day ; or, Christian Sunday. Its Unity, History, Philosophy, and Perpetual Obligation. Sermons. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- GARDINER, Samuel R., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.**—Introduction to the Study of English History. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 9s.
- GARDNER, Dorsey.**—Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo. A Narrative of the Campaign in Belgium, 1815. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- GELDART, E. M.**—Echoes of Truth. Sermons, with a Short Selection of Prayers and an Introductory Sketch, by the Rev. C. B. UPTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Genesis in Advance of Present Science.** A Critical Investigation of Chapters I.-IX. By a Septuagenarian Beneficed Presbyterian. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- GEORGE, Henry.**—Progress and Poverty : An Inquiry into the Causes of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. Fifth Library Edition. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. Also a Cheap Edition. Limp cloth, 1s. 6d. Paper covers, 1s.
- Protection, or Free Trade.** An Examination of the Tariff Question, with especial regard to the Interests of Labour. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Social Problems.** Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 5s. Cheap Edition. Paper covers, 1s.
- GLANVILL, Joseph.**—Scepsis Scientifica ; or, Confest Ignorance, the Way to Science ; in an Essay of the Vanity of Dogmatizing and Confident Opinion. Edited, with Introductory Essay, by JOHN OWEN. Elzevir 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, 6s.
- Glossary of Terms and Phrases.** Edited by the Rev. H. PERCY SMITH and others. Second and Cheaper Edition. Medium 8vo, 7s. 6d.

- GLOVER, F., M.A.**—*Exempla Latina*. A First Construing Book, with Short Notes, Lexicon, and an Introduction to the Analysis of Sentences. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.
- GOLDSMID, Sir Francis Henry, Bart., Q.C., M.P.**—*Memoir of*. With Portrait. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- GOODENOUGH, Commodore J. G.**—*Memoir of*, with Extracts from his Letters and Journals. Edited by his Widow. With Steel Engraved Portrait. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- GORDON, Major-Genl. C. G.**—*His Journals at Kartoum*. Printed from the original MS. With Introduction and Notes by A. EGMONT HAKE. Portrait, 2 Maps, and 30 Illustrations. Two vols., demy 8vo, 21s. Also a Cheap Edition in 1 vol., 6s.
- Gordon's (General) Last Journal**. A Facsimile of the last Journal received in England from GENERAL GORDON. Reproduced by Photo-lithography. Imperial 4to, £3 3s.
- Events in his Life**. From the Day of his Birth to the Day of his Death. By Sir H. W. GORDON. With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- GOSSE, Edmund.**—*Seventeenth Century Studies*. A Contribution to the History of English Poetry. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- GOULD, Rev. S. Baring, M.A.**—*Germany, Present and Past*. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- GOWAN, Major Walter E.**—*A. Ivanoff's Russian Grammar*. (16th Edition.) Translated, enlarged, and arranged for use of Students of the Russian Language. Demy 8vo, 6s.
- GOWER, Lord Ronald.** *My Reminiscences*. MINIATURE EDITION, printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique, 10s. 6d.
- Last Days of Mary Antoinette**. An Historical Sketch. With Portrait and Facsimiles. Fcap. 4to, 10s. 6d.
- Notes of a Tour from Brindisi to Yokohama, 1883-1884**. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- GRAHAM, William, M.A.**—*The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social*. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Social Problem, in its Economic, Moral, and Political Aspects**. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- GREY, Rowland.**—*In Sunny Switzerland*. A Tale of Six Weeks. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Lindenblumen and other Stories**. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- GRIMLEY, Rev. H. N., M.A.**—*Tremadoc Sermons, chiefly on the Spiritual Body, the Unseen World, and the Divine Humanity*. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- GUSTAFSON, Alex.**—*The Foundation of Death*. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

GUSTAFSON, Alex.—continued.

Some Thoughts on Moderation. Reprinted from a Paper read at the Reeve Mission Room, Manchester Square, June 8, 1885. Crown 8vo, 1s.

HADDON, Caroline.—The Larger Life, Studies in Hinton's Ethics. Crown 8vo, 5s.

HAECKEL, Prof. Ernst.—The History of Creation. Translation revised by Professor E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both Plants and Animals. 2 vols. Third Edition. Post 8vo, 32s.

The History of the Evolution of Man. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo, 32s.

A Visit to Ceylon. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Freedom in Science and Teaching. With a Prefatory Note by T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. Crown 8vo, 5s.

HALF-CROWN SERIES :—

A Lost Love. By ANNA C. OGLE [Ashford Owen].

Sister Dora : a Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE.

True Words for Brave Men : a Book for Soldiers and Sailors. By the late CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Notes of Travel : being Extracts from the Journals of Count VON MOLTKE.

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged by J. DENNIS.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. By the Rev. Canon R. H. BAYNES.

Hamilton, Memoirs of Arthur, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HARRIS, William.—The History of the Radical Party in Parliament. Demy 8vo, 15s.

HARROP, Robert.—Bolingbroke. A Political Study and Criticism. Demy 8vo, 14s.

HART, Rev. J. W. T.—The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot. A Character Study. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

HAWEIS, Rev. H. R., M.A.—Current Coin. Materialism—The Devil—Crime—Drunkenness—Pauperism—Emotion—Recreation—The Sabbath. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Arrows in the Air. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Speech in Season. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Thoughts for the Times. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Unsectarian Family Prayers. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

HAWKINS, Edwards Comerford.—*Spirit and Form.* Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Leatherhead. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAWTHORNE, Nathaniel.—*Works.* Complete in Twelve Volumes. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. each volume.

VOL. I. TWICE-TOLD TALES.

II. MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

III. THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, AND THE SNOW IMAGE.

IV. THE WONDERBOOK, TANGLEWOOD TALES, AND GRAND-FATHER'S CHAIR.

V. THE SCARLET LETTER, AND THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

VI. THE MARBLE FAUN. [Transformation.]

VII. } OUR OLD HOME, AND ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.

VIII. }

IX. AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS.

X. FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS.

XI. SEPTIMIUS FELTON, THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE, FANSHAWE, AND, IN AN APPENDIX, THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP.

XII. TALES AND ESSAYS, AND OTHER PAPERS, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HAWTHORNE.

HEATH, Francis George.—*Autumnal Leaves.* Third and cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

Sylvan Winter. With 70 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 14s.

HENNESSY, Sir John Pope.—*Raleigh in Ireland.* With his Letters on Irish Affairs and some Contemporary Documents. Large crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, parchment, 10s. 6d.

HENRY, Philip.—*Diaries and Letters of.* Edited by MATTHEW HENRY LEE, M.A. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HINTON, J.—*Life and Letters.* With an Introduction by Sir W. W. GULL, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. JEENS. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Philosophy and Religion. Selections from the Manuscripts of the late James Hinton. Edited by CAROLINE HADDON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Law Breaker, and The Coming of the Law. Edited by MARGARET HINTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Mystery of Pain. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

Hodson of Hodson's Horse ; or, Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India. Being extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson. With a Vindication from the Attack of Mr. Bosworth Smith. Edited by his brother, G. H. HODSON, M.A. Fourth Edition. Large crown 8vo, 5s.

HOLTHAM, E. G.—*Eight Years in Japan, 1873-1881.* Work, Travel, and Recreation. With three Maps. Large crown 8vo, 9s.

- Homology of Economic Justice.** An Essay by an East India Merchant. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- HOOPEE, Mary.**—*Little Dinners: How to Serve them with Elegance and Economy.* Twentieth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Cookery for Invalids, Persons of Delicate Digestion, and Children.** Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Every-Day Meals.** Being Economical and Wholesome Recipes for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HOPKINS, Ellice.**—*Work amongst Working Men.* Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- HORNADAY, W. T.**—*Two Years in a Jungle.* With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 21s.
- HOSPITALIER, E.**—*The Modern Applications of Electricity.* Translated and Enlarged by JULIUS MAIER, Ph.D. 2 vols. Second Edition, Revised, with many additions and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. each volume.
VOL. I.—Electric Generators, Electric Light.
VOL. II.—Telephone: Various Applications: Electrical Transmission of Energy.
- HOWARD, Robert, M.A.**—*The Church of England and other Religious Communions.* A course of Lectures delivered in the Parish Church of Clapham. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- HUMPHREY, Rev. William.**—*The Bible and Belief.* A Letter to a Friend. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HUNTER, William C.**—*Bits of Old China.* Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- HUNTINGFORD, Rev. E., D.C.L.**—*The Apocalypse.* With a Commentary and Introductory Essay. Demy 8vo, 5s.
- HUTCHINSON, H.**—*Thought Symbolism, and Grammatic Illusions.* Being a Treatise on the Nature, Purpose, and Material of Speech. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HUTTON, Rev. C. F.**—*Unconscious Testimony; or, The Silent Witness of the Hebrew to the Truth of the Historical Scriptures.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HYNDMAN, H. M.**—*The Historical Basis of Socialism in England.* Large crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- IDDESLEIGH, Earl of.**—*The Pleasures, Dangers, and Uses of Desultory Reading.* Fcap. 8vo, in Whatman paper cover, 1s.
- JM THURN, Everard F.**—*Among the Indians of Guiana.* Being Sketches, chiefly anthropologic, from the Interior of British Guiana. With 53 Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, 18s.

JACCOUD, Prof. S.—*The Curability and Treatment of Pulmonary Phthisis.* Translated and edited by MONTAGU LUBBOCK, M.D. Demy 8vo, 15s.

Jaunt in a Junk: A Ten Days' Cruise in Indian Seas. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

JENKINS, E., and RAYMOND, J.—*The Architect's Legal Handbook.* Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 6s.

JENKINS, Rev. Canon R. C.—*Heraldry: English and Foreign.* With a Dictionary of Heraldic Terms and 156 Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

JERVIS, Rev. W. Henley.—*The Gallican Church and the Revolution.* A Sequel to the History of the Church of France, from the Concordat of Bologna to the Revolution. Demy 8vo, 18s.

JOEL, L.—*A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad.* With Definitions of Nautical, Mercantile, and Legal Terms; a Glossary of Mercantile Terms in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish; Tables of the Money, Weights, and Measures of the Principal Commercial Nations and their Equivalents in British Standards; and Forms of Consular and Notarial Acts. Demy 8vo, 12s.

JOHNSTON, H. H., F.Z.S.—*The Kilima-njaro Expedition.* A Record of Scientific Exploration in Eastern Equatorial Africa, and a General Description of the Natural History, Languages, and Commerce of the Kilima-njaro District. With 6 Maps, and over 80 Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, 21s.

JOYCE, P. W., LL.D., etc.—*Old Celtic Romances.* Translated from the Gaelic. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

KAUFMANN, Rev. M., B.A.—*Socialism: its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered.* Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Utopias; or, Schemes of Social Improvement, from Sir Thomas More to Karl Marx. Crown 8vo, 5s.

KAY, David, F.R.G.S.—*Education and Educators.* Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

KAY, Joseph.—*Free Trade in Land.* Edited by his Widow. With Preface by the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

* * Also a cheaper edition, without the Appendix, but with a Revise of Recent Changes in the Land Laws of England, by the RIGHT HON. G. OSBORNE MORGAN, Q.C., M.P. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Paper covers, 1s.

KELKE, W. H. H.—*An Epitome of English Grammar for the Use of Students.* Adapted to the London Matriculation Course and Similar Examinations. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

KEMPIS, Thomas à.—*Of the Imitation of Christ.* Parchment Library Edition.—Parchment or cloth, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d. The Red Line Edition, fcap. 8vo, red edges, 2s. 6d. The Cabinet Edition, small 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. ; cloth boards, red edges, 1s. 6d. The Miniature Edition, red edges, 32mo, 1s.

. All the above Editions may be had in various extra bindings.

KETTLEWELL, Rev. S.—*Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life.* With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

KIDD, Joseph, M.D.—*The Laws of Therapeutics ; or, the Science and Art of Medicine.* Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

KINGSFORD, Anna, M.D.—*The Perfect Way in Diet.* A Treatise advocating a Return to the Natural and Ancient Food of our Race. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s.

KINGSLEY, Charles, M.A.—*Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. With two Steel Engraved Portraits, and Vignettes on Wood. Fifteenth Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.

. Also a People's Edition, in one volume. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

All Saints' Day, and other Sermons. Edited by the Rev. W. HARRISON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

True Words for Brave Men. A Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

KNOX, Alexander A.—*The New Playground ; or, Wanderings in Algeria.* New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

Land Concentration and Irresponsibility of Political Power, as causing the Anomaly of a Widespread State of Want by the Side of the Vast Supplies of Nature. Crown 8vo, 5s.

LANDON, Joseph.—*School Management ; Including a General View of the Work of Education, Organization, and Discipline.* Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LEE, Rev. F. G., D.C.L.—*The Other World ; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural.* 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 15s.

Letters from an Unknown Friend. By the Author of "Charles Lowder." With a Preface by the Rev. W. H. CLEAVER. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

Leward, Frank. Edited by CHARLES BAMPTON. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LEWIS, Edward Dillon.—*A Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure.* Demy 8vo, 21s.

Life of a Prig. By ONE. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LILLIE, Arthur, M.R.A.S.—*The Popular Life of Buddha.* Containing an Answer to the Hibbert Lectures of 1881. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

- LLOYD, Walter.**—*The Hope of the World : An Essay on Universal Redemption.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- LONGFELLOW, H. Wadsworth.**—*Life.* By his Brother, SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 28s.
- LONSDALE, Margaret.**—*Sister Dora : a Biography.* With Portrait. Cheap Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- George Eliot : Thoughts upon her Life, her Books, and Herself.** Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- LOUNSBURY, Thomas R.**—*James Fenimore Cooper.* With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- LOWDER, Charles.**—*A Biography.* By the Author of "St. Teresa." New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.
- LÜCKES, Eva C. E.**—*Lectures on General Nursing,* delivered to the Probationers of the London Hospital Training School for Nurses. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- LYALL, William Rowe, D.D.**—*Propædæia Prophetica ; or, The Use and Design of the Old Testament Examined.* New Edition. With Notices by GEORGE C. PEARSON, M.A., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- LYTTON, Edward Bulwer, Lord.**—*Life, Letters and Literary Remains.* By his Son, the EARL OF LYTTON. With Portraits, Illustrations and Facsimiles. Demy 8vo. Vols. I. and II., 32s.
- MACAULAY, G. C.**—*Francis Beaumont : A Critical Study.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- MAC CALLUM, M. W.**—*Studies in Low German and High German Literature.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- MACHIAVELLI, Niccolò.**—*Life and Times.* By Prof. VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. 4 vols. Large post 8vo, 48s.
- MACHIAVELLI, Niccolò.**—*Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livius.* Translated from the Italian by NINIAN HILL THOMSON, M.A. Large crown 8vo, 12s.
- The Prince.** Translated from the Italian by N. H. T. Small crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, bevelled boards, 6s.
- MACKENZIE, Alexander.**—*How India is Governed.* Being an Account of England's Work in India. Small crown 8vo, 2s.
- MAGNUS, Mrs.**—*About the Jews since Bible Times.* From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- MAGUIRE, Thomas.**—*Lectures on Philosophy.* Demy 8vo, 9s.
- MAIR, R. S., M.D., F.R.C.S.E.**—*The Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians.* Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

MALDEN, Henry Elliot.—Vienna, 1683. The History and Consequences of the Defeat of the Turks before Vienna, September 12th, 1683, by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Many Voices. A volume of Extracts from the Religious Writers of Christendom from the First to the Sixteenth Century. With Biographical Sketches. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, red edges, 6s.

MARKHAM, Capt. Albert Hastings, R.N.—The Great Frozen Sea: A Personal Narrative of the Voyage of the *Alert* during the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6. With 6 Full-page Illustrations, 2 Maps, and 27 Woodcuts. Sixth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MARTINEAU, Gertrude.—Outline Lessons on Morals. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MAUDSLEY, H., M.D.—Body and Will. Being an Essay concerning Will, in its Metaphysical, Physiological, and Pathological Aspects. 8vo, 12s.

Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings. Crown 8vo, 6s.

McGRATH, Terence.—Pictures from Ireland. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s.

MEREDITH, M.A.—Theotokos, the Example for Woman. Dedicated, by permission, to Lady Agnes Wood. Revised by the Venerable Archdeacon DENISON. 32mo, limp cloth, 1s. 6d.

MILLER, Edward.—The History and Doctrines of Irvingism; or, The so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church. 2 vols. Large post 8vo, 25s.

The Church in Relation to the State. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MITCHELL, Lucy M.—A History of Ancient Sculpture. With numerous Illustrations, including 6 Plates in Phototype. Super royal 8vo, 42s.

MITFORD, Bertram.—Through the Zulu Country. Its Battle-fields and its People. With Five Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 14s.

MOCKLER, E.—A Grammar of the Baloochee Language, as it is spoken in Makran (Ancient Gedrosia), in the Persia-Arabic and Roman characters. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

MOLESWORTH, Rev. W. Nassau, M.A.—History of the Church of England from 1660. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MORELL, J. R.—Euclid Simplified in Method and Language. Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MORGAN, C. Lloyd.—The Springs of Conduct. An Essay in Evolution. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

- MORRIS, George.**—The Duality of all Divine Truth in our Lord Jesus Christ. For God's Self-manifestation in the Impartation of the Divine Nature to Man. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MORSE, E. S., Ph.D.**—First Book of Zoology. With numerous Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- NELSON, J. H., M.A.**—A Prospectus of the Scientific Study of the Hindû Law. Demy 8vo, 9s.
- NEWMAN, Cardinal.**—Characteristics from the Writings of. Being Selections from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal Approval. Seventh Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- * * A Portrait of Cardinal Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, 2s. 6d.
- NEWMAN, Francis William.**—Essays on Diet. Small crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.
- New Truth and the Old Faith: Are they Incompatible?** By a Scientific Layman. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- New Social Teachings.** By POLITICUS. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- NICOLS, Arthur, F.G.S., F.R.G.S.**—Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth: an Introduction to Geology and Palæontology. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- NOEL, The Hon. Roden.**—Essays on Poetry and Poets. Demy 8vo, 12s.
- NOPS, Marianne.**—Class Lessons on Euclid. Part I. containing the First Two Books of the Elements. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Nuces: EXERCISES ON THE SYNTAX OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER.** New Edition in Three Parts. Crown 8vo, each 1s.
- * * The Three Parts can also be had bound together, 3s.
- OATES, Frank, F.R.G.S.**—Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls. A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa. Edited by C. G. OATES, B.A. With numerous Illustrations and 4 Maps. Demy 8vo, 21s.
- O'CONNOR, T. P., M.P.**—The Parnell Movement. With a Sketch of Irish Parties from 1843. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- OGLE, W., M.D., F.R.C.P.**—Aristotle on the Parts of Animals. Translated, with Introduction and Notes. Royal 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- O'HAGAN, Lord, K.P.**—Occasional Papers and Addresses. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- O'MEARA, Kathleen.**—Frederic Ozanam, Professor of the Sorbonne: His Life and Work. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Henri Perreyve and his Counsels to the Sick. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

One and a Half in Norway. A Chronicle of Small Beer. By Either and Both. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

O'NEIL, the late Rev. Lord.—Sermons. With Memoir and Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Addresses. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Only Passport to Heaven, The. By One who has it. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

OSBORNE, Rev. W. A.—The Revised Version of the New Testament. A Critical Commentary, with Notes upon the Text. Crown 8vo, 5s.

OTTLEY, H. Bickersteth.—The Great Dilemma. Christ His Own Witness or His Own Accuser. Six Lectures. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Our Public Schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, The Charterhouse. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OWEN, F. M.—John Keats: a Study. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Across the Hills. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

OWEN, Rev. Robert, B.D.—Sanctorale Catholicum; or, Book of Saints. With Notes, Critical, Exegetical, and Historical. Demy 8vo, 18s.

OXONIENSIS.—Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism. Being a Layman's View of some questions of the Day. Together with Remarks on Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PALMER, the late William.—Notes of a Visit to Russia in 1840-1841. Selected and arranged by JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Early Christian Symbolism. A Series of Compositions from Fresco Paintings, Glasses, and Sculptured Sarcophagi. Edited by the Rev. Provost NORTHCOTE, D.D., and the Rev. Canon BROWNLOW, M.A. With Coloured Plates, folio, 42s., or with Plain Plates, folio, 25s.

Parchment Library. Chicely Printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique or cloth, 6s.; vellum, 7s. 6d. each volume.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. 2 vols.

Letters and Journals of Jonathan Swift. Selected and edited, with a Commentary and Notes, by STANLEY LANE POOLE.

De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium Eater. Reprinted from the First Edition. Edited by RICHARD GARNETT.

The Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

Parchment Library—continued.

Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift.
With a Preface and Notes by STANLEY LANE-POOLE and
Portrait.

English Sacred Lyrics.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses. Edited by EDMUND
GOSSE.

Selections from Milton's Prose Writings. Edited by
ERNEST MYERS.

The Book of Psalms. Translated by the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE,
M.A.

The Vicar of Wakefield. With Preface and Notes by AUSTIN
DOBSON.

English Comic Dramatists. Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD.

English Lyrics.

The Sonnets of John Milton. Edited by MARK PATTISON.
With Portrait after Vertue.

French Lyrics. Selected and Annotated by GEORGE SAINTS-
BURY. With a Miniature Frontispiece designed and etched by
H. G. Glindoni.

Fables by Mr. John Gay. With Memoir by AUSTIN DOBSON,
and an Etched Portrait from an unfinished Oil Sketch by Sir
Godfrey Kneller.

Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited, with an
Introduction, by RICHARD GARNETT.

The Christian Year. Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and
Holy Days throughout the Year. With Miniature Portrait of the
Rev. J. Keble, after a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.

Shakspeare's Works. Complete in Twelve Volumes.

Eighteenth Century Essays. Selected and Edited by AUSTIN
DOBSON. With a Miniature Frontispiece by R. Caldecott.

Q. Horati Flacci Opera. Edited by F. A. CORNISH, Assistant
Master at Eton. With a Frontispiece after a design by L. Alma
Tadema, etched by Leopold Lowenstam.

Edgar Allan Poe's Poems. With an Essay on his Poetry by
ANDREW LANG, and a Frontispiece by Linley Sambourne.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. With a
Frontispiece etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death
Mask.

English Odes. Selected by EDMUND GOSSE. With Frontis-
piece on India paper by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

Parchment Library—continued.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. A revised Translation. With Frontispiece on India paper, from a Design by W. B. Richmond.

Poems: Selected from PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With a Preface by RICHARD GARNETT and a Miniature Frontispiece.

PARSLOE, Joseph.—**Our Railways.** Sketches, Historical and Descriptive. With Practical Information as to Fares and Rates, etc., and a Chapter on Railway Reform. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PASCAL, Blaise.—**The Thoughts of.** Translated from the Text of Auguste Molinier, by C. KEGAN PAUL. Large crown 8vo, with Frontispiece, printed on hand-made paper, parchment antique, or cloth, 12s.; vellum, 15s.

PAUL, Alexander.—**Short Parliaments.** A History of the National Demand for frequent General Elections. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PAUL, C. Kegan.—**Biographical Sketches.** Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PEARSON, Rev. S.—**Week-day Living.** A Book for Young Men and Women. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

PENRICE, Major J.—**Arabic and English Dictionary of the Koran.** 4to, 21s.

PESCHEL, Dr. Oscar.—**The Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution.** Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 9s.

PHIPSON, E.—**The Animal Lore of Shakspeare's Time.** Including Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fish and Insects. Large post 8vo, 9s.

PIDGEON, D.—**An Engineer's Holiday; or, Notes of a Round Trip from Long. 0° to 0°.** New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Old World Questions and New World Answers. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Plain Thoughts for Men. Eight Lectures delivered at Forester's Hall, Clerkenwell, during the London Mission, 1884. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper covers, 1s.

POE, Edgar Allan.—**Works of.** With an Introduction and a Memoir by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. In 6 vols. With Frontispieces and Vignettes. Large crown 8vo, 6s. each.

POPE, J. Buckingham.—**Railway Rates and Radical Rule.** Trade Questions as Election Tests. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

PRICE, Prof. Bonamy.—**Chapters on Practical Political Economy.** Being the Substance of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Pulpit Commentary, The. (Old Testament Series.) Edited by the Rev. J. S. EXELL, M.A., and the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE.

Genesis. By the Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. With Homilies by the Very Rev. J. F. MONTGOMERY, D.D., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. ROBERTS, M.A. An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament by the Venerable Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.; and Introductions to the Pentateuch by the Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., and Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. Eighth Edition. 1 vol., 15s.

Exodus. By the Rev. Canon RAWLINSON. With Homilies by Rev. J. ORR, Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A., Rev. C. A. GOODHART, Rev. J. URQUHART, and the Rev. H. T. ROBJOHNS. Fourth Edition. 2 vols., 18s.

Leviticus. By the Rev. Prebendary MEYRICK, M.A. With Introductions by the Rev. R. COLLINS, Rev. Professor A. CAVE, and Homilies by Rev. Prof. REDFORD, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A., Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., and Rev. McCHEYNE EDGAR. Fourth Edition. 15s.

Numbers. By the Rev. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. Professor W. BINNIE, D.D., Rev. E. S. PROUT, M.A., Rev. D. YOUNG, Rev. J. WAITE, and an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS WHITELAW, M.A. Fourth Edition. 15s.

Deuteronomy. By the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. C. CLEMANCE, D.D., Rev. J. ORR, B.D., Rev. R. M. EDGAR, M.A., Rev. D. DAVIES, M.A. Fourth edition. 15s.

Joshua. By Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A. With Homilies by Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., Rev. R. GLOVER, Rev. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A.; and an Introduction by the Rev. A. PLUMMER, M.A. Fifth Edition. 12s. 6d.

Judges and Ruth. By the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Rev. J. MORISON, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. W. M. STATHAM, and Rev. Professor J. THOMSON, M.A. Fifth Edition. 10s. 6d.

1 Samuel. By the Very Rev. R. P. SMITH, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Rev. Prof. CHAPMAN, and Rev. B. DALE. Sixth Edition. 15s.

1 Kings. By the Rev. JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, and Rev. J. URQUHART. Fourth Edition. 15s.

Pulpit Commentary, The—continued.

I Chronicles. By the Rev. Prof. P. C. BARKER, M.A., LL.B. With Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. R. TUCK, B.A., Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A., Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A., and Rev. RICHARD GLOVER. 15s.

Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. By Rev. Canon G. RAWLINSON, M.A. With Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, LL.B., M.A., Rev. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. A. MACKENNAL, B.A., Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. DINWIDDIE, LL.B., Rev. Prof. ROWLANDS, B.A., Rev. G. WOOD, B.A., Rev. Prof. P. C. BARKER, M.A., LL.B., and the Rev. J. S. EXELL, M.A. Sixth Edition. 1 vol., 12s. 6d.

Jeremiah. (Vol. I.) By the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A. With Homilies by the Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. S. CONWAY, B.A., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., and Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A. Second Edition. 15s.

Jeremiah (Vol. II.) and Lamentations. By Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A. With Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. S. CONWAY, B.A., Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A. 15s.

Pulpit Commentary, The. (New Testament Series.)

St. Mark. By Very Rev. E. BICKERSTETH, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. With Homilies by Rev. Prof. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. GIVEN, M.A., Rev. Prof. JOHNSON, M.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, B.A., LL.B., Rev. A. MUIR, and Rev. R. GREEN. Fifth Edition. 2 vols., 21s.

The Acts of the Apostles. By the Bishop of Bath and Wells. With Homilies by Rev. Prof. P. C. BARKER, M.A., LL.B., Rev. Prof. E. JOHNSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., Rev. R. TUCK, B.A., Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A. Third Edition. 2 vols., 21s.

I. Corinthians. By the Ven. Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. Ex-Chancellor LIPSCOMB, LL.D., Rev. DAVID THOMAS, D.D., Rev. D. FRASER, D.D., Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. R. TUCK, B.A., Rev. E. HURNDALL, M.A., and Rev. H. BREMNER, B.D. Third Edition. Price 15s.

II. Corinthians and Galatians. By the Ven. Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., and Rev. Preb. E. HUXTABLE. With Homilies by Rev. Ex-Chancellor LIPSCOMB, LL.D., Rev. DAVID THOMAS, D.D., Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Rev. R. TUCK, B.A., Rev. E. HURNDALL, M.A., Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. R. FINLAYSON, B.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. R. M. EDGAR, M.A., and Rev. T. CROSKERRY, D.D. Price 21s.

- Pulpit Commentary, The.** (New Testament Series.)—*continued.*
- Ephesians, Phillipians, and Colossians.** By the Rev. Prof. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., Rev. B. C. CAFFIN, M.A., and Rev. G. G. FINDLAY, B.A. With Homilies by Rev. D. THOMAS, D.D., Rev. R. M. EDGAR, M.A., Rev. R. FINLAYSON, B.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. Prof. T. CROSKERRY, D.D., Rev. E. S. PROUT, M.A., Rev. Canon VERNON HUTTON, and Rev. U. R. THOMAS, D.D. Price 21s.
- Hebrews and James.** By the Rev. J. BARNEY, D.D., and Rev. Prebendary E. C. S. GIBSON, M.A. With Homiletics by the Rev. C. JERDAN, M.A., LL.B., and Rev. Prebendary E. C. S. GIBSON. And Homilies by the Rev. W. JONES, Rev. C. NEW, Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A., Rev. J. S. BRIGHT, Rev. T. F. LUCKYER, B.A., and Rev. C. JERDAN, M.A., LL.B. Price 15s.
- PUNCHARD, E. G., D.D.**—*Christ of Contention.* Three Essays. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.
- PUSEY, Dr.**—*Sermons for the Church's Seasons from Advent to Trinity.* Selected from the Published Sermons of the late EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- RANKE, Leopold von.**—*Universal History.* The oldest Historical Group of Nations and the Greeks. Edited by G. W. PROTHERO. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- RENDELL, J. M.**—*Concise Handbook of the Island of Madeira.* With Plan of Funchal and Map of the Island. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- REYNOLDS, Rev. J. W.**—*The Supernatural in Nature.* A Verification by Free Use of Science. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- The Mystery of Miracles.** Third and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Mystery of the Universe; Our Common Faith.** Demy 8vo, 14s.
- RIBOT, Prof. Th.**—*Heredity: A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences.* Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 9s.
- RIMMER, William, M.D.**—*Art Anatomy.* A Portfolio of 81 Plates. Folio, 70s., nett.
- ROBERTSON, The late Rev. F. W., M.A.**—*Life and Letters of.* Edited by the Rev. STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A.
- I. Two vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo, with Portrait. 12s.
- III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Sermons.** Four Series. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.
- The Human Race, and other Sermons.** Preached at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton. New and Cheaper Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ROBERTSON, The late Rev. F. W., M.A.—continued.

Notes on Genesis. New and Cheaper Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. A New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Lectures and Addresses, with other Literary Remains. A New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

An Analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

The Education of the Human Race. Translated from the German of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The above Works can also be had, bound in half morocco.

* * A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, 2s. 6d.

ROMANES, G. J.—Mental Evolution in Animals. With a Posthumous Essay on Instinct by CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S. Demy 8vo, 12s.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore. Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains. With 26 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, 18s.

Rosmini's Origin of Ideas. Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the *Nuovo Saggio Sull' origine delle idee*. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s. each.

Rosmini's Psychology. 3 vols. Demy 8vo. [Vols. I. and II. now ready, 16s. each.

Rosmini's Philosophical System. Translated, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Bibliography, Introduction, and Notes by THOMAS DAVIDSON. Demy 8vo, 16s.

RULE, Martin, M.A.—The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32s.

SAMUEL, Sydney M.—Jewish Life in the East. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SARTORIUS, Ernestine.—Three Months in the Soudan. With 11 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 14s.

SAYCE, Rev. Archibald Henry.—Introduction to the Science of Language. 2 vols. Second Edition. Large post 8vo, 21s.

SCOONES, W. Baptiste.—Four Centuries of English Letters: A Selection of 350 Letters by 150 Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Time. Third Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

SÉE, Prof. Germain.—Bacillary Phthisis of the Lungs. Translated and edited for English Practitioners by WILLIAM HENRY WEDDELL, M.R.C.S. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

- Shakspere's Works.** The Avon Edition, 12 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 18s. ; in cloth box, 21s. ; bound in 6 vols., cloth, 15s.
- SHILLITO, Rev. Joseph.**—*Womanhood: its Duties, Temptations, and Privileges.* A Book for Young Women. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- SIDNEY, Algernon.**—*A Review.* By GERTRUDE M. IRELAND BLACKBURN. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Sister Augustine,** Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn. Authorised Translation by HANS THARAU, from the German "Memorials of AMALIE VON LASAULX." Cheap Edition. Large crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- SKINNER, James.**—*A Memoir.* By the Author of "Charles Lowder." With a Preface by the Rev. Canon CARTER, and Portrait. Large crown, 7s. 6d.
- * * * Also a cheap Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- SMITH, Edward, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.**—*Tubercular Consumption in its Early and Remediable Stages.* Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- SMITH, Sir W. Cusack, Bart.**—*Our War Ships.* A Naval Essay. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Spanish Mystics.** By the Editor of "Many Voices." Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Specimens of English Prose Style from Malory to Macaulay.** Selected and Annotated, with an Introductory Essay, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Large crown 8vo, printed on handmade paper, parchment antique or cloth, 12s. ; vellum, 15s.
- SPEDDING, James.**—*Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political, and Historical not relating to Bacon.* Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Evenings with a Reviewer; or, Macaulay and Bacon.** With a Prefatory Notice by G. S. VENABLES, Q.C. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- STAPPER, Paul.**—*Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity: Greek and Latin Antiquity as presented in Shakespeare's Plays.* Translated by EMILY J. CAREY. Large post 8vo, 12s.
- STATHAM, F. Reginald.**—*Free Thought and Truth Thought.* A Contribution to an Existing Argument. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- STEVENSON, Rev. W. F.**—*Hymns for the Church and Home.* Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON.
The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children. SMALL EDITION. Cloth limp, 10d. ; cloth boards, 1s. LARGE TYPE EDITION. Cloth limp, 1s. 3d. ; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.
- Stray Papers on Education, and Scenes from School Life.** By B. H. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STREATFEILD, Rev. G. S., M.A.**—*Lincolnshire and the Danes.* Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

STRECKER-WISLICENUS.—Organic Chemistry. Translated and Edited, with Extensive Additions, by W. R. HODGKINSON, Ph.D., and A. J. GREENAWAY, F.I.C. Second and cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Suakin, 1885; being a Sketch of the Campaign of this year. By an Officer who was there. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

SULLY, James, M.A.—Pessimism: a History and a Criticism. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 14s.

Sunshine and Sea. A Yachting Visit to the Channel Islands and Coast of Brittany. With Frontispiece from a Photograph and 24 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SWEDENBORG, Eman.—De Cultu et Amore Dei ubi Agitur de Telluris ortu, Paradiso et Vivario, tum de Primogeniti Seu Adami Nativitate Infantia, et Amore. Crown 8vo, 6s.

On the Worship and Love of God. Treating of the Birth of the Earth, Paradise, and the Abode of Living Creatures. Translated from the original Latin. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Prodromus Philosophiæ Ratiocinantis de Infinito, et Causa Finali Creationis: deque Mechanismo Operationis Animæ et Corporis. Edidit THOMAS MURRAY GORMAN, M.A. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TACITUS.—The Agricola. A Translation. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

TAYLOR, Rev. Isaac.—The Alphabet. An Account of the Origin and Development of Letters. With numerous Tables and Facsimiles. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 36s.

TAYLOR, Jeremy.—The Marriage Ring. With Preface, Notes, and Appendices. Edited by FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY COUTTS. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

TAYLOR, Sedley.—Profit Sharing between Capital and Labour. To which is added a Memorandum on the Industrial Partnership at the Whitwood Collieries, by ARCHIBALD and HENRY BRIGGS, with remarks by SEDLEY TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"They Might Have Been Together Till the Last." An Essay on Marriage, and the position of Women in England. Small crown 8vo, 2s.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Edited by the Rev. CANON SPENCE, Rev. J. S. EXELL, and Rev. CHARLES NEIL. 6 vols. Super royal 8vo.

[Vols. I.-IV. now ready, 16s. each.

THOM, J. Hamilton.—Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ. Two Series. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. each.

THOMPSON, Sir H.—Diet in Relation to Age and Activity. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper covers, 1s.

- TIPPLE, Rev. S. A.**—Sunday Mornings at Norwood. Prayers and Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- TODHUNTER, Dr. J.**—A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo, 7s.
- TOLSTOI, Count Leo.**—Christ's Christianity. Translated from the Russian. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- TRANT, William.**—Trade Unions: Their Origin, Objects, and Efficacy. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.; paper covers, 1s.
- TREMENHEERE, Hugh Seymour, C.B.**—A Manual of the Principles of Government, as set forth by the Authorities of Ancient and Modern Times. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, limp cloth, 1s.
- TRENCH, The late R. C., Archbishop.**—Notes on the Parables of Our Lord. Fourteenth Edition. 8vo, 12s.
- Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord. Twelfth Edition. 8vo, 12s.
- Studies in the Gospels. Fifth Edition, Revised. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Brief Thoughts and Meditations on Some Passages in Holy Scripture. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Synonyms of the New Testament. Ninth Edition, Enlarged. 8vo, 12s.
- Selected Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- On the Authorized Version of the New Testament. Second Edition. 8vo, 7s.
- Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia. Fourth Edition, Revised. 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- The Sermon on the Mount. An Exposition drawn from the Writings of St. Augustine, with an Essay on his Merits as an Interpreter of Holy Scripture. Fourth Edition, Enlarged. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Shipwrecks of Faith. Three Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in May, 1867. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Lectures on Mediæval Church History. Being the Substance of Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London. Second Edition. 8vo, 12s.
- English, Past and Present. Thirteenth Edition, Revised and Improved. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- On the Study of Words. Nineteenth Edition, Revised. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- Select Glossary of English Words Used Formerly in Senses Different from the Present. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- Proverbs and Their Lessons. Seventh Edition, Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, 4s.
- Poems. Collected and Arranged anew. Ninth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TRENCH, The late R. C., Archbishop.—continued.

- Poems. Library Edition. 2 vols. Small crown 8vo, 10s.
- Sacred Latin Poetry. Chiefly Lyrical, Selected and Arranged for Use. Third Edition, Corrected and Improved. Fcap. 8vo, 7s.
- A Household Book of English Poetry. Selected and Arranged, with Notes. Fourth Edition, Revised. Extra fcap. 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- An Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon. With Translations from his "Life's a Dream" and "Great Theatre of the World." Second Edition, Revised and Improved. Extra fcap. 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and other Lectures on the Thirty Years' War. Second Edition, Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, 4s.
- Plutarch: his Life, his Lives, and his Morals. Second Edition, Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Remains of the late Mrs. Richard Trench. Being Selections from her Journals, Letters, and other Papers. New and Cheaper Issue. With Portrait. 8vo, 6s.
- TUKE, Daniel Hack, M.D., F.R.C.P.*—Chapters in the History of the Insane in the British Isles. With Four Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 12s.
- TWINING, Louisa.*—Workhouse Visiting and Management during Twenty-Five Years. Small crown 8vo, 2s.
- TYLER, J.*—The Mystery of Being: or, What Do We Know? Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- VAUGHAN, H. Halford.*—New Readings and Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. each.
- VILLARI, Professor.*—Niccolò Machiavelli and his Times. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. 4 vols. Large post 8vo, 48s.
- VILLIERS, The Right Hon. C. P.*—Free Trade Speeches of. With Political Memoir. Edited by a Member of the Cobden Club. 2 vols. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- *** People's Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 2s. 6d.
- VOGT, Lieut.-Col. Hermann.*—The Egyptian War of 1882. A translation. With Map and Plans. Large crown 8vo, 6s.
- VOLCKXSOM, E. W. v.*—Catechism of Elementary Modern Chemistry. Small crown 8vo, 3s.
- WALLER, Rev. C. B.*—The Apocalypse, reviewed under the Light of the Doctrine of the Unfolding Ages, and the Restitution of All Things. Demy 8vo, 12s.
- The Bible Record of Creation viewed in its Letter and Spirit. Two Sermons preached at St. Paul's Church, Woodford Bridge. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

- WALPOLE, Chas. George.**—*A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain.* With 5 Maps and Appendices. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- WARD, William George, Ph.D.**—*Essays on the Philosophy of Theism.* Edited, with an Introduction, by WILFRID WARD. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 21s.
- WARD, Wilfrid.**—*The Wish to Believe.* A Discussion Concerning the Temper of Mind in which a reasonable Man should undertake Religious Inquiry. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- WARTER, J. W.**—*An Old Shropshire Oak.* 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 28s.
- WEDDERBURN, Sir David, Bart., M.P.**—*Life of.* Compiled from his Journals and Writings by his sister, Mrs. E. H. PERCIVAL. With etched Portrait, and facsimiles of Pencil Sketches. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- WEDMORE, Frederick.**—*The Masters of Genre Painting.* With Sixteen Illustrations. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- WHITE, R. E.**—*Recollections of Woolwich during the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny, and of the Ordnance and War Departments ; together with complete Lists of Past and Present Officials of the Royal Arsenal, etc.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- WHITNEY, Prof. William Dwight.**—*Essentials of English Grammar, for the Use of Schools.* Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WHITWORTH, George Clifford.**—*An Anglo-Indian Dictionary : a Glossary of Indian Terms used in English, and of such English or other Non-Indian Terms as have obtained special meanings in India.* Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.
- WILLIAMS, Rowland, D.D.**—*Psalms, Litanies, Counsels, and Collects for Devout Persons.* Edited by his Widow. New and Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Stray Thoughts from the Note Books of the late Rowland Williams, D.D. Edited by his Widow. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WILSON, Lieut.-Col. C. T.**—*The Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, 1702-1734.* Demy 8vo, 15s.
- WILSON, Mrs. R. F.**—*The Christian Brothers.* Their Origin and Work. With a Sketch of the Life of their Founder, the Ven. JEAN BAPTISTE, de la Salle. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- WOLTMANN, Dr. Alfred, and WOERMANN, Dr. Karl.**—*History of Painting.* With numerous Illustrations. Vol. I. Painting in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. Medium 8vo, 28s., bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 30s. Vol. II. The Painting of the Renaissance.

- YOUMANS, Eliza A.**—**First Book of Botany.** Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- YOUMANS, Edward L., M.D.**—**A Class Book of Chemistry,** on the Basis of the New System. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.

- I. **Forms of Water:** a Familiar Exposition of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers. By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 25 Illustrations. Ninth Edition. 5s.
- II. **Physics and Politics;** or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Seventh Edition. 4s.
- III. **Foods.** By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Eighth Edition. 5s.
- IV. **Mind and Body:** the Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Seventh Edition. 4s.
- V. **The Study of Sociology.** By Herbert Spencer. Twelfth Edition. 5s.
- VI. **On the Conservation of Energy.** By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. 5s.
- VII. **Animal Locomotion;** or Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S., etc. With 130 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- VIII. **Responsibility in Mental Disease.** By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- IX. **The New Chemistry.** By Professor J. P. Cooke. With 31 Illustrations. Eighth Edition, remodelled and enlarged. 5s.
- X. **The Science of Law.** By Professor Sheldon Amos. Sixth Edition. 5s.
- XI. **Animal Mechanism:** a Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XII. **The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.** By Professor Oscar Schmidt. With 26 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. 5s.
- XIII. **The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.** By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Nineteenth Edition. 5s.
- XIV. **Fungi:** their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. By M. C. Cooke, M.D., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.

- XV. The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography.** By Dr. Hermann Vogel. With 100 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- XVI. The Life and Growth of Language.** By Professor William Dwight Whitney. Fifth Edition. 5s.
- XVII. Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.** By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. Seventh Edition. 5s.
- XVIII. The Nature of Light.** With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel. With 188 Illustrations and a Table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Third Edition. 5s.
- XIX. Animal Parasites and Messmates.** By P. J. Van Beneden. With 83 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XX. Fermentation.** By Professor Schützenberger. With 28 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- XXI. The Five Senses of Man.** By Professor Bernstein. With 91 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. 5s.
- XXII. The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music.** By Professor Pietro Blaserna. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XXIII. Studies in Spectrum Analysis.** By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. With six photographic Illustrations of Spectra, and numerous engravings on Wood. Third Edition. 6s. 6d.
- XXIV. A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine.** By Professor R. H. Thurston. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. 6s. 6d.
- XXV. Education as a Science.** By Alexander Bain, LL.D. Fifth Edition. 5s.
- XXVI. The Human Species.** By Professor A. de Quatrefages. Third Edition. 5s.
- XXVII. Modern Chromatics.** With Applications to Art and Industry. By Ogden N. Rood. With 130 original Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- XXVIII. The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology.** By Professor T. H. Huxley. With 82 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- XXIX. The Brain as an Organ of Mind.** By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XXX. The Atomic Theory.** By Prof. Wurtz. Translated by G. Cleminshaw, F.C.S. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- XXXI. The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.** By Karl Semper. With 2 Maps and 106 Woodcuts. Third Edition. 5s.
- XXXII. General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.** By Prof. J. Rosenthal. Third Edition. With Illustrations. 5s.

- XXXIII. **Sight: an Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision.** By Joseph le Conte, LL.D. Second Edition. With 132 Illustrations. 5s.
- XXXIV. **Illusions: a Psychological Study.** By James Sully. Second Edition. 5s.
- XXXV. **Volcanoes: what they are and what they teach.** By Professor J. W. Judd, F.R.S. With 92 Illustrations on Wood. Third Edition. 5s.
- XXXVI. **Suicide: an Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics.** By Prof. H. Morselli. Second Edition. With Diagrams. 5s.
- XXXVII. **The Brain and its Functions.** By J. Luys. With Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- XXXVIII. **Myth and Science: an Essay.** By Tito Vignoli. Second Edition. 5s.
- XXXIX. **The Sun.** By Professor Young. With Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- XL. **Ants, Bees, and Wasps: a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera.** By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. With 5 Chromo-lithographic Illustrations. Eighth Edition. 5s.
- XLI. **Animal Intelligence.** By G. J. Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. 5s.
- XLII. **The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.** By J. B. Stallo. Third Edition. 5s.
- XLIII. **Diseases of the Memory; An Essay in the Positive Psychology.** By Prof. Th. Ribot. Second Edition. 5s.
- XLIV. **Man before Metals.** By N. Joly, with 148 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XLV. **The Science of Politics.** By Prof. Sheldon Amos. Third Edition. 5s.
- XLVI. **Elementary Meteorology.** By Robert H. Scott. Third Edition. With Numerous Illustrations. 5s.
- XLVII. **The Organs of Speech and their Application in the Formation of Articulate Sounds.** By Georg Hermann Von Meyer. With 47 Woodcuts. 5s.
- XLVIII. **Fallacies. A View of Logic from the Practical Side.** By Alfred Sidgwick. 5s.
- XLIX. **Origin of Cultivated Plants.** By Alphonse de Candolle. 5s.
- L. **Jelly-Fish, Star-Fish, and Sea-Urchins. Being a Research on Primitive Nervous Systems.** By G. J. Romanes. With Illustrations. 5s.

- LL. **The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences.** By the late William Kingdon Clifford. Second Edition. With 100 Figures. 5s.
- LII. **Physical Expression: Its Modes and Principles.** By Francis Warner, M.D., F.R.C.P. With 50 Illustrations. 5s.
- LIII. **Anthropoid Apes.** By Robert Hartmann. With 63 Illustrations. 5s.
- LIV. **The Mammalia in their Relation to Primeval Times.** By Oscar Schmidt. With 51 Woodcuts. 5s.
- LV. **Comparative Literature.** By H. Macaulay Posnett, LL.D. 5s.
- LVI. **Earthquakes and other Earth Movements.** By Prof. JOHN MILNE. With 38 Figures. 5s.
- LVII. **Microbes, Ferments, and Moulds.** By E. L. TROUSSERT. With 107 Illustrations. 5s.
-

MILITARY WORKS.

BRACKENBURY, Col. C. B., R.A.—Military Handbooks for Regimental Officers.

- I. **Military Sketching and Reconnaissance.** By Col. F. J. Hutchison and Major H. G. MacGregor. Fourth Edition. With 15 Plates. Small crown 8vo, 4s.
- II. **The Elements of Modern Tactics Practically applied to English Formations.** By Lieut.-Col. Wilkinson Shaw. Fifth Edition. With 25 Plates and Maps. Small crown 8vo, 9s.
- III. **Field Artillery. Its Equipment, Organization and Tactics.** By Major Sisson C. Pratt, R.A. With 12 Plates. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- IV. **The Elements of Military Administration.** First Part: Permanent System of Administration. By Major J. W. Buxton. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- V. **Military Law: Its Procedure and Practice.** By Major Sisson C. Pratt, R.A. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- VI. **Cavalry in Modern War.** By Col. F. Chenevix Trench. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- VII. **Field Works. Their Technical Construction and Tactical Application.** By the Editor, Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. Small crown 8vo.

BRENT, Brig.-Gen. J. L.—Mobilizable Fortifications and their Controlling Influence in War. Crown 8vo, 5s.

- BROOKE, Major, C. K.**—*A System of Field Training.* Small crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.
- CLERY, C., Lieut.-Col.**—*Minor Tactics.* With 26 Maps and Plans. Seventh Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 9s.
- COLVILLE, Lieut.-Col. C. F.**—*Military Tribunals.* Sewed, 2s. 6d.
- CRAUFURD, Capt. H. J.**—*Suggestions for the Military Training of a Company of Infantry.* Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- HAMILTON, Capt. Ian, A.D.C.**—*The Fighting of the Future.* 1s.
- HARRISON, Col. R.**—*The Officer's Memorandum Book for Peace and War.* Fourth Edition, Revised throughout. Oblong 32mo, red basil, with pencil, 3s. 6d.
- Notes on Cavalry Tactics, Organisation, etc.** By a Cavalry Officer. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 12s.
- PARR, Capt. H. Hallam, C.M.G.**—*The Dress, Horses, and Equipment of Infantry and Staff Officers.* Crown 8vo, 1s.
- SCHAW, Col. H.**—*The Defence and Attack of Positions and Localities.* Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STONE, Capt. F. Gladoue, R.A.**—*Tactical Studies from the Franco-German War of 1870-71.* With 22 Lithographic Sketches and Maps. Demy 8vo, 30s.
- WILKINSON, H. Spenser, Capt. 20th Lancashire R.V.**—*Citizen Soldiers.* Essays towards the Improvement of the Volunteer Force. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

POETRY.

- ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.**—*The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor.* From the text of GAUTIER. With Translations into English in the Original Metres, and Short Explanatory Notes, by DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A. 3 vols. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, boards, 21s.
- AUCHMUTY, A. C.**—*Poems of English Heroism : From Brunanburh to Lucknow ; from Athelstan to Albert.* Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- BARNES, William.**—*Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect.* New Edition, complete in one vol. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- BAYNES, Rev. Canon H. R.**—*Home Songs for Quiet Hours.* Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- BEVINGTON, L. S.**—*Key Notes.* Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- BLUNT, Wilfrid Scarven.**—*The Wind and the Whirlwind.* Demy 8vo, 1s. 6d.

BLUNT, Wilfred Scawen—continued.

The Love Sonnets of Proteus. Fifth Edition, 18mo. Cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.

BOWEN, H. C., M.A.—Simple English Poems. English Literature for Junior Classes. In Four Parts. Parts I., II., and III., 6d. each, and Part IV., 1s. Complete, 3s.

BRYANT, W. C.—Poems. Cheap Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Calderon's Dramas: the Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—the Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY. Post 8vo, 10s.

Camoens Lusiads.—Portuguese Text, with Translation by J. J. AUBERTIN. Second Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.

CAMPBELL, Lewis.—Sophocles. The Seven Plays in English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CERVANTES.—Journey to Parnassus. Spanish Text, with Translation into English Tercets, Preface, and Illustrative Notes, by JAMES Y. GIBSON. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Numantia: a Tragedy. Translated from the Spanish, with Introduction and Notes, by JAMES Y. GIBSON. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, 5s.

CHAVANNES, Mary Charlotte.—A Few Translations from Victor Hugo and other Poets. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

CHRISTIE, A. J.—The End of Man. With 4 Autotype Illustrations. 4to, 10s. 6d.

Chronicles of Christopher Columbus. A Poem in 12 Cantos. By M. D. C. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CLARKE, Mary Cowden.—Honey from the Weed. Verses. Crown 8vo, 7s.

COXHEAD, Ethel.—Birds and Babies. Imp. 16mo. With 33 Illustrations. Gilt, 2s. 6d.

DE BERANGER.—A Selection from his Songs. In English Verse. By WILLIAM TOYNBEE. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DENNIS, J.—English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged by. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DE VERE, Aubrey.—Poetical Works.

I. **THE SEARCH AFTER PROSERPINE**, etc. 6s.

II. **THE LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK**, etc. 6s.

III. **ALEXANDER THE GREAT**, etc. 6s.

The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Legends of the Saxon Saints. Small crown 8vo, 6s.

DOBSON, Austin.—Old World Idylls and other Verses. Sixth Edition. Elzevir 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

At the Sign of the Lyre. Fourth Edition. Elzevir 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

DOMETT, Alfred.—Ranolf and Amohia. A Dream of Two Lives. New Edition, Revised. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Dorothy: a Country Story in Elegiac Verse. With Preface. Demy 8vo, 5s.

DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.—Shakspeare's Sonnets. With Introduction and Notes. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Dulce Cor: being the Poems of Ford Berêton. With Two Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DUTT, Toru.—A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields. New Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan. With an Introductory Memoir by EDMUND GOSSE. Second Edition, 18mo. Cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.

EDWARDS, Miss Betham.—Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ELDRYTH, Maud.—Margaret, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

All Soul's Eve, "No God," and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, The Corn Law Rhymist.—Poems. Edited by his son, the Rev. EDWIN ELLIOTT, of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 18s.

English Verse. Edited by W. J. LINTON and R. H. STODDARD. 5 vols. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.

I. CHAUCER TO BURNS.

II. TRANSLATIONS.

III. LYRICS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IV. DRAMATIC SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

V. BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

ENIS.—Gathered Leaves. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

EVANS, Anne.—Poems and Music. With Memorial Preface by ANN THACKERAY RITCHIE. Large crown 8vo, 7s.

GOODCHILD, John A.—Somnia Medici. Two series. Small crown 8vo, 5s. each.

GOSSE, Edmund W.—New Poems. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Firdausi in Exile, and other Poems. Elzevir 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

GRINDROD, Charles.—Plays from English History. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The Stranger's Story, and his Poem, The Lament of Love: An Episode of the Malvern Hills. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

- GURNEY, Rev. Alfred.**—The Vision of the Eucharist, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s.
A Christmas Faggot. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- HENRY, Daniel, Junr.**—Under a Fool's Cap. Songs. Crown 8vo, cloth, bevelled boards, 5s.
- HEYWOOD, J. C.**—Herodias, a Dramatic Poem. New Edition, Revised. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
Antonius. A Dramatic Poem. New Edition, Revised. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- HICKEY, E. H.**—A Sculptor, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- HOLE, W. G.**—Procris, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- KEATS, John.**—Poetical Works. Edited by W. T. ARNOLD. Large crown 8vo, choicely printed on hand-made paper, with Portrait in *eau-forte*. Parchment or cloth, 12s.; vellum, 15s.
- KING, Mrs. Hamilton.**—The Disciples. Eighth Edition, and Notes. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
A Book of Dreams. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- KNOX, The Hon. Mrs. O. N.**—Four Pictures from a Life, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- LANG, A.**—XXXII Ballades in Blue China. Elzevir 8vo, 5s.
Rhymes à la Mode. With Frontispiece by E. A. Abbey. Elzevir 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.
- LAWSON, Right Hon. Mr. Justice.**—Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi: with other Verses. Small 8vo, parchment, 5s.
- Lessing's Nathan the Wise.** Translated by EUSTACE K. CORBETT. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Life Thoughts.** Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Living English Poets MDCCCLXXXII.** With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. Parchment or cloth, 12s.; vellum, 15s.
- LOCKER, F.**—London Lyrics. Tenth Edition. With Portrait, Elzevir 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.
- Love in Idleness.** A Volume of Poems. With an Etching by W. B. Scott. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- LUMSDEN, Lieut.-Col. H. W.**—Beowulf: an Old English Poem. Translated into Modern Rhymes. Second and Revised Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- LYSAGHT, Sidney Ryse.**—A Modern Ideal. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- MACGREGOR, Duncan.**—Clouds and Sunlight. Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

- MAGNUSSON, Eirikr, M.A., and PALMER, E. H., M.A.**—*Johan Ludvig Runeberg's Lyrical Songs, Idylls, and Epigrams.* Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- MAKCLLOUD, Eben.**—*Ballads of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- MCNAUGHTON, J. H.**—*Onnalinda.* A Romance. Small crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MEREDITH, Owen** [*The Earl of Lytton*].—*Lucile.* New Edition. With 32 Illustrations. 16mo, 3s. 6d. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.
- MORRIS, Lewis.**—*Poetical Works of.* New and Cheaper Editions, with Portrait. Complete in 3 vols., 5s. each.
 Vol. I. contains "Songs of Two Worlds." Eleventh Edition.
 Vol. II. contains "The Epic of Hades." Twentieth Edition.
 Vol. III. contains "Gwen" and "The Ode of Life." Sixth Edition.
The Epic of Hades. With 16 Autotype Illustrations, after the Drawings of the late George R. Chapman. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 21s.
The Epic of Hades. Presentation Edition. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 10s. 6d.
Songs Unsung. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
The Lewis Morris Birthday Book. Edited by S. S. CORMAN, with Frontispiece after a Design by the late George R. Chapman. 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.
- MORSHEAD, E. D. A.**—*The House of Atreus.* Being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7s.
The Suppliant Maidens of Æschylus. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- MOZLEY, J. Rickards.**—*The Romance of Dennell.* A Poem in Five Cantos. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MULHOLLAND, Rosa.**—*Vagrant Verses.* Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- NOEL, The Hon. Roden.**—*A Little Child's Monument.* Third Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
The House of Ravensburg. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
The Red Flag, and other Poems. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
Songs of the Heights and Deepes. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- OBBARD, Constance Mary.**—*Burley Bells.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- O'HAGAN, John.**—*The Song of Roland.* Translated into English Verse. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- PFEIFFER, Emily.**—*The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock, and How it Grew.* Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PFEIFFER, Emily—continued.

Gerard's Monument, and other Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Under the Aspens: Lyrical and Dramatic. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PIATT, J. J.—Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley. Crown 8vo, 5s.

PIATT, Sarah M. B.—A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and other Poems. 1 vol. Small crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s.

In Primrose Time. A New Irish Garland. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Rare Poems of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Edited W. J. LINTON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

RHOADES, James.—The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Poems. Small crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

ROBINSON, A. Mary F.—A Handful of Honeysuckle. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Crowned Hippolytus. Translated from Euripides. With New Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

ROUS, Lieut.-Col.—Conradin. Small crown 8vo, 2s.

SANDYS, R. H.—Egeus, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SCHILLER, Friedrich.—Wallenstein. A Drama. Done in English Verse, by J. A. W. HUNTER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SCOTT, E. J. L.—The Eclogues of Virgil.—Translated into English Verse. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SCOTT, George F. E.—Theodora and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SEYMOUR, F. H. A.—Rienzi. A Play in Five Acts. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Shakspeare's Works. The Avon Edition, 12 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 18s.; and in box, 21s.; bound in 6 vols., cloth, 15s.

SHERBROOKE, Viscount.—Poems of a Life. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

SMITH, J. W. Gilbert.—The Loves of Vandyck. A Tale of Genoa. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The Log o' the "Norseman." Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Songs of Coming Day. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Sophocles: The Seven Plays in English Verse. Translated by LEWIS CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SPICER, Henry.—Haska: a Drama in Three Acts (as represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, March 10th, 1877). Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Uriel Acosta, in Three Acts. From the German of Gatzkow. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

-
- SYMONDS, John Addington.*—*Vagabunduli Libellus.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.* Translated by Sir JOHN KINGSTON JAMES, Bart. Two Volumes. Printed on hand-made paper, parchment, bevelled boards. Large crown 8vo, 21s.
- TAYLOR, Sir H.*—*Works.* Complete in Five Volumes. Crown 8vo, 30s.
- Philip Van Artevelde. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Virgin Widow, etc. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The Statesman. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- TAYLOR, Augustus.*—*Poems.* Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- TAYLOR, Margaret Scott.*—"Boys Together," and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- TODHUNTER, Dr. J.*—*Laurella, and other Poems.* Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- Forest Songs. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The True Tragedy of Rienzi: a Drama. 3s. 6d.
- Alcestis: a Dramatic Poem. Extra fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- Helena in Troas. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- TYLER, M. C.*—*Anne Boleyn.* A Tragedy in Six Acts. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- TYNAN, Katherine.*—*Louise de la Valliere, and other Poems.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WEBSTER, Augusta.*—*In a Day: a Drama.* Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Disguises: a Drama. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Wet Days. By a Farmer. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- WOOD, Rev. F. H.*—*Echoes of the Night, and other Poems.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Wordsworth Birthday Book, The.* Edited by ADELAIDE and VIOLET WORDSWORTH. 32mo, limp cloth, 1s. 6d.; cloth extra, 2s.
- YOUNGMAN, Thomas George.*—*Poems.* Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- YOUNGS, Ella Sharpe.*—*Paphus, and other Poems.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- A Heart's Life, Sarpedon, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
-

NOVELS AND TALES.

- "All But:" a Chronicle of Laxenford Life. By PEN OLIVER, F.R.C.S. With 20 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BANKS, Mrs. G. L.*—*God's Providence House.* New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- CHICHELE, Mary.*—*Doing and Undoing.* A Story. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Danish Parsonage. By an Angler. Crown 8vo, 6s.

- HUNTER, Hay.**—*The Crime of Christmas Day.* A Tale of the Latin Quarter. By the Author of "My Ducats and my Daughter." 1s.
- HUNTER, Hay, and WHYTE, Walter.**—*My Ducats and My Daughter.* New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Hurst and Hanger.** *A History in Two Parts.* 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
- INGELOW, Jean.**—*Off the Skelligs: a Novel.* With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- JENKINS, Edward.**—*A Secret of Two Lives.* Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- KIELLAND, Alexander L.**—*Garman and Worse.* A Norwegian Novel. Authorized Translation, by W. W. Kettlewell. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- MACDONALD, G.**—*Donal Grant.* A Novel. Second Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Castle Warlock.** A Novel. Second Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Malcolm.** With Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Marquis of Lossie.** Sixth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- St. George and St. Michael.** Fifth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- What's Mine's Mine.** Second Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood.** Fifth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Seaboard Parish: a Sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood."** Fourth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Wilfred Cumbermede.** An Autobiographical Story. Fourth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- MALET, Lucas.**—*Colonel Enderby's Wife.* A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- MULHOLLAND, Rosa.**—*Marcella Grace.* An Irish Novel. Crown 8vo.
- PALGRAVE, W. Gifford.**—*Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative.* Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- SHAW, Flora L.**—*Castle Blair: a Story of Youthful Days.* New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STRETTON, Hessa.**—*Through a Needle's Eye: a Story.* New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- TAYLOR, Col. Meadows, C.S.I., M.R.I.A.**—*Seeta: a Novel.* With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Tippoo Sultaun: a Tale of the Mysore War.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Ralph Darnell.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- A Noble Queen.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Confessions of a Thug.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Tara: a Maharratta Tale.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Within Sound of the Sea.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- Brave Men's Footsteps.** A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." With 4 Illustrations by C. Doyle. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- COXHEAD, Ethel.**—*Birds and Babies.* Imp. 16mo. With 33 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.
- DAVIES, G. Christopher.**—*Rambles and Adventures of our School Field Club.* With 4 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- EDMONDS, Herbert.**—*Well Spent Lives: a Series of Modern Biographies.* New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- EVANS, Mark.**—*The Story of our Father's Love, told to Children.* Sixth and Cheaper Edition of Theology for Children. With 4 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- JOHNSON, Virginia W.**—*The Catskill Fairies.* Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. 5s.
- MAC KENNA, S. J.**—*Plucky Fellows.* A Book for Boys. With 6 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- REANEY, Mrs. G. S.**—*Waking and Working; or, From Girlhood to Womanhood.* New and Cheaper Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Blessing and Blessed: a Sketch of Girl Life.** New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Rose Gurney's Discovery.** A Story for Girls. Dedicated to their Mothers. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- English Girls: Their Place and Power.** With Preface by the Rev. R. W. Dale. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Just Anyone, and other Stories.** Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- Sunbeam Willie, and other Stories.** Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- Sunshine Jenny, and other Stories.** Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- STOCKTON, Frank R.**—*A Jolly Fellowship.* With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- STORR, Francis, and TURNER, Hawes.**—*Canterbury Chimes; or, Chaucer Tales re-told to Children.* With 6 Illustrations from the Ellesmere Manuscript. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STRETTON, Hesba.**—*David Lloyd's Last Will.* With 4 Illustrations. New Edition. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d.
- WHITAKER, Florence.**—*Christy's Inheritance.* A London Story. Illustrated. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.

23 2

4c

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

11 Mar '52 M F

JUN 30 1952 LU

3 Feb '65 M G

REC'D LD

FEB 17 '65-8 PM

DEC 23 1979

U. C. LIB. NOV 23 1979

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C031863065

321921

Baring-Gould

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY